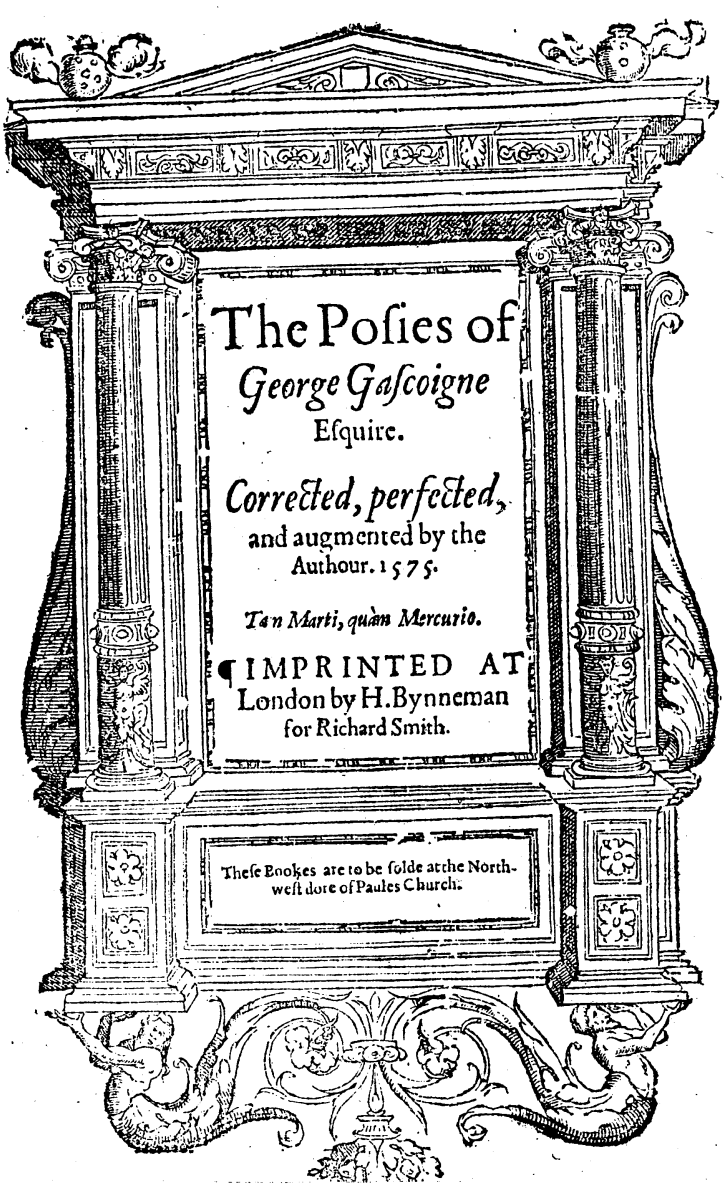

The Poſies of *George Gaſcoigne* Eſquire.

Corrected, perfected, and augmented by the Authour. 1575.

Tan Marti, quàm Mercurio.

¶ IMPRINTED AT London by H. Bynneman for Richard Smith.

These Bookes are to be ſolde at the North-weſt dore of Paules Church.

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of George Gaſcoigne Eſquire.

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¶ To the reuerende Diuines, vnto *whom theſe Poſies ſhall happen to be preſented*, George Gaſcoigne Eſquire (profeſsing armes in the defence of Gods truth) wiſheth quiet in conſcience, and all conſolation in Chriſt Ieſus.

RIght reuerend: I haue thought it my part (before I vvade further in publiſhing of theſe Poſies) to lay open before your graue iudgementes, aſvvell the cauſe vvhich preſently moueth mee to preſent them, as alſo the depth and ſecrets of ſome conceytes, vvhich (being paſſed in clovvdes and figuratiue ſpeeches) might percaſe both be offenſiue to your grauitie, and perillous to my credite.

It is verie neare tvvo yeares paſt, ſince (I beeing in Hollande in ſeruice vvith the vertuous Prince of Orenge) the moſt parte of theſe Poſies vvere imprinted, and novv at my returne, I find that ſome of them haue not onely beene offenſiue for ſundrie vvanton ſpeeches and laſciuious phraſes, but further I heare that the ſame haue beene doubtfully conſtrued, and (therefore) ſcandalous.

My reuerende and vvelbeloued: vvhatſoeuer my youth hath ſeemed vnto the grauer ſort, I vvoulde bee verie loth novve in my middle age to deſerue reproch; more loth to touch the credite of any other, and moſte loth to haue mine ovvn name become vnto you odious.

For if I ſhoulde nowe at this age ſeeme as careleſſe of reproche, as I was in greene youth readie to goe aſtray, my faultes might quickely growe double, and myne eſtimation ſhoulde bee worthie too remayne but ſingle. I haue learned that although there may bee founde in a Gentleman whereby to be reprehended or rebuked, yet ought he not to be woorthie of reproofe or condemnation.

All this I ſet downe in preamble, too the ende I maye thereby purchaſe youre pacience. And as I deſyre that you wyll not condemne mee wythoute proofe, ſo am I contented, that if heereafter you finde mee guiltie, youre definitiue ſentence ſhall then paſſe publikelye vnder the Seale of Seueritie.

It were not reaſon (righte reuerende) that I ſhoulde bee ignoraunt howe generally wee are all *magis proni ad malum quàm ad bonum.* Euen ſo is it requiſite that I acknowledge a generall reformation of maners more neceſſarie to bee taught, than anye Whetſtone of Vanities is meete (in theſe dayes) to bee ſuffered. And therefore as youre grauitie hathe thought requyſite that all ydle Bookes or wanton Pamphlettes ſhoulde bee forbidden, ſo might it ſeeme that I were woorthie of greate reprehenſion, if I ſhoulde bee the Auctthour of euill wilfully, or a prouoker of vyces wittingly. And yet ſome there are who haue not ſpared too reporte that I receyued greate ſummes of money for the firſt printing of theſe Poſies, whereby (if it were true) I mighte ſeeme not onely a craftie

tie Broker for the vtteraunce of gariſhe toyes, but a corrupte Merchaunte for the ſale of deceyptfull wares.

For anſwere heereof it is moſte true (and I call Heauen and Earth too witneſſe) that I neuer receyued of the Printer, or of anye other, one grote or pennie for the firſte Copyes of theſe Poſyes. True it is that I was not vnwillinge the ſame ſhoulde bee imprinted: And that not of a vaineglorious deſyre too bee thought a pleaſaunt Poet, neyther yet of a lyghte minde too bee counted a cunning Louer. For though in youth I was often ouerhardie too put my name in Ballaunce of doubtfull iudgementes, yet nowe I am become ſo baſhfull that I coulde rather bee content too leeſe the prayſe of my follyes, than too hazarde the miſconceyte of the graue and graye headed Iudges. But too confeſſe a truthe vntoo you right reuerende (with whome I maye not diſſemble in caſes whiche ſo generally doe touche all menne) I was the rather contented too ſee them imprinted for theſe ſundrie conſiderations.

Firſt, for that I haue ſeene dyuerſe Authours, (both learned and well learned) whiche after they haue both reformed their liues, and conuetted their ſtudies, haue not yet diſdeyned to reade the Poems whiche they let paſſe their pennes in youth. For it ſeemeth vntoo mee that in all ages Poetrie hath beene not onely permitted, but alſo it hath beene thought a right good and excellent qualitie.

Next vnto this, I haue alvvayes bene of opinion, that it is not vnpoſsible eyther in Poemes or in Proſe too vvrite both compendiouſly, and perfectly in our Engliſhe tongue. And therefore although I chalenge not vnto my ſelfe the name of an Engliſh Poet, yet may the Reader finde oute in my vvrytings, that I haue more faulted in keeping the olde Engliſh vvordes (*quamuis iam obſoleta*) than in borovving of other languages, ſuch Epithetes and Adiectiues as ſmell of the Inkhorne.

Thirdly, as I ſeeke aduauncement by vertue, ſo vvas I deſirous that there might remaine in publike recorde, ſome pledge or token of thoſe giftes vvhervvith it hath pleaſed the Almightie to endue me: To the ende that thereby the vertuous might bee incouraged to employ my penne in ſome exerciſe vvhich might tende both to my preferment, and to the profite of my Countrey. For many a man vvhich may like mine outvvarde preſence, might yet haue doubted vvhether the qualityes of my minde had bene correſpondent to the proportion of my bodie.

Fourthly, bicauſe I had vvritte ſundry things vvhich coulde not chuſe but content the learned and Godlye Reader, therefore I hoped the ſame ſhould ſerue as vndoubted proofe, that I had layde aſide vanities, and delighted to exerciſe my penne in morall diſcourſes, at leaſt the one paſsing (cheeke by cheek) vvith the other, muſte of neceſsitie perſuade both the learned, and the light minded, that I coulde aſvvell ſovve good graine, as graynes or draffe. And I thought not meete (beeing intermingled as they vvere) to caſt avvay a vvhole buſhell of good ſeede, for tvvo or three graynes of Darnell

or

or Cockle.

Laſtly, I perſuaded my ſelfe that as in the better ſort of the ſame I ſhoulde purchaſe good lyking vvith the honourable aged: So euen in the vvorſt ſorte, I might yet ſerue as a myrrour for vnbrydled youth, to auoyde thoſe perilles vvhich I had paſſed. For little may he do vvhich hath eſcaped the rock or the ſandes, if he cannot vvaft vvith his hande to them that come after him.

Theſe conſiderations (right reuerend) did firſt moue me to conſent that theſe Poemes ſhoulde paſſe in print. For recapitulation vvhereof, and to anſvvere vnto the obiections that may bee giuen: I ſay to the firſt that I neither take example of wanton Ouid, doting Nigidius, nor fooliſh Samocratius. But I delight to thinke that the reuerend father Theodore Beza, vvhoſe life is vvorthily become a lanterne to the vvhole vvorlde, did not yet diſdaine too ſuffer the continued publication of ſuch Poemes as he vvrote in youth. And as he termed them at laſt *Poëmata caſtrata*, So ſhal your reuerend iudgements beholde in this ſeconde edition, my Poemes gelded from all filthie phraſes, corrected in all erronious places, and beautified vvith addition of many moral examples.

To the ſeconde, although I be ſometimes conſtreyned for the cadence of rimes, or *per licentiam Poeticam*, to vſe an vnkehorne terme, or a ſtraunge vvord: Yet hope I that it ſhall be apparant I haue rather regarde to make our natiue language commendable in it ſelfe, than gay vvith the feathers of ſtraunge birdes.

To the thirde reaſon may be obiected, that if I vvere ſo deſirous to haue my capacitie knovvne, I ſhoulde

haue

haue done much better to haue trauelled in ſome notorious peece of vvorke, vvhich might generally haue ſpred my commendation. The vvhich I confeſſe. But yet is it true that I muſt take the Foord as I finde it: Sometimes not as I vvoulde, but as I may. And ſince the ouerſight of my youth had brought mee farre behinde hande and indebted vnto the vvorld, I thought good in the meane time to pay as much as I had, vntill it might pleaſe God better to inable me. For commonly the greedieſt creditor is appeaſed, if he ſee his debitor vvilling to pay vvhē he hath any thing. And therefore being buſied in martiall affayres (vvhereby alſo I ſought ſome aduaunce-ment) I thought good to notifie vnto the vvorlde before my returne, that I coulde as vvell perſuade vvith Penne, as pearce vvith launce or vveapon: So that yet ſome noble minde might be incouraged both to exerciſe me in time of peace, and to emploie mee in time of ſeruice in vvarre.

To the fourth and laſt conſiderations, I had alledged of late by a right reuerende father, that although in deede out of euerie floure the induſtrious Bee may gather honie, yet by proofe the Spider thereout alſo ſucks miſchceuous poyſon. VVherevnto I can none other-vviſe anſvvere, but that he vvho vvill throvv a ſtone at euerie Dogge vvhich barketh, had neede of a great ſatchell or pocket. And if the learned iudgements and honeſt mindes doe both conſtrue my doings aright, and take therein either councell or commoditie, then care I the leſſe vvhat the vvicked conceyue of my conceytes. For I eſteeme more the prayſe of one learned Reader, than I regard the curious carping of ten thouſande vnlettered

lettered tattlers.

To conclude (right reuerend) as theſe conſiderations did ſpecially moue me at firſt to conſent to the imprinting of theſe poſies, ſo novve haue I yet a further conſideration vvhich moueth mee moſt earneſtly to ſue for this ſecond edition or publiſhing of the ſame. And that is this. I vnderſtande that ſundrie vvell diſpoſed mindes haue taken offence at certaine vvanton vvordes and ſentences paſſed in the fable of *Ferdinando Ieronimi*, and the Ladie *Elinora de Valaſco*, the vvhich in the firſt edition vvas termed The aduentures of maſter F. I. And that alſo therevvith ſome buſie coniectures haue preſumed to thinke that the ſame vvas indeed vvritten to the ſcandalizing of ſome vvorthie perſonages, vvhom they vvoulde ſeeme therby to knovv. Surely (right reuerend) I ſmile to ſee the ſimplicitie of ſuch, vvho being indeed ſtarke ſtaring blind, vvould yet ſeeme to ſee farre into a milſtone. And the rather I ſcorne their raſh iudgements, for that in talking vvith. xx. of them one after another, there haue not tvvo agreed in one coniecture. Alas, alas, if I had bene ſo fooliſhe as to haue paſſed in recitall a thing ſo done in deede, yet all the vvorld might thinke me verie ſimple if I vvoulde call Iohn, Iohn, or Mary, Mary. But for the better ſatiſfying of all men vniuerſally, I doe here proteſt vnto you (reuerend) euen by the hope of my ſaluation, that there is no liuing creature touched or to be noted therby. And for the reſt you ſhall find it novv in this ſecond imprinting ſo turquened and turned, ſo clenſed from all vnclenly vvordes, and ſo purged from the humor of inhumanitie, as percaſe you vvoulde not iudge that it vvas the ſame tale. For although I haue bin here-

tofore contented to ſuffer the publication thereof, only to the ende men might ſee my Methode and maner of vvriting: yet am I novve thus deſirous to ſet it forth eftſoones, to the ende all men might ſee the reformation of my minde: And that all ſuſpitions may be ſuppreſſed and throughly ſatiſfied, by this mine vnfeined proteſtation vvhich I make vnto you in that behalfe. Finally, vvere it not that the ſame is alreadie extant in ſuch ſort as hath moued offence, I ſhould rather be cõtent to cancel it vtterly to obliuion, than thus to returne it in a nevv patched cote. And for full proofe of mine earneſt zeale in Gods ſeruice, I require of you (reuerende) moſt inſtantly, that if hereby my skill ſeeme ſufficient to vvade in matters of greater importance, you vvill then vouchſafe to employ mee accordingly. Surely you ſhall finde me no leſſe readie to vndertake a vvhole yeares trauaile in anie vvorke vvhich you ſhall thinke me able to ouercome, than I haue beene vvilling heretofore to ſpende three houres in penning of an amorous Sonnet. Euen ſo being deſirous that all men generally (and you eſpecially) ſhould conceiue of me as I meane, I haue thus farre troubled your lerned eies vvith this plaine Epiſtle, vvritten for my purgation, in matters vvhiche (elſe) might both haue offended you, and giuen great batterie to the ramparts of my poore credite. The God of peace vouchſafe to gouerne and product you, and me, and all his, in quiet of conſcience, and ſtrength of ſpirit. Amen. From my poore houſe at VValtamſtovv in the Foreſt, this laſt day of Ianuarie. 1574.

To al yong Gentlemen, and generally *to the youth of England, George Gaſ-*

coigne Eſquire by birth, and Souldiour by profeſsion, wiſheth increaſe of knowledge in all vertuous exerciſes.

Allant Gentlemen, and luſtie youthes of this my natiue Countrey, I haue here (as you ſee) publiſhed in print ſuche Poſies and rymes as I vſed in my youth, the which for the barbarouſneſſe of the ſtile may ſeeme worthleſſe, and yet for the doubtfulneſſe of ſome darke places they haue alſo ſeemed (heretofore) daũgerous. So that men may iuſtly both condemne me of raſhneſſe, and wonder at my ſimplicitie in ſuffering or procuring the ſame to be imprinted.

A yong man well borne, tenderly foſtered, and delicately accompanied, ſhall hardly paſſe ouer his youth without falling into ſome ſnares of the Diuell, and temptations of the fleſh. But a man of middle yeares, who hath to his coſt experimented the vanities of youth, and to his perill paſſed them: who hath bought repentance deare, and yet gone through vvith the bargaine: who ſeeth before his face the tyme paſt loſt, and the reſt paſsing away in poſt: Such a man had more neede to be well aduiſed in his doings, and reſolute in his determinations. For with more eaſe and greater fauour may we anſwere for tenne madde follies committed in grene youth, than one ſober ouerſight eſcaped in yeares of diſcretion. *Lycurgus* the good princely Philoſopher, ordeyned that if an olde man perceiuing a yong man to commit any diſhoneſtie, did not rebuke but ſuffer him: the aged ſhoulde be chaſtiſed, and the yong man ſhould be abſolued.

All this rehearſed and conſidered, you may (as I ſay) growe in ſome doubt, whether I were worſe occupied in firſt deuiſing, or at laſt in publiſhing theſe toies & pamphlets: and much the rather, for

that it is a thing commonly ſeene, that (nowe adayes) fewe or no things are ſo well handled, but they ſhall bee carped at by curious Readers, nor almoſt any thing ſo well ment, but may bee muche miſconſtrued.

And heerewithall I aſſure my ſelfe, that I ſhall bee generally condemned as a man verie lightly bent, and rather deſyrous to continue in the freſhe remembraunce of my follyes, than content too cancell them in obliuion by diſcontinuance: eſpecially ſince in a houſe where many yong chil.dr̃e are, it hath bene thought better pollicie quite to quench out the fire, than to leaue any looſe cole in the imbers, wherewith Babes may play and put the whole edifice in daunger.

But my luſtie youthes, and gallant Gentlemen, I had an intent farre contrarie vntoo all theſe ſuppoſes, when I fyrſt permitmitted the publication heereof. And bycauſe the greateſt offence that hath beene taken thereat, is, leaſt your mindes might heereby become enuenomed with vanities, therefore vnto you I will addreſſe my tale, for the better ſatisfying of common iudgements. And vnto you I will explane, that which being before miſtically couered, and commonly miſconſtrued, might be no leſſe perillous in ſeducing you, than greeuous euidence for to proue mee guiltie of condemnation.

Then to come vnto the matter, there are three ſortes of men which (beeing wonderfully offended at this booke) haue founde therein three maner of matters (ſay they) verie reprehenſible. The men are theſe: curious Carpers, ignorant Readers, and graue Philoſophers. The faults they finde are, *Iudicare* in the Creede: Chalke for Cheeſe: and the cõmon infection of Loue. Of theſe three ſorts of men and matters, I do but very little eſteeme the two firſt. But I deeply regarde the thirde. For of a verie troth, there are one kinde of people nowadayes which will miſlyke any thing, being bred (as I thinke) of the ſpawne of a Crab or Creuiſh, which in all ſtreames and waters will ſwimme eyther ſidewayes, or flat backwards: and when they can indeede finde none other fault, will yet thinke *Iudicare* verie vntowardlye placed in the Creede. Or (beeing a ſimple Sowter) will finde fault at the ſhape of the legge: or if they be not

not there ſtopped, they wil not ſpare to ſtep vp higher, and ſay, that *Apelles* paynted Dame *Venus* verie deformed or euill fauoured.

Of this ſort I make ſmall accounte, bycauſe indeede they ſeeke a knotte in the Ruſhe, and woulde ſeeme to ſee verie farre in a Mylſtone.

There are alſo certaine others, who (hauing no skill at all) will yet be verie buſie in reading all that may bee read, and thinke it ſufficient if (Parrot like) they can rehearſe things without booke: when within booke they vnderſtande neyther the meaning of the Authour, nor the ſenſe of the figuratiue ſpeeches, I will forbeare to recyte examples by any of mine owne doings. Since all compariſons are odious. I will not ſay how much the areignment and diuorce of a Louer (being written in ieaſt) haue bene miſtaken in ſad earneſt. It ſhall ſuffice that the contentions paſſed in verſe long ſithence, betwene maiſter *Churchyard* and *Camell*, were (by a blockheaded reader) cõſtrued to be indeed a quarell betwene two neighbors. Of whom that one hauing a Camell in keping, and that other hauing charge of the Churchyard, it was ſuppoſed they had grown to debate, bicauſe the Camell came into the Churchyarde. Laugh not at this (luſtie yonkers) ſince the pleaſant dittie of the noble Erle of Surrey (beginning thus: *In Winters iuſt returne*) was alſo conſtrued to be made indeed by a Shepeherd. VVhat ſhoulde I ſtande much in reherſall how the *L. Vaux* his dittie (beginning thus: *I loth that I did loue*) was thought by ſome to be made vpõ his death bed? and that the Soulknill of M. Edwards was alſo written in extremitie of ſickneſſe? Of a truth (my good gallants) there are ſuch as hauing only lerned to read Engliſh, do interpret Latin, Greke, French and Italian phraſes or metaphors, euẽ according to their owne motherly conception and childiſh skill. The which (bicauſe they take Chalke for Cheeſe) ſhall neuer trouble me, whatſoeuer fault they finde in my doings.

But the third ſort (beeing graue Philoſophers, and finding iuſt fault in my doings at the common infection of loue) I muſt needes alledge ſuche iuſte excuſe as may countervayle their iuſte complaynts. For elſe I ſhoulde remayne woorthie of a ſeuere puniſhment. They wyſely conſidering that wee are all in youth

more apt to delight in harmefull pleaſures, than to diſgeſt wholeſome and ſounde aduice, haue thought meete to forbid the publiſhing of any ryming tryfles which may ſerue as whetſtones to ſharpen youth vnto vanities.

And for this cauſe, finding by experience alſo, how the firſt Copie of theſe my Poſies hath beene verie much iuquired for by the yonger ſort: and hearing likewiſe that (in the ſame) the greater part hath beene written in purſute of amorous enterpryſes, they haue iuſtly conceyued that the continuance thereof hath beene more likely to ſtirre in all yong Readers a venemous deſire of vanitie, than to ſerue as a common myrrour of greene and youthfull imperfections. VVherevnto I muſt confeſſe, that as the induſtrious Bee may gather honie out of the moſt ſtinking weede, ſo the malicious Spider may alſo gather poyſon out of the fayreſt floure that growes.

And yet in all this diſcourſe I ſee not proued, that either that Gardener is too blame which planteth his Garden full of fragrant floures: neyther that planter to be diſprayſed, which ſoweth all his beddes with ſeedes of wholeſome herbes: neyther is that Orchard vnfruitfull, which (vnder ſhew of ſundrie weedes) hath medicinable playſters for all infirmities. But if the Chirurgian which ſhould ſeeke Sorrell to rypen an Vlcer, will take Rewe which may more inflame the Impoſtume, then is hee more to blame that miſtooke his gathering than the Gardener which planted aright, and preſented ſtore and choyſe to be taken. Or if the Phiſition will gather hote Perceley in ſtead of cold Endiue, ſhall he not worthily beare the burthen of his owne blame?

To ſpeake Engliſh it is your vſing (my luſtie Gallants) or miſvſing of theſe Poſies that may make me prayſed or diſprayſed for publiſhing of the ſame. For if you (where you may learne to auoyd the ſubtile bandes of wanton deſire) will runne vpon the rockes of vnlawfull luſt, then great is your folly, and greater will growe my rebuke. If you (where you might gather wholeſome hearbes to cure your ſundrie infirmities) will ſpende the whole day in gathering of ſweete ſmelling Poſies, much will be the time that you ſhal miſpende, and much more the harme that you ſhall heape vpon my heade.

heade. Or if you will rather beblifter your handes with a Nettle, than comfort your ſenſes by ſmelling to the pleaſant Marioram, then wanton is your paſtime, and ſmall will be your profite.

I haue here preſented you with three ſundrie ſortes of Poſies: *Floures, Hearbes,* and *VVeedes.* In which diuiſion I haue not ment that onely the Floures are to be ſmelled vnto, nor that onely the VVeedes are to be reiected. I terme ſome Floures, bycauſe being indeed inuented vpon a verie light occaſion, they haue yet in them (in my iudgement) ſome rare inuention and Methode before not commonly vſed. And therefore (beeing more pleaſant than profitable) I haue named them Floures.

The ſeconde (being indeede morall diſcourſes and reformed inuentions, and therefore more profitable than pleaſant) I haue named Hearbes.

The third (being VVeedes) might ſeeme to ſome iudgements, neither pleaſant nor yet profitable, and therefore meete to bee caſt away. But as many weedes are right medicinable, ſo may you find in this none ſo vile or ſtinking, but that it hath in it ſome vertue if it be rightly handled. Mary you muſt take heede how you vſe thē. For if you delight to put Hemlocke in your fellowes pottage, you may chaunce both to poyſon him, and bring your ſelfe in perill. But if you take example by the harmes of others who haue eaten it before you, then may you chaunce to become ſo warie, that you will looke aduiſedly on all the Perceley that you gather, leaſt amongſt the ſame one braunch of Hemlock might anoy you.

I aſſure you, my yong blouds, I haue not publiſhed the ſame to the intent that other men hereafter might be infected with my follies forepaſſed. For though it be a comfort *in miſerijs habere conſortem,* yet is it ſmall conſolation to a fellon, to haue a Coyner hanged in his companie. And I aſſure you (although you will think it ſtraunge) that I haue not cauſed them to bee imprinted for anie vaine delight which I haue (my ſelfe) therein conceyued. For the moſt of them being written in my madneſſe, might haue yeelded then more delight to my frantike fanſie to ſee them publiſhed, than they now do accumulate cares in my minde to ſet them forth corrected: and a deformed youth had bene more likely to ſet them to ſale

ſale long ſithence, than a reformed man can be able now to protect them with ſimplicitie.

The ſcope of mine intent, and the marke whereat I ſhoote is double. I meane grounded vpon two ſundrie cauſes: the one that being indebted vnto the worlde (at the leaſt fiue thouſande dayes verie vainly ſpent) I may yeeld him yet ſome part of mine account in theſe Poemes. VVherein as he may finde great diuerſitie both in ſtile and ſenſe, ſo may the good bee incouraged to ſet mee on worke at laſt, though it were noone before I ſought ſeruice. The other reaſon is, that bicauſe I haue (to mine owne great detriment) miſpent my golden time, I may ſerue as enſample to the youthfull Gentlemen of England, that they runne not vpon the rocks which haue brought me to ſhipwracke. Beware therefore, luſtie Gallants, howe you ſmell to theſe Poſies. And learne you to vſe the talent which I haue highly abuſed. Make me your myrrour. And if hereafter you ſee me recouer mine eſtate, or reedifie the decayed walls of my youth, then beginne you ſooner to builde ſome foundation which may beautifie your Pallace. If you ſee me ſinke in diſtreſſes (notwithſtanding that you iudge me quick of capacitie) then lerne you to mainteyne your ſelues ſwimming in proſperitie, and eſchue betymes the whirlepoole of miſgouernment.

Finally, I beſeech you, and coniure you, that you rather encourage me to accompliſh ſome worthier trauaile, by ſeeing theſe Poſies right ſmelled vnto, than diſcourage me from attempting other labours, when I ſhall ſee theſe firſt fruites reiected or miſuſed. I haue corrected them from ſundrie faultes. VVhich if they had not brought ſuſpition in the firſt copie, be you then out of doubt you had neuer bene troubled with theſe ſeconde preſents, nor perſuaded to flouriſhe wiſely with a two edged ſwoorde in your naked hands. But as I haue ment them well, ſo I craue of God, that they may both pleaſure and profite you for the furtherance of your skill in any commendable enterpriſe. From my poore houſe at VValtamſtow in the Foreſt the ſecond of Ianuarie. 1575

To the Readers generally a generall aduertiſement of the Authour.

ALl that is written is written for our inſtruction, as the holy Apoſtle witneſſeth to the Romaines in his xv. Chapter. And in his ninth Chapter of his firſt Epiſtle to the Corinthians, hee glorieth that hee coulde (as it were) transforme himſelf into all profeſsions, thereby to winne all kinde of men to God: ſaying that with the Iewes he became a Iew: with them that were vnder the law, he ſeemed alſo vnder the lawe: with the feeble, he ſhewed himſelfe feeble. And to conclude, he became all things to all men, to the ende that hee might thereby winne ſome to ſaluation. My Schoolemaſter which taught me Grammer, woulde alwayes ſay that ſome ſchollers he woonne to ſtudie by ſtrypes, ſome other by fayre meanes, ſome by promiſes, ſome other by prayſes, ſome by vainglorie, and ſome by verie ſhame. But I neuer hard him repent him that euer he had perſuaded any ſcholler to become ſtudious, in what ſort ſoeuer it were that hee woonne him. For whether the braue Gennet be broken with the bitte, or with the ſnaffle, whither he be brought in awe with a Spurre, or with a wand, all is one if he proue readie and well mouthed.

Thus much I write (gentle Reader) to the ende that myne intent may appeare in publiſhing of theſe Poſies. VVherein as there are many things morall, ſo are there alſo ſome verſes more ſauced with wantonneſſe than with wiſedome. And as there are ſome ditties which may pleaſe and delight the godly and grauer ſort, ſo are there ſome which may allure the yonger ſort vnto fond attempts. But what for that? Hath *Terence* bene forbidden to be read, bicauſe his Comedies are rehearſals of many madde prankes played by wanton youthes? No ſurely.

Paracelſus, and ſundrie other Phiſitions and Philoſophers, declare, that in euerie thing naturall there is to be founde Salt, Oyle, and

and Brimſtone. And I am of opinion, that in euery thing which is written (the holy ſcriptures excepted) there are to be founde wiſedome, follie, emulation, and detraction. For as I neuer yet ſaw any thing ſo clerkly handled, but that therein might be found ſome imperfections: So coulde I neuer yet reade fable ſo ridiculous but that therein ſome morallitie might be gathered. And as the good writer ſhall be ſure of ſome to bee maliced: ſo the bad ſhall neuer eſcape the byting tongues of ſlaunderers.

But to returne to my purpoſe: If in the hardeſt flint there may be found ſparkes of liuely fire, and the moſt knottie peece of Box, may be wrought to a fayre Doogen haſte: let theſe fewe ſuffice to perſuade thee, that I haue not procured the publication heereof to any ende, ſo much as that the youthful ſort might therein take example, and the aged recreation.

Nowe if any (miſgouerning their owne wittes) doe fortune to vſe that for a Spurre, which I had heere appoynted for a Brydle, I can none otherwiſe lamet it, but to ſay that I am not the firſt which hath bene miſiudged. Truely (gentle Reader) I proteſt that I haue not ment heerein to diſpleaſe any man, but my deſire hath rather bene to cõtent moſt men: I meane the diuine with godly Hymnes and Pſalmes, the ſober minde with morall diſcourſes, and the wildeſt will with ſufficient warning. The which if it ſo fall out, then ſhall I thinke my ſelfe right happie. And if it fall out otherwiſe, I ſhall yet neuer bee aſhamed to become one of their corporation which reape floutes and reprehenſion for their trauayles.

But bicauſe theſe Poſies growe to a great bundell, and thereof alſo the number of louing lynes exceedeth in the Superlatiue, I thought good to aduertiſe thee, that the moſt part of them were written for other men. And out of all doubt, if euer I wrote lyne for my ſelfe in cauſes of loue, I haue written tenne for other men in layes of luſt. For I counte greater difference betweene loue and luſt, than there is diuerſitie betweene witte and wiſedome: and yet witte and I did (in youth) make ſuch a fray, that I feare his coſen wiſedome will neuer become freendes with me in my age. VVell, though my folly bee greater than my fortune, yet ouergreat were mine vnconſtancie, if (in mine owne behalfe) I ſhoulde compyle ſo many

many ſundrie Songs or Sonets. I haue heard of an honeſt plaine meaning Citizen, who (being ouercharged with many matters in the lawe, and hearing of a common ſolicitor of cauſes in the Citie) came home to comfort his wife, and tolde hir that he had heard of one which dwelt at Billingſgate, that coulde helpe all men. Euen ſo (good Reader) I was a great while the man which dwelt at Billingſgate. For in wanton delightes I helped all men, though in ſad earneſt I neuer furthered my ſelfe any kinde of way. And by that it proceedeth, that I haue ſo often chaunged my Poſie or worde. For when I did compile any thing at the requeſt of other men, if I had ſubſcribed the ſame with mine owne vſuall mot or deuiſe, it might haue bewrayed the ſame to haue beene of my doing. And I was euer curious in that behalfe, as one that was lothe to bewray the follies of other men. And yet (as you ſee) I am not verie daungerous to lay my ſelfe wide open in view of the worlde. I haue alſo ſundrie tymes chaunged mine owne worde or deuiſe. And no meruaile: For he that wandereth much in thoſe wildemeſſes, ſhall ſeldome continue long in one minde.

VVell, it were follie to bewayle things which are vnpoſsible to be recouered, ſithence Had I wiſt doth ſeldome ſerue as a blaſone of good vnderſtanding. And therefore I will ſpende no more wordes in this Preface, but I pray thee to ſmell vnto theſe Poſies, as *Floures to comfort, Herbes to cure*, and *VVeedes to be auoyded*. So haue I ment them, and ſo I beſeech thee Reader to accept them.

Farewell.

T.B. In prayſe of Gaſcogines Poſies.

WE prayſe the plough, that makes the fruiteleſſe ſoyle
To bring forth corne, (through helpe of heauenly might)
And eke eſteeme the ſimple wretches toyle,
VVhoſe painefull handes doe labour day and night.
VVe prayſe the ground, whereon the herbes do grow,
VVhich heale or helpe, our greeues and mortall paine,
Yea weedes haue worth, wherein we vertue know,
For natures Art, nothing hath made in vaine.
VVe prayſe thoſe floures which pleaſe the ſecrete ſenſe,
And do content, the taſt or ſmell of man,
The Gardners paynes and worke we recompence,
That skilfull is, or aught in cunning can.
But much more prayſe to *Gaſcoignes* penne is due,
VVhoſe learned hande doth here to thee preſent,
A Poſie full of Hearbes, and Flowers newe,
To pleaſe all braynes, to wit or learning bent.
Howe much the minde doth paſſe the ſenſe or ſmell,
So much theſe Floures all other do excell.

E.C. In prayſe of Gaſcoignes Poſies.

IN gladſome Spring, when ſweete and pleaſant ſhoures
Haue well renued, what winters wrath hath torne,
And that we ſee, the wholeſome ſmelling Floures,
Begin to laugh rough winters wracke to ſcorne:
If then by chaunce, or choyce of owners will,
VVe roame and walke in place of rare delightes,
And therein finde, what Arte or natures skill
Can well ſet forth, to feede our hungrie ſightes:
Yea more, if then the owner of the ſoyle,
Doth licence yeelde to vſe all as our owne,

And gladly thinkes, the fruites of all his toyle,
To our behoofe to be well ſet and ſowne.
It cannot be, but this ſo great deſart
In baſeſt breaſt doth breede this due regarde,
VVith worlde of thankes, to prayſe this friendly part,
And wiſh that woorth mought pay a iuſt rewarde.
Good Reader then, beholde what gallant ſpring
This booke brings forth, of fruites of fineſt ſortes,
Be bolde to take, thy liſt of ſuerie thing,
For ſo is ment. And for thy glad diſportes
The paine was tane: therefore lo this I craue,
In his behalfe, that wrote this pleaſant worke,
VVith care and coſt, (and then moſt freely gaue
His labours great, wherein great treaſures lurke:
To thine auayle) let his deſartes now binde thee,
In woorde and deede, he may ſtill thankfull finde thee.

M.C. commending the correction of Gaſcoignes Poſies.

THe Beares blinde whelpes, which lacke both nayles and heare,
And lie like lumpes, in filthie farrowed wiſe,
Do (for a time) moſt ougly beaſtes appeare,
Till dammes deare tongue, do cleare their clozed eyes.
The gadde of ſteele, is likewiſe blunt and blacke,
Till file and fire, do frame it ſharpe and bright:
Yea precious ſtones, their glorious grace do lacke,
Till curious hand, do make them pleaſe the ſight.
And ſo theſe floures, although the grounde were gay,
VVhereon they grew, and they of gallant hew,
Yet till the badde were cullde and caſt away,
The beſt became the worſe by ſuch a crew.
(For my part) then: I lyked not their ſmell,
But as they be, I like them pretly well.

R.S. In prayſe of Gaſcoignes Poſies.

THe pleaſant plot wherein theſe Poſies grew,
May repreſent *Parnaſſus* ſprings indeede.
VVhere *Pallas* with hir wiſe and learned crew,
Did plant great ſtore, and ſow much cunning ſeede.
That Goddeſſe then, on whom the *Muſes* wayte,
To garde hir grounde from greedie gathrers ſpoyle,
Hath here ordeynde, by fine and cloſe conceyte,
A greene knight chiefe, and maſter of the ſoyle.
Such badge beares he that beautified this booke
VVith glorious ſhew, of ſundrie gallant flowers.
But ſince he firſt this labor vndertooke,
He gleand thereout, (to make the profite ours)
A heape of Hearbes, a ſort of fruitfull ſeedes,
A needefull ſalue, compound of needleſſe weedes.

Appendix.

All theſe (with more) my freend here freely giues:
Nor naked wordes, nor ſtreyne of ſtraunge deuiſe.
But *Gowers* minde, which now in *Gaſcoigne* liues,
Yeeldes heere in view, (by iudgement of the wiſe)
His penne, his ſworde, himſelfe, and all his might,
To *Pallas* ſchoole, and *Mars* in Princes right.

T.Ch. In prayſe of Gaſcoignes Poſies.

THough goodneſſe of the gold, needes no mans praiſe ye know,
(And euery coyne is iudgde and found, by weight, by ſtamp, or ſhow)
Yet doth the prayſe of men, giue gold a double grace,
And makes both pearls and Iewels rich, deſirde in euery place.
The horſe full finely formde, whoſe pace and traine is true,
Is more eſteemde for good report, than likte for ſhape and view.
Yea ſure, ech man himſelfe, for all his wit and skill,
(If world beſtow no lawde on him) may ſleepe in ſilence ſtill.

Fame

Fame ſhewes the value firſt, of euerie precious thing,
And winnes with lyking all the brute, that doth the credit bring.
And fame makes way before, to workes that are vnknowne,
And peoples loue is caried ther, where fame hir trump hath blowne.
A cunning workman fine, in Cloyſter cloſe may ſit,
And carue or paint a thouſand things, and vſe both art and wit,
Yet wanting worldes renowne, may ſcape vnſought or ſeene:
It is but fame that outruns all, and gets the goall I weene.
The learned Doctors lawd, that heales where other harmes,
By cõmon prayſe of peoples voyce, brings pacients in by ſwarmes.
A goodly ſtately houſe, hath ſeldome any fame,
Till world behold the buildings through, and people ſee the ſame.
The Flowers and Poſies ſweete, in better price are held,
VVhen thoſe haue prayſde their vertues rare, that haue their odor ſmeld.
So by theſe foreſayd prooſes, I haue a pardon free,
To ſpeake, to write, and make diſcourſe, of any worke I ſee,
That worthie is of prayſe: for prayſe is all we get.
Preſent the worlde with labors great, the world is in your det,
It neuer yeeldes rewarde, nor ſcarce iuſt prayſe will giue:
Then ſtudie out to ſtand on fame, and ſtriue by fame to liue.
Our olde forefathers wiſe, ſaw long before theſe dayes,
How ſone faint world would fail deſerts, and cold would wax our prayſe,
And knowing that diſdeyne, for royle did rather riſe,
Than right renowne (whoſe goldē buds, growes vp to ſtarry skies)
Betooke their labors long, and euery act they did,
Vnto the Gods, from whoſe deepe ſight, no ſecret can be hid.
And theſe good gracious Gods, ſent downe from heauens hie,
(For noble minds) an endleſſe fame, that throw the world doth flie,
VVhich fame is due to thoſe, that ſeeke by new deuice,
To honor learning euery way, and Vertue bring in price.
From Knowledge gardeyn gay, where ſcience ſowes hir ſeedes,
A pretie Poſie gathered is, of *Flowers*, *Hearbes*, and *VVeedes*.
The Flowers by ſmel are found, the hearbs their goodnes ſhowes,
The VVeedes amid both hearbs & flowers, in decēt order growes,
The ſoft and tender noſe, that can no weedes abide,
May make his choiſe of holeſome hearbes, whoſe vertues well are tride.

The

The fine and flowing wittes, that feede on ſtraunge delites,
May taſt (for ſeaſning daintie mouthes) the bitter weede that bites:
The well diſpoſed minde, and honeſt meaning man,
Shall finde (in floures) proude Peacoks plumes, and feathers of the (Swan.
The curſt and crabbed Carle, that Poſies flings away,
By this (perhaps) may find ſome cauſe, with prettie floures to play.
The kinde and louing worme, that woulde his ladie pleaſe,
My light on ſome ſuch medcin here, ſhal do them both much eaſe.
The Lad that lykes the ſchoole, and will good warning take:
May ſnatch ſome rules oute of this booke, that may him doctor make.
The haſtie trauayling head, that flies to foreyne place,
May wey by this what home is woorth, and ſtay his rouing race.
The manly courage ſtoute, that ſeeketh fame full farre,
Shall find by this how ſweete is peace, and ſee how ſoure is warre.
This Poſie is ſo pickt, and choyſely ſorted throw,
There is no Flower, Herbe, nor VVeede, but ſerues ſome purpoſe now.
Then ſince it freely comes, to you for little coſt,
Take well in worth theſe paynes of him, that thinkes no labor loſt:
To do his countrie good, as many others haue,
VVho for their toyles a good report, of worlde did onely craue.
Grudge not to yeeld ſome fame, for fruites that you receyue,
Make ſome exchaunge for franke good will, ſome ſigne or token leaue,
To ſhew your thankfull harts. For if you loue to take,
And haue a conſcience growne ſo great, you can no gift forſake,
And cannot giue againe, that men deſerue to reape,
Adieu we leaue you in the hedge, and ore the ſtile we leape.
And yet ſome ſtile or verſe, we after ſhape in ryme,
That may by arte ſhewe you a Glaſſe, to ſee your ſelues in tyme.
Thus wiſh I men their right: and you that iudge amiſſe,
To mend your minds, or frame your Muſe, to make the like of this.

G. VV. In prayſe of Gaſcoigne, and his Poſies.

REader rewarde nought elſe, but onely good report,
For all theſe pleaſant Poſies here, bound vp in ſundrie ſort.
The flowers fayre and freſh, were ſet with painefull toyle,
Of late in *Gaſcoignes* Garden plot, a paſsing pleaſant ſoyle.
Now weedes of little worth, are culde from out the reſt,
VVhich he with double paine, did work, to gleane the bad frō beſt.
The ſtate is very ſtraunge, and fortune rare in vſe,
VVhoſe heauie happe he neither helpes, nor blazeth their abuſe.
In thundring verſe he wrayes, where higheſt mindes be thrall,
VVhere miſcheefe ſeekes to rayſe it ſelfe, by force of others fall
He pluckes the viſour of, from maskes of peeuiſh pride,
And wrayes what ſowre (in ſweet pretēce) the couſtly corts cā hide.
In euerie gallant flower, he ſetteth forth to ſhow,
Of *Venus* thralles, the hap, the harme, the want, the weale, the woe.
He finely findes their faultes, whoſe welth doth foſter wrong,
VVho toucheth ſinne (without offence) muſt plainly ſing his ſong.
His loftie vaine in verſe, his ſtately ſtile in proſe,
Foretelles that *Pallas* ment by him, for to defende hir foes.
VVherwith to *Mars* his might, his luſtie limmes are knit,
(A ſight moſt rare) that *Hectors* mind, ſhould match with *Pallas* wit.
By proofe of late appeared (how ſo reportes here ran)
That he in field was formoſt ſtill, in ſpoyle the hynmoſt man.
No backward blaſtes could bruſe the valour of his thought,
Although ſlie hap, foreſtoode his hope, in that he credite ſought.
In fortunes ſpight he ſtraue, by vertues to aſpire,
Reſolude when due deſerts might mount, then he ſhould haue his hire
Thus late with *Mars* in field, a luſtie Souldiour ſhewde,
And now with peace in *Pallas* ſchoole, he freendly hath beſtowde,
On thee this heape of flowers, the fruites of all his toyle,
VVhereof if ſome but ſimple ſeeme, conſider well the ſoyle.
They grew not all at home, ſome came from forreyne fieldes,
The which (percaſe) ſet here againe, no pleaſant ſauour yeeldes.
Yet who miſlyketh moſt, the worſt will hardly mend,
And he were beſt not write at all, which no man will offend.

¶¶¶¶. P.B. To

P.B. to ſuch as haue heretofore found fault with Gaſcoignes Poſies.

GAynſt good deſerts, both pride and enuie ſwell,
As neede repines, to ſee his neighbour ritche:
And ſlaunder chaſes, where vertues proſper well,
As ſicke men thinke, all others health to mitch:
Such filthie faultes, mens harts ofttymes inflame,
That ſpight preſumes, to ſtayne the worthies name.

Are brutall things, transferred ſo to men?
Or men become more ſauage than the beaſt?
VVe ſee the dogge, that kenelles in his den,
(For onely foode) obeyes his Lordes beheſt:
Yea more than that, remembers ſo reliefe,
As (in his kinde) he mournes at maſters griefe.

If thou perceyue, whereto my tale intendes,
Then (ſlaunder) ceaſe to wrong a frendly wight,
VVho for his countreys good, his trauayle ſpendes,
Sometime where blowes are giuen in bloudie fight:
And other tymes he frames with skilfull pen,
Such verſe, as may content eche moulde of men.

As nowe beholde, he here preſentes to thee,
The bloſſoms fayre, of three well ſorted ſeedes.
The firſt he feynes, freſh Flowers for to bee:
The ſecond Herbes, the laſt he termeth VVeedes.
All theſe, the ſoyle of his well fallowed brayne,
(VVith *Pallas* droppes bedewde) yeeldes for thy gaine.

The Hearbes to graue conceyt, and skilfull age,
The fragrant Flowers to ſent of yonger ſmell:
The worthleſſe VVeedes, to rule the wantonrage
Of reckleſſe heades, he giues: then vſe them well:
And gather (friend) but neyther ſpight nor ſpoyle,
Theſe Poſies made, by his long painfull toyle.

A.VV. In

A.VV. In commendation of Gaſcoigne and his Poſies.

I Prayſed once a booke (whereby I purchaſt blame)
And venturde for to write a verſe, before I knewe the ſame.
So that I was deceyude, for when it came to light,
The booke deſerued no ſuch worde, as I therein did wright.
Thus lept I ere I lookt, and wandred ere I wiſt,
VVhich giues (me haggard) warning ſince, to truſt no falkners fiſt.
And yet the booke was good, (by hap and not my skill)
But not a Booke of ſuch contentes, as might my wordes fulfill.
VVell now I neede not feare, theſe Poſies here to prayſe,
Bicauſe I knew them euery flower, and where they grew alwayes.
And ſure for my conceyt, euen when they bloomed firſt,
Me thought they ſmelt not much amiſſe, no not the very worſt.
Perhappes ſome daintie noſe, no Batchlers button lykes,
And ſome at Pimpernell and Pinkes, a ſlender quarell pykes.
Some thinke that Gillyflowers, do yeeld a gelous ſmell,
And ſome (which like none herbe but Sage) ſay Finkell taſtes not well.
Yet Finkell is of force, and Gillyflowers are good,
And Pinks pleaſe ſome, and Pimpernell doth ſerue to ſteynch the blood:
And Batchlers buttons be, the braueſt to beholde,
But ſure that flower were beſt not grow, which can abide no colde.
For ſlaunder blowes ſo ſhrill, with eaſterne enuious windes,
And froſts of frumps ſo nip the rootes, of vertuous meaning minds
That few good flowers can thriue, vnleſſe they be protected,
Or garded from ſuſpitious blaſtes, or with ſome proppes erected.
So ſeemeth by the wight, which gardened this grounde,
And ſet ſuch flowers on euery bed, that Poſies here abounde.
Yet ſome tongues cannot well, affoorde him worthie prayſe,
And by our Lorde they do him wrong, for I haue ſene his wayes,
And marked all his moodes, and haue had proofe likewiſe,
That he can do as well in field, as pen can here deuiſe.
Not many Monthes yet paſt, I ſaw his doughtie deedes,
And ſince (to heare what ſlaunder ſayes) my heauie hart it bleedes.
Yet Reader graunt but this, to trie before thou truſt,
So ſhalt thou find his flowers and him, both gallant, good and iuſt.

I.B. In commendation of Gaſcoignes Poſies.

THe ſauerie ſappes in *Gaſcoignes* Flowers that are,
VVhich ſtrayned were by loftie learnings lore:
Could not content the ſurly for their ſhare,
Ne cauſe them once, to yeeld him thankes therefore:
Such was his hap, when firſt in hande he tooke,
By labor long, to bring to light this Booke.

Yet hath he not (for all this) ſeemde to ceaſe,
Thoſe Flowers freſh againe in ground to ſet,
And yeeld them earth to bring forth their increaſe,
VVith other ſlippes from forraine ſoyle yfet.
VVhich he hath gaynde by hazarde of his life,
In bloudie broyles, where pouldred ſhot was rife.

This endleſſe toyle, contented well his minde,
Hope helde the helme, his Fame on ſhore to ſet:
His deepe deſire, was friendſhip for to finde,
At readers handes, he nought elſe ſought to get:
VVherefore (doubtleſſe) they did him double wrong,
VVhich F. and I. myſconſtrued haue ſo long.

Yet leaſt I ſhould paſſe from the golden ground,
Of *Gaſcoignes* plat, wherein thoſe Poſies grew,
I liſt to tell what Flowers there I found,
And paint by penne, the honour to him dew:
Since that his toyle doth well deſerue the ſame,
And ſacred skill hath ſo aduaunſt his name.

Firſt did I finde the Flower of Fetters frute,
VVhereof my ſelfe haue taſted to my paine:
Then might I ſee the Greene knight touch the Lute,
VVhoſe cordes were coucht on frettes of deepe diſdaine:
And likewiſe there, I might perceyue full well,
That fragrant Flower which Fanſie bad farewell.

In fine I found the flowre that *Bellum* hight,
Sweete vnto thoſe, of fillie ſimple ſenſe,
Yet ſharpe and ſowre, to thoſe that do delight
In martiall martes, for gaine of peuiſh penſe.
Such buddes full braue, good *Gaſcoignes* Garden gaue
To all eſtates, which liſt the ſame to haue.

VVherefore (good friend) flie enuies yrkeſome yre,
And tred the trace, which Reaſons rule hath wrought,
Yeeld not diſdeyne to *Gaſcoigne* for his hyre,
VVhoſe bruſed braine for thee theſe flowers hath ſought.
Leaſt if thou do, the blame on thee do light,
Such friendly paynes to recompence with ſpight.

I.D. In prayſe of Gaſcoigne and his Poſies.

IF *Virgill* how to till the Earth, to euery man doth tell,
And *Galen* he in Phiſicks arte doth many men excell,
If Poets olde deſeruen prayſe, by paynting out aright,
The frutes of vice, as *Ouid* doth, and many mo that wright,
By learned skill of many things: If ſuch exalt their name,
And for their hyre, deſerued prayſe by trumpe of Ladie Fame:
VVhy ſhould the Authour of this booke then leeſe his due deſart,
Sith he ſo freendly here to vs, hath ſhewed his skilfull arte?
The healthſome herbs and flowers ſweet, frō weedes he hath diui-
The fruits of Giues in priſon ſtrōg he hath right wel decided. [ded,
Of warres alſo, and warriours to, euen like a Martiall knight,
He hath diſcourſt, and ſhewed the lottes, that therevpon do light:
Virgill is dead, and *Galen* gone, with Poets many more:
Yet workes of theirs be ſtill aliue, and with vs kept in ſtore.
This Authour liues, and *Gaſcoigne* hights, yet once to die moſt ſure,
Alas the while that worthie wightes may not alwayes endure,
But workes of his among the beſt, for euer more ſhall reſt,
VVhen he in heauen ſhall take a place prepared for the bleſt.

The Printer in commendation of Gaſcoigne and his workes.

Chawcer by writing purchaſt fame,
And *Gower* got a worthie name:
Sweete *Surrey*, ſuckt *Pernaſſus* ſprings,
And *Wiat* wrote of wondrous things:
Olde *Rochfort* clambe the ſtately Throne,
Which *Muſes* holde, in *Helicone*.
Then thither let good *Gaſcoigne* go,
For ſure his verſe, deſerueth ſo.

M.A. Perugino, a i lettori.

Conciosia la cosa che a'l bono vino, non ci biſogna la ghirlanda nientedi meno. L'opere virtuoſe meritano ſempremai ogni laude, honore, & mercede. Tanto per eſſerſi (nella natura loro, & di ſe ſteſſe) piaceuole, grate, & piene, d'ogni contento, come per dare ſtimoli ad altrui d'imitar' i loro veſtigij. In tanto lo ſtimo l'opera preſente vn'eſſempio chiaro & raro della gloria Ingheſe. Quando vi ſi truouano non ſolamẽte Sonetti, Rime, Canzoni, & altre coſe infinitamẽte piaceuole, ma con cio non vi mancano diſcorſe tragiche, moderne, & phyloſophichẽ della, Guerra, delli ſtati, & della vera Sapienza. Tutte procedute d'vn tal Iuchioſtro, che lo (ſendo foraſtiero) lo truouo vn' Immitatore di Petrarcha, Amico d'Arioſto, & Parangon di Bocaccio, Aretino, & ogni altro Poẽta quanto ſia piu famoſo & eccellente dell'etá noſtra.

I. de B. aux lecteurs.

Ceux qui voiront les Rymes de Gaſcoigne,
(Eſtants François) ſe plaindront nuicts & iours
Que la Beauté & l'odeur de ces flœurs,
A ceſt heur (de France) par Gaſcoign, tant s'esloigne.

H.M. In

H.M. In Poemata Gaſcoigni Carmen.

Si iam vena viris eadem, quæ vatibus olim,
Ingenioq́ pari poſſunt diſponere partas
Materias, pedibus ſi incedunt Carmina certis,
Clauduntur q́ ſuis numeris: Si turba ſororum,
Supplicibus potis eſt priſcos inflare furores,
Sed ſi quod magis eſt, noſtri ſua themata texant,
Conſona ſcripturis ſacris, nec diſſona rectis
Moribus: amænos, ſed quæ cognoſcere flores
Virtutis, quæ docent dulces colligere fructus.
Si fictas fabulas, falſiq́ Cupidinis artes
Cum Venere excludunt, (vt docta indigna poeſi)
Cur non cenſemus celebrandos iure Coronis
Æquales virtute viros, æqualibus eſſe?
O ingrata tuis non reddere tanta peritis
Præmia, quanta ſuis dignarunt prima Poetis
Sæcula. num laudes tantas licet addere linguis
Romanæ primum, (quæ nil tamen attulit vltra
Vtile) germanas, vt fas ſit ſpernere gemmas?
Sed vitium hoc patriæ eſt & peculiariter Anglis
Conuenit, externis quæcunq́ feruntur ab oris,
Anteferre ſuis. Age ſi ſic ſapitis, Ecce,
Anglia quos profert flores Gaſconia preſſit.

B.C. In

B.C. In Poemata Gaſconi Carmen.

MEns generoſa ſolet generoſos edere flores,
Incaßumq́ ſuos, non ſmit ire dies:
Hæc tua Gaſconi laus eſt, mercede remota
Hac, friget virtus, hæc tibi ſufficiat.
Hæc tibi (ſeu Belgas repetas, Martemq́ ferocem,
Seu patriam & Muſas) inuiolata Comes.

K.D. In eundem, Carmen.

VIderat huius: ef. I. Titulum nomenq́ Poëta,
Lætaq́ vix potuit, dicere lingua bene eſt:
Mox vbi quæ voluit, libro non vidit in illo,
Magnaq́ quæ fuerat, pars ibi parua fuit,
Quàm male ait ſocio, Martem ſecreuit amore?
Qui bene amat pugnat, qui bene pugnat amat.

Eiuſdem de eodem.

QVi quondam graue Martis opus, ſub gente nefanda,
Militiamq́ tuli, non vno nomine duram
Arma quibus lætabar, Ego Tritonia Pallas,
Pallas ego trado arma tibi, & nunc per iuga Cynthi
Per ſacrum te Hellicona tuus, per Theſſala Tempe
Inſequor, æternumq́ ſequar, dum ſydera mundum,
Dum deus æternos, certo moderamine Cœlos
Dirigat, æthereaſq́ animas & ſydera Cœli.
O quæ felices cæleſti nectare mentes
Perfundis, Diuûmq́ doces nos dicere Cantus,
Quales Aonias inter celiberrima turbas
Calliopæa canit, vel geſtis Clio loquendis
Nata. (Nouenarum pars ingens Clio ſororum.)
Da Regina tuis adytis, antriſq́ recepto
Cantari vates inter, dicíq́ Britannos.

P.VV. In Gaſcoignum, Carmen.

SVnt quorum mentes, tenebræ, Caligoq́ turpis
Infuſcant, vates qui tetigiſſe timent.
Tu pete e florentem, facunde Poëta Corollam,
Exultu pateat, verſibus iſte locus.

G.H. pro eodem.

QVisquis es hac noſtri qui gaudes parte laboris,
Iudicio nobis, cantus adeſto precor.
Perlege ſcripta prius, quàm pergas ſcripta probare,
Et bene perlecta, inde videbis opus.
Nam nihil in titulum, iunat inſpexiſſe libelli,
Si vis materiæ ſit tibi nota minus.
Non etenim primò veniunt fundamina rerum,
Sed ſunt in varijs, inſpicienda locis.
Perge igitur quo ſit pergendum, fine reperto,
In tenebris tum quæ dilituêre proba.

E.H. in poëmata Gaſcoigni, Carmen.

SI quam Romani laudem mœruêre Poëtæ
Siq́ fuit Graijs debitus vllus honos,
Græcia ſi quondam vatem ſuſpexit Homerum,
Si domitrix magni Roma Maronis opus,
Cur non Gaſconij facunda poëmata laudat
Anglia? & ad cœli ſydera ſumma ferat?
Carmina nam cum re, ſic conſentire videntur,
Egregium & præſtans, vt videatur opus.
Dixerit has aliquis Muſas nimis eſſe iocoſas,
Et iuuenum facile poſſe nocere animis.
Non ita, ni forſan, velit ijſdem lector abuti,
Non olſunt, pura ſi modò mente legas.

The opinion of the auctor himself after all these commendations.

WHat néede I speake my self, since other say so much?
Who seme to praise these poesies so, as if ther wer none such?
But sure my silly self, do find therein no smell,
Which may deserue such passing prayse, or seeme to taste so well,
This boone I onely craue, that Readers yet will deigne
(If any wéede herein do seeme, his fellow flowres to stayne)
Then reade but others workes, and marke if that they finde,
No toyes therein which may dislike, some modest readers minde?
Reade Virgills Pryapus, or Ouids wanton verse,
Which he about Corinnaes couche, so clerkly can rehearse.
Reade Faustoes filthy tale, in Ariostoes ryme,
And let not Marots Alyx passe, without impeach of crime.
These things considred well, I trust they will excuse
This muze of mine, although she seem, such toyes somtimes to vse.
Beléeue me Lordings all, it is a Poetes parte,
To handle eche thing in his kinde, for therein lieth his arte:
Lucillius ledde the daunce, and Horace made the lawe,
That poetes by Auctoritie, may call (A dawe) A Dawe,
And eke (a hore) A Hore, but yet in cleanly wordes,
So that the vice may be rebukt, as though it were in bourdes:
This phrase sometimes I vse, which (if it be a faute)
Condempne not all the rest therfore, that here in verse is taught,
Smell euery poesie right, and you therein shall finde, (minde.
Fresh flowres, good hearbes, & holsome wéedes, to please a skilfull

FINIS. *Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.*

His vltimum vale to Amorous verse.

KInde Erato, and wanton Thalia,
(Whose name my muze, deuoutly did inuoke)
Adieu deare dames, Caliope sings alia,
Which are more worth, and smell not of the smoke.
And if blinde Cupide, chaunce to stryke a stroke,
I vowe my verse, Apocrypha shalbe,
In silence shutte, that none (but you) may sée.

FINIS.

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.

FLOWERS.

Tam Marti quàm Mercurio.

¶ In this diuision are conteyned:

The Anotamie of a Louer. j.
The areignemente of a Louer. Fol ij.
The passions of a Louer. iij.
The diuorce of a Louer. vij.
The Lullabie of a louer. viij.
The lamentation of a Louer. x.
The lookes of a Louer enamored. xj.
The lookes of a Louer forsaken. xvij.
The recátatió of a louer. xvij
Praise of Lady Sands. xviij.
Praise of the Lady Grey. xx.
Praise of the Authors mistresse. xx.
Gascoigns good morow. xxj
Gascoigns good night. xxiiij
Gascoigns *Deprofundis*. xxvj
Gascoig. memories. xxxiij.
An Epitaph vpon Captaine *Bourcher*. xlj.
A deuise of a Maske. xliij.
The refusall of a Louer. lv.
Pryde in Court. lvj.
Despised things mai liue. 58
In trust is treason. lix.
The constancie of a Louer. Fol. lx.
The frute of Foes. lxj.
A Louer once warned and twice taken. lxj.
A Louer encoraged by former examples. lxiij.
The Historie of Dan Bartholmewe of Bathe. lxv.
The frutes of VVarre. cxiij.

Faultes escaped in the VVeedes:

Fol.	Line.	Faultes.	Correction.
204	13	allgiance	allegeaunce
211	17	like I hope	I like hope
214	24	contation	contentation
216	28	merrye	married
Ibid.	31	flattring	flitting
218	4	had shewed	had to plainely shewed
Ibid.	7	called	calling
Ibid.	30	disdained	disdayned
220	14	had	and
222	30	in	of
223	7	And	So
224	7	cape	cappe
Ibid.	8	Crowe	Crowne
229	16	still	foyle
232	34	braunce	braunche
235	19	possessed	professed
238	11	that	other
240	5	*Elaminia*	*Flaminia*
242	11	and	an
Ibid.	30	forceates	Forcastes
Ibid.	20	doe	did
249	13	builded	blinded
Ibid.	16	pricke	pricke such
258	5	gentelman	gentlewoman
361	6	quibbes	quippes
271	31	*la mano*	*las manos*
275	2	swell	aswell
276	4	*Fraunces china*	*Frauncischina*
Ibid.	8	occurments	occurrentes
278	6	that I	I that
284	8	But	that
285	14	this	those

The Anatomye of a Louer.

TO make a Louer knowne, by plaine Anatomie,
You louers all that lift beware, loe here beholde you me.
Who though mine onely lookes, your pittie wel might moue,
Yet euery part shall playe his part, to paint the panges of loue.
If first my feeble head, haue so much matter left,
If fansies raging force haue not, his feeble skill bereft.
These lockes that hang vnkempt, these hollowe dazled eyes, (cries.
These chattering teeth, this trebling tongue, well tewed with carefull
These wan and wrinkled cheekes, wel washt with waues of woe,
Playe stand for patterne of a ghost, where so this carkasse goe.
These shoulders they sustaine, the yoake of heauy care,
And on my bruised broken backe, the burden must I beare.
These armes quite braunfalne are, with beating on my brest,
This right hand weary is to write, this left hand craueth rest:
These sides enclose the forge, where sorrowe playes the smith,
And hote desire, hath kindled fire, to worke this mettall with.
The Anuile is my heart, my thoughtes they strike the stroake,
My lights and lunges like bellowes blow, & sighes ascend for smoake.
My secrete partes are so with secrete sorrowe soken,
As for the secrete shame thereof, deserues not to be spoken,
My thighes, my knees, my legges, and lack of all my feete,
To serue a louers turne, are so vnable and vnmeete,
That scarce they sustaine vp, this restlesse body well,
Vnlesse it be to see the boure, wherein my loue doth dwell,
And there by sight eftsone, to feede my gazing eye,
And so content my hungrie corps, tyll dolours doe me dye:
Yet for a iust reward of loue so dearely bought,
I pray you saye, loe this was he, whome loue had worne to nought.

Euer or neuer.

¶ The arraigment of a Louer.

AT Beauties barre as I dyd ſtande,
When falſe ſuſpect accuſed mée,
George (quod the Iudge) holde vp thy hande,
Thou art arraignde of Flatterye:
Tell therefore howe thou wylt bée tryde:
Whoſe iudgement here wylt thou abyde.

My Lorde (quod I) this Lady here,
Whome I eſtéeme aboue the reſt,
Doth knowe my guilte if any were:
Wherefore hir dome ſhall pleaſe me beſt,
Let hir bée Iudge and Iurour boathe,
To trye mée guiltleſſe by myne oathe.

VVyll is dame bevvties chiefe Iuſtice of Oyre and terminer.

Quod Beautie, no, it fitteth not,
A Prince hir ſelfe to iudge the cauſe:
Wyll is our Iuſtice well you wot.
Appointed to diſcuſſe our Lawes:
If you wyll guiltleſſe ſéeme to goe,
God and your countrey quitte you ſo.

Then crafte the cryer cal'd a queſt,
Of whome was falſhode formoſt féere,
A packe of picketthankes were the reſt,
Which came falſe witneſſe for to beare,
The Iurye ſuche, the Iudge vniuſt,
Sentence was layde I ſhould be truſt.

Ielous the Jayler bound mée faſt,
To heare the verdite of the byll,
George (quod the Iudge) nowe thou art caſt,
Thou muſt goe hence to heauie hill,
And there be hangde all but the head,
God reſt thy ſoule when thou art dead.

Downe

Downe fell I then vpon my knée,
All flatte before Dame Beauties face,
And cryed, good Ladye pardon mée,
Which here appeale vnto your grace,
You knowe if I haue béene vntrue,
It was in too much prayſing you.

And though this Iudge doe make ſuche haſte,
To head with ſhame my guiltleſſe blood:
Yet let your pittie firſt bée plaſte,
To ſaue the man that meant you good,
So ſhall you ſhewe your ſelfe a Quéene,
And I maye bée your ſeruaunt ſéene.

(Quod Beautie) well: bicauſe I gueſſe,
What thou doſt meane hencefoorth to bée,
Although thy faultes deſerue no leſſe,
Than Iuſtice here hath iudged thée,
Wylt thou be bounde to ſtynt all ſtrife,
And be true priſoner all thy lyfe?

Yea Madame (quod I) that I ſhall,
Loe fayth and trueth my ſuerties:
Why then (quod ſhée) come when I call,
I aſke no better warrantiſe.
Thus am I Beauties bounden thrall,
At hir commaunde when ſhée doth call.

Common Bayll.

Euer or neuer.

The paſſion of a Louer.

I Smyle ſometimes although my griefe be great,
To heare and ſée theſe louers paint their paine,
And how they can in pleaſaunt rimes repeate,
The paſſing pangs, which they in fancies faine.

But if I had ſuch ſkyll to frame a verſe,
I could more paine than all their panges rehearſe.

Some ſaye they finde nor peace, nor power to fight,
Which ſæmeth ſtrange: but ſtranger is my ſtate:
I dwell in dole, yet ſoiorne with delight,
Repoſde in reſt, yet werped with debate.
For ſlatte repulſe, might well appeaſe my wyll,
But fancie fightes, to trye my fortune ſtyll.

Some other ſaye they hope, yet liue in dread,
They friese, they flame, they flie aloft, they fall,
But I, nor hope with happe to rayſe my head,
Nor feare to ſtoupe, for why, my gate is ſmall.
Nor can I friese, with cold to kyll my heart,
Nor yet ſo flame, as might conſume my ſmart.

How liue I then, which thus drawe forth my dayes?
Or tell me howe, I found this feuer firſt?
What fits I feele? what diſtance? what delayes?
What griefe? what eaſe? what lyke I beſt? what worſt?
Theſe thinges they tell, which ſeeke redreſſe of paine,
And ſo wyll I, although I coumpt it vaine.

I liue in loue, euen ſo I loue to liue,
(Oh happie ſtate, twiſe happie he that findes it)
But loue to life this cogniſance doth geue,
This badge this marke, to euery man that mindes it,
Loue lendeth life, which (dying) cannot dye,
Nor lyuing liue: and ſuch a life leade I.

The Sunny dayes which gladde the ſaddeſt wightes,
Yet neuer ſhine to cleare my miſty mone:
No quiet ſleepe, amidde the moneſhine nightes,
Can cloſe mine eyes, when I am woe begone.

Into

Into ſuch ſhades my peeuiſhe ſorrowe ſhrowdes,
That Sunne and Mone, are ſtyll to me in clowdes.

And feuerlike I fede my fancie ſtyll,
With ſuch repaſt, as moſt empaires my health,
Which feuer firſt I caught by wanton wyll,
When coles of kind dyd ſtirre my blood by ſtealth:
And gazing eyes, in bewrie put ſuch truſt,
That loue enflamd my liuer al with luſt.

My fits are lyke the feuer Etick fits,
Which one daye quakes within and burnes without,
The nexte daye heate within the boſoms ſits,
And ſhiuiring colde the body goes about.
So is my heart moſt hote when hope is colde,
And quaketh moſt when I moſt heate beholde.

There is in deede ſuche a kinde of feuer.

Tormented thus without delayes I ſtand,
All wayes in one and enermore ſhalbe,
In greateſt griefe when helpe is neareſt hand,
And beſt at eaſe if death might make me free:
Delighting moſt in that which hurtes my heart,
And hating change which might relieue my ſmart.

Yet you deare dame: to whome this cure pertaines,
Deuiſe by times ſome drammes for my diſeaſe,
A noble name ſhall be your greateſt gaines,
Whereof be ſure, if you wyll worke mine eaſe.
And though fond foles ſet forth their fittes as faſt,
Yet graunt with me that my ſtraunge paſſion paſt.

Lenuoye.

Euer or neuer.

¶ *A ſtraunge paſſion of a Louer.*

AMid my Bale I bath in bliſſe,
I ſwim in heauen, I ſinke in hell:
I find amends for euery miſſe,
And yet my moane no tongue can tell.
I liue and loue, what wold you more:
As neuer louer liu'd before.

I laugh ſometimes with little luſt,
So ieſt I oft and feele no ioye:
Myne eaſe is builded all on truſt:
And yet miſtruſt breedes myne anoye.
I liue and lacke, I lacke and haue:
I haue and miſſe the thing I craue.

Theſe things ſeeme ſtrange, yet are they trew.
Beleeue me ſweete my ſtate is ſuch,
One pleaſure which I wold eſchew,
Both ſlakes my griefe and breedes my grutch.
So doth one paine which I would ſhon,
Renew my ioyes where grief begon.

Then like the larke that paſt the night.
In heauy ſleepe with cares oppreſt:
Yit when ſhee ſpies the pleaſaunt light,
She ſends ſweete notes from out hir breſt.
So ſing I now becauſe I thinke
How ioyes approch, when ſorrowes ſhrinke.

And as ſayde *Philomene* againe,
Can watch and ſinge when other ſleepe:
And taketh pleaſure in hir payne,
To wray the woe that makes hir weepe.
So ſing I now for to bewray
The lothſome life I lead alway.

The

The which to thée (deare wenche) I write,
That know'ſt my mirth, but not my moane:
I praye God graunt thée déepe delight,
To liue in ioyes when I am gone.
I cannot liue, it wyll not bée:
I dye to thinke to part from thée.
Ferendo Natura.

¶ The Diuorce of a Louer.

DIuorce me nowe good death, from loue and lingring life,
That one hath bene my concubine, that other was my wife.
In youth I liued with loue, the had my luſtye dayes,
In age I thought with lingering life to ſtay my wãdering wais,
But now abuſde by both, I come for to complaine,
To thée good death, in whom my helpe doth wholy now remain,
My libell loe behold: wherein I doé proteſt,
The proceſſe of my plaint is true, in which my griefe doth reſt.
Firſt loue my concubine (whome I haue kept ſo trimme,
Euen ſhe for whome I ſéemd of yore, in ſeas of ioy to ſwimme:
To whome I dare auowe, that I haue ſerued as well,
And played my part as gallantly, as he that beares the bell)
She caſt me of long ſince, and holdes me in diſdaine,
I cannot pranke to pleaſe hir nowe, my vaunting is but vaine.
My writhled chéekes bewraye, that pride of heate is paſt,
My ſtagring ſteppes eke tell the trueth, that natüre fadeth faſt,
My quaking crooked ioyntes, are combred with the crampe,
The bore of oyle is waſted wel, which once dyd féede my lampe.
The gréeneſſe of my yeares, doth wyther now ſo ſore,
That lucky loue leapes quite awaye, and lyketh me no more,
And loue my lemman gone, what lyking can I take?
In lothſome lyfe that croked croane, although ſhe be my make:
Shée cloyes me with the cough, hir comfort is but cold,
She bids me giue mine age for almes, wherin firſt my youth was ſold.

Such a ſect there is that deſire no longer lyfe thē vvhiles they are in loue.

No day can paſſe my head, but ſhe beginnes to brall,
No merry thoughts conceiued ſo faſt, but ſhe conſomds them al.
When I pretend to pleaſe, ſhe ouerthwarts me ſtill,
When I would fayneſt part with hir, ſhe ouerwayes my will.
Be iudge then gentle death, and take my cauſe in hand,
Conſider euery circumſtaunce, marke how the caſe doth ſtand.
Perchaſe thou wilte aledge, that cauſe thou canſt none ſée,
But that I like not of that one, that other likes not me:
Yes gentle iudge giue eare, and thou ſhalt ſee me proue,
My concubine incontinent, a common whore is loue.
And in my wyfe I find, ſuch diſcord and debate,
As no man liuing can endure the tormentes of my ſtate.
Wherefore thy ſentence ſay, deuorce me from them both.
Since only thou mayſt right my wronges, good death nowe be
But caſt thy pearcing dart, into my panting breſt, (not loath.
That I may leaue both loue and life, & thereby purchaſe reſt.

Haud ictus ſapio.

¶ The Lullabie of a Louer.

SIng lullaby, as women doe,
Wherewith they bring their babes to reſt,
And lullaby can I ſing to,
As womanly as can the beſt.
With lullaby they ſtill the childe,
And if I be not much beguild,
Full many wanton babes haue I,
Which muſt be ſtild with lullabie.

Firſt lullaby my youthfull yeares,
It is nowe time to go to bed,
For crooched age and hoary heares,
Haue wonne the hauen with in my head:
With Lullaby then youth be ſtill,
With Lullaby content thy will,

Since

Since courage quayles, and commes behind,
Go ſleepe, and ſo beguile thy minde.

Next Lullaby my gazing eyes,
Which wonted were to glaunce apace.
For euery Glaſſe maye nowe ſuffiſe,
To ſhewe the furrowes in my face:
With Lullabye then winke awhile,
With Lullabye your lookes beguile:
Lette no fayre face, nor beautie bright,
Entice you eke with vayne delight.

And Lullaby my wanton will,
Lette reaſons rule, nowe reigne thy thought,
Since all to late I finde by ſkyll,
Howe deare I haue thy fanſies bought:
With Lullaby nowe tak thyne eaſe,
With Lullaby thy doubtes appeaſe:
For truſt to this, if thou be ſtyll,
My body ſhall obey thy will.

Eke Lullaby my louing boye,
My little Robyn take thy reſt,
Since age is colde, and nothing coye,
Keepe cloſe thy coyne, for ſo is beſt:
With Lullaby be thou content,
With Lullaby thy luſtes relente,
Lette others pay which hath mo pence,
Thou art to poore for ſuch expence.

Thus Lullabye my youth, myne eyes,
My will, my ware, and all that was,
I can no mo delayes deuiſe,
But welcome payne, let pleaſure paſſe:

Wit-

With Lullaby now take your leaue,
With Lullaby your dreames deceiue,
And when you riſe with waking eye,
Remember then this Lullabye.

Euer or Neuer.

The lamentation of a louer.

NOw haue I found the waie, to weepe & wayle my ill,
Now can I ende my dolfull dayes, & ſo content my will.
The way to weepe inough, for ſuch as liſt to wayle,
Is this: to go aboard ẏ ſhip, where pleaſure beareth ſayle.
And there to marke the ieſtes, of euery ioyfull wight,
And with what winde and waue they fleet, to nourith their delight.
For as the ſtriken Deare, that ſeth his fellowes fede,
Amid the luſtie heard (vnhurt,) & feeles himſelfe to bleede
Or as the ſely byrd, that with the Bolte is byrd,
And lieth alofe among the leaues, of al hir pheares refuſd,
And heares them ſing full ſhrill, yet cannot ſhe reioyce,
Nor frame one warbling note to paſſe, out of hir mournfull voyce.
Euen ſo I finde by proofe, that pleaſure dubleth payne,
Vnto a wretched wounded hart, which doth in woe, remaine.
I paſſe where pleaſure is, I heare ſome ſing for loye,
I ſee ſom laugh, ſom other daunce, in ſpight of darke anoy.
But out alas my mind, amends not by their myrth,
I deeme al pleaſurs to be paine, that dwell aboue ẏ earth.
Such heauy humors feede, ẏ bloud that lendes me breath,
As mery medcins cannot ſerue, to keepe my corps from death.

Spreta tamen vivunt.

Certaine

Certaine verſes written to a Gentlewoman whome hee liked very wel, and yet had neuer any oportunity to diſcouer his affection, being alwayes bridled by ielouſe lookes which attended them both, and therefore geſſing by hir lokes, that she partly alſo liked him: he wrote in a booke of hirs as foloweth, being termed with the reſt that follow the lokes of a louer enamoured.

THou with thy lookes on whom I loke full ofte,
And find there in great cauſe of deepe delight:
Thy face is fayre, thy ſkin is ſmoth and ſofte,
Thy lippes are ſweet, thine eyes are cleere and bright.
And euery part ſeemes pleaſant in my ſight.
Yet wote thou well, thoſe lokes haue wrought my wo,
Bicauſe I loue to loke vpon them ſo.

For firſt thoſe lokes allurd mine eye to loke,
And ſtraight mine eye ſtird vp my hart to loue:
And cruell loue with deepe deceitfull hooke,
Choke vp my mind whom fancie cannot moue,
Nor hope releeue, nor other helpe behoue:
But ſtill to loke, and though I loke to much,
Needes muſt I loke bicauſe I ſee none ſuch.

Thus in thy lookes my loue and life haue hold,
And with ſuch life my death drawes on a pace:
And for ſuch death no medcine can be told,
But loking ſtill vpon thy louely face.
Wherin are painted pitie, peace, and grace,
Then though thy lokes ſhould cauſe me for to dye,
Needes muſt I looke, bicauſe I liue therby.

Since

Since then thy lokes my lyfe haue so in thrall,
As I can like none other lokes but thine:
Lo here I yelde my lyfe, my loue, and all
Into thy hands, and all things else resigne,
But libertie to gaze vpon thyne eyen.
Which when I doe, then think it were thy part,
To loke again, and linke with me in hart.

Si fortunatus infœlix.

VVith these verses you shall iudge the quicke capacitie of the Lady: for she wrote thereunder this short aunswere.

Loke as long as you lyst, but surely if I take you loking, I will loke with you.

¶ *And for a further proofe of this Dames quicke vnderstanding,* you shall now vnderstande, that sone after this aunswere of hirs, the same Auchour chansed to be at a supper in hir company, where were also hir brother, hir husband, and an old louer of hirs by whom shee had bene long suspected. Nowe, although there wanted no delicate viandes to content them, yet their chiefe repast was by entreglancing of lokes. For the Auchour being stong with hotte affection, coulde none otherwyse relieue his passion but by gazing. And the Dame of a curteous enclination deigned (nowe and then) to requite the same with glancing at him. Hir olde louer occupied his eyes with watching: and her brother perceiuing all this coulde not abstaine from winking, whereby hee might putte his Syster in remembraunce, least she shoulde too much forget hir selfe. But

But most of all her husbande beholding the first, and being euyll pleased with the seconde, scarce contented with the thirde, and misconstruing the fourth, was constrayned to playe the fifth part in frowarde frowning. This royall banquet thus passed ouer, the Auchor knowing that after supper they should passe the tyme in propounding of Ryddles, and making of purposes: contriued all this conceipt in a Riddle as followeth. The which was no soner pronoũced, but shee coulde perfectly perceiue his intent, and draue out one nayle with another, as also enseweth.

His Ryddle.

I Cast mine eye and sawe ten eyes at once,
All semelye set vppon one louely face:
Two gaz'd, two glanc'd, two watched for the nonce,
Two winked wiles, two frouned with froward grace.
Thus euerye eye was pitched in his place.
And euerye eye which wrought eche others wo,
Saide to it selfe, alas why lokt I so?
And euerye eye for selousie did pine,
And sigh'd and sayde, I would that eye were mine.

Si fortunatus infœlix.

¶ *In all this louelie company vvas not one that coulde and* would expound the meaning hereof. At last the Dame hir selfe aunswered on this wise. Syr, quod she, because your darke speach is much to curious for this simple company, I wyl bee so bolde as to quit one question with another. And when you haue aunswered mine, it maye fall out peraduenture, that I shall somewhat the better iudge of yours.

Hir

Hir Queſtion.

WHat thing is that which ſwimmes in bliſſe,
And yet conſumes in burning griefe:
Which being plaſte where pleaſure is,
Can yet recouer no reliefe.
Which ſees to ſighe, and ſighes to ſée,
All this is one, what maye it bée:

¶ *He held him ſelfe herevvith contented: and aftervvarde:* when they vvere better acquainted, he chaunſed once (groping in hir pocket) to find a letter of hir olde louers: and thynking it vvere better to vvincke than vterlye to put out his eyes, ſeemed not to vnderſtande this firſt offence: but ſoone after finding a lemman (the vvhich he thought he ſavve hir olde lemman put there) he deuiſed therof thus, and deliuered it vnto hir in vvriting.

I Groped in thy pocket prétty peake,
And found a Lemman which I loked not:
So founde I once (which nowe I muſt repeate)
Both leaues and letters which I lyked not.
Such hap haue I to finde and ſéeke it not,
But ſince I ſée no ſatter meanes to bind them,
I wyll (henceforth) take Lemmans as I finde them.

The Dame vvithin verie short ſpace dyd aunſvvere it thus.

A Lymone (but no Lemmane) Syr you found,
For Lemmans beare their name to broade before:
The which ſince it hath giuen you ſuch a wound,
That you ſéeme now offended very ſore:
Content your ſelfe you ſhall find (there) no more.
But take your Lemmans henceforth where you luſt,
For I wyll ſhewe my letters where I truſt.

The

¶ *The lookes of a louer forſaken: written by a gentlewoman who* paſſed by him with hir armes ſet bragging by hir ſides, and lefte it vnfinished as followeth.

WEre my hart ſet on hoygh as thine is bent,
Or in my breſt ſo braue and ſtout a will:
Then (long ere this) I coulde haue bene content,
With sharpe reueng thy careleſſe corpes to kill.
For why thou knoweſt (although thou know not all)
What rule, what raygne, what power, what ſegnory,
Thy melting minde did yéld to me (as thrall)
When firſt I pleaſd thy wandring fantiſie.
What lingring lokes bewray'd thyne inward thought,
What panges were publiſht by perplexitie,
Such reakes the rage of loue in thée had wrought
And no gramercie for thy curteſie.
I liſt not vaunt, but yet I dare auowe
(Had bene my harmeleſſe hart as harde as thine)
I coulde haue bounde thée then for ſtarting nowe,
In bondes of bale, in pangs of deadly pyne.
For why, by profe the field is eath to win,
Where as the chiefteynes yéld them ſelues in chaynes:
The port or paſſage plaine to enter in,
Where porters liſt to leaue the key for gaynes.
But did I then deuiſe with crueltie,
(As tyrants do) to kill the yélding pray:
Or did I bragge and boaſt triumphauntly,
As who ſhould ſaye the field were mine that daye:
Did I retire my ſelfe out of thy ſight
To beat afreſh the bulwarkes of thy breſt:
Or did my mind in choyce of change delight,
And render thée as reffuſe with the reſt:
No Tygre no, the lyon is not lewd,
Ye ſhewes no force on ſeely wounded ſhéepe, &c.

VVhile

VVhiles he ſat at the dore of his lodging, deuiſing theſe verſes aboue reherſed, the ſame Gentlewoman paſſed by againe, and caſt a longe looke towardes him, whereby he left his former inuention and wrote thus.

HOwe long ſhe lookt, that lookt at me of late,
As who would ſay, hir lookes were all for loue:
When God he knowes they came from deadly hate,
To pinch me yit with pangs which I muſt proue.
But ſince my lokes hir liking maye not moue,
Looke where ſhe likes, for lo this looke was caſt,
Not for my loue, but euen to ſee my laſt.
Si fortunatus infœlix.

Another Sonet written by the ſame Gentlewoman, vppon the ſame occaſion.

I Lookt of late, and ſawe thée loke aſkance,
Vpon my doore, to ſée if I ſatte there.
As who ſhould ſay: If he be there by chance,
Yet maye he thinke I loke him euery where,
No cruell no, thou knoweſt and I can tell,
How for thy loue I layd my lokes a ſide:
Though thou (par caſe) haſt lookt and liked wel,
Some newe founde lokes amide this world ſo wide.
But ſince thy lookes my loue haue ſo in chaynd
That to my lokes, thy liking now is paſt:
Loke where thou likeſt, and let thy hands be ſtaynd,
In true lones bloud, which thou ſhalt lack at laſt.
So looke, ſo lack, for in theſe toyes thus toſt,
My lookes thy loue, thy lookes my life haue loſt.
Si fortunatus infœlex.

To

¶ *To the ſame gentlewoman becauſe ſhe challenged the* Auᵉthour for holding downe his head alwaies, and for that hee looked not vppon hir in wonted manner.

YOu muſt not wonder though you thinke it ſtraunge.
To ſée me holde my lowring head ſo lowe:
And that myne eyes take no delyght to raunge,
About the gleames which on your face doe growe.
The mouſe which once hath broken out of trappe,
Is ſildome tyſed with the truſtleſſe bayte,
But lyes aloofe for feare of more miſhappe,
And fédeth ſtyll in doubte of deepe deceipte.
The ſcorched flye which once hath ſcapt the flame,
Wyll hardlye come to playe againe with fyre.
Whereby I learne that greeuous is the game,
Which followes fanſie dazled by deſire.
So that I wynke or elſe holde downe my head,
Becauſe your blazing eyes my bale haue bred.
Si fortunatus infœlix.

The Recantacion of a Louer.

NOw muſt I needes recant the wordes which once I ſpoke,
Fond fanſie fumes ſo nie my noſe, I nedes muſt ſmel ỹ (ſmoke:
And better were to beare a Faggot from the fire,
Than wylfully to burne and blaze, in flames of baſe deſire.
You Iudges then giue eare, you people marke me well,
I ſaye, both heauen and earth record the tale which I ſhall tell
And knowe that dread of death, nor hope of better hap,
Haue forced or perſwaded me to take my turning cap,
But euen that mightye Ioue, of his great clemencie,
Hath giuen me grace at laſt to iudge, the trueth from hereſie:
I ſaye then and profeſſe, with free and faithfull heart,
That womēs bowes are nothing els, but ſnares of ſecret ſmart:

Their beauties blaze are baites which ſæme of pleaſant taſte,
But who deuoures the hidden hoke, eates poyſon for repaſt:
Their ſmyling is deceipt, their faire wordes traines of treaſon,
Their wit alwaies ſo full of wyles, it ſkorneth rules of reaſon.
Perceaſe ſome preſent here, haue heard my ſelfe of yore,
Both teach & preach the contrary, my fault was then the more:
I graunt my workes were theſe, firſt one Anatomie,
Wherein I painted euery pang of louers perplexitye:
Nert that I was araignde, with George holde vp thy hand,
Wherein I yelded Bewties thrall, at hir commaund to ſtand:
Myne eyes ſo blinded were, (god people marke my tale)
That once I ſong, I Bathe in Bliſſe, amidde my weary Bale:
And many a frantike verſe, then from my penne dyd paſſe,
In waues of wicked hereſie, ſo deepe I drowned was,
All which I now recant, and here before you burne (turne,
Thoſe trifling bookes, from whoſe lewde lore my tippet here I
And hencefwth wyl I write, howe mad is that mans minde,
Which is entiſt by any traine to truſt in womankind.
I ſpare not wedlocke I, who lyſt that ſtate aduance, (daunce,
Aſtolfe being the goodlieſt perſonne in the vvorlde founde a dvvarfe lying vvith his vvife
Aſke Aſtolfe king of *Lumbardie*, howe trim his dwarfe couldе
Wherefore fayre Ladies you, that beare me what I ſaye,
If you hereafter ſæ me ſlippe, or ſæme to goe aſtraye:
Or if my tongue reuolte from that which nowe it ſayth,
Then plague me thus, Beleeue it not, for this is nowe my faith.

Haud ictus ſapio.

¶ In prayſe of *Bridges*, nowe Lady *Sandes*.

IN Court who ſo demaundes what Dame doth moſt excell,
For my conceyt I muſt nedes ſay, faire Bridges beares ỹ bell:
Vpon whoſe liuely chæke, to proue my iudgement true,
The Roſe and Lillie ſæme to ſtriue for equall change of hewe:
And

And therewithall ſo well her graces all agrée,
No frowning chære dare once preſume in hir ſweete face to bée.
Although ſome lauithe lippes, which like ſome other beſt,
Wyll ſaye the blemiſhe on hir browe diſgraceth all the reſt.
Thereto I thus replie, God wotte they litle know,
The hidden cauſe of that miſhap, nor how the harme dyd grow.
For when Dame nature firſt had framde hir heauenly face,
And thoroughly bedecked it, with godly gleames of grace:
It lyked hir ſo well: Lo here (quod ſhée) a peece,
For perfect ſhape that paſſeth all Apelles worke in *Greece*.
This bayte may chaunce to catche the greateſt God of loue,
Or mighty thundring Ioue himſelf that rules the roaſt aboue.
But out, alas, thoſe wordes were vaunted all in vaine,
And ſome vnſene were preſent there (poore Bridges) to thy pain.
For Cupide craftie boye, cloſe in a corner ſtode,
Not blyndfold then, to gaze on hir, I geſſe it dyd him good,
Yet when he felt the flame gan kindle in his breſt,
And hard dame nature boaſt by hir, to breake him of his reſt,
His hote newe choſen loue, he chaunged into hate,
And ſodainly with mighty mace, gan rap hir on the pate.
It grieued Nature much to ſæ the cruell deede:
Me ſæmes I ſæ hir how ſhe wept, to ſee hir dearling bleede.
Well yet (quod ſhe) this hurt ſhall haue ſome helpe I trowe,
And quicke with ſkin ſhe couered it, that whiter is than ſnowe.
Wherewith Dan Cupid fled, for feare of further flame,
Whé angel like he ſaw hir ſhine, whom he had ſmit with flame.
Lo thus was Bridges hurt, in cradel of hir kind,
The coward Cupid brake hir browe, to wreke his wounded mind,
The ſkar ſtyll there remaines, no force, there let it be,
There is no clowde that can eclipſe, ſo bright a ſunne as ſhe.

Euer or neuer.

¶ In prayſe of *Zouche* late the Lady Greye of VVilton. whome the auctor found in a homely houſe.

THeſe ruſtie walles whome cankred yeares deface,
The comely corps of ſæmely Zouche encloſe,
Whoſe auncient ſtocke deriue from worthy race,
Procures hir praiſe, where ſo the carkas goes:
Hir aungels face declares hyr modeſt minde,
Hyr louely lokes the gazing eyes allure,
Hyr dædes deſerue ſome endleſſe prayſe to finde,
To blaze ſuche bute as euer might endure.
Wherfore my penne in trembling feare ſhall ſtaye,
To write the thing that doth ſurmount my ſkill.
And I will wiſh of God both night and daye,
Some worthier place to guide hir worthy will.
Where princes pæres hir due deſertes maye ſæ,
And I content hir ſeruaunt there to bee.

Euer or Neuer.

Gaſcoignes praiſe of his miſtres.

THe hap which Paris had, as due for his deſert,
Who fauord Venus for hir face, & ſhonde Meneruas art:
May ſerue to warne the wiſe that they no more eſteme,
The gliſtering gloſſe of bewties blaze, than reaſon ſhould it deme.
Dan Priams yonger ſon, found out ỹ faireſt dame,
That euer trode on Troyane mold, what followed of ỹ ſame:
I liſt not brut hir bale, let others ſpread it forth,
But for his parte to ſpeake my minde his choice was little worth,
My meaning is but this, who markes the outward ſhewe,
And neuer grops for graftes of grace which in ỹ mind ſhould grow:
May chance vpon ſuch choiſe as truſty Troilus had,
And dwel in dole as Paris did, when he would faine be glad.

Howe

Howe happie then am I whoſe happe hath bene to finde,
A miſtreſſe firſt that doth excell in vertues of the mind.
And yet therewith hath ioynd, ſuch fauoure and ſuche grace,
As Pandars niece if (ſhe wer here) would quickly giue hir place.
With in whoſe worthy breſt, Dame Bounty ſækes to dwel,
And ſaith to beawty, yéld to me, ſince I doe thee excell.
Betwene whoſe beauenly eyes, doth right remorſe appeare,
And pitie placed by the ſame, doth muche amende hir chære.
Who in my daungers dæpe, dyd deigne to doe mæ good,
Who did relieue my beauy heart, and ſought to ſaue my blood.
Who firſt encreaſt my friendes, and ouerthrew my foes,
Who loued al them that wiſht me wel, & liked none but thoſe.
O Ladies giue me leaue, I prayſe not hir to farre,
Since ſhe doth paſ you al as much, as Titan ſtaines a ſtarre.
You hold ſuch ſeruauntes deare, as able are to ſerue.
She held me deare, when I poore ſoule, could no good thing deſerue.
You ſet by them that ſwim in all proſperitie,
She ſet by me when as I was in great calamitie.
You beſt eſteeme the braue, and let the pooreſt paſſe,
She beſt eſteemde my poore good will, all naked as it was.
But whether am I went? what humor guides my braine?
I ſæke to wey ỹ wolſack down, with one poore pepper grain.
I ſæme to penne hir praiſe, that doth ſurpaſſe my ſkill,
I ſtriue to rowe againſt the tide, I hoppe againſt the hill.
Then let theſe fewe ſuffiſe, ſhe Helene ſtaines for hewe,
Dydo for grace, Creſſyde for chære, and is as Thisbye true.
Yet if you furder craue, to haue hir name diſplaide,
Dame Fauor is my miſtres name, dame Fortune is hir maid.

Attamen ad ſolitum.

Gaſcoignes good morrow.

YOu that haue ſpent the ſilent night,
In ſleepe and quiet reſt,
And ioye to ſee the chærefull lyght
That ryſeth in the Eaſt:

Now cleare your voyce, now chere your hart,
Come helpe me nowe to ſing:
Eche willing wight come beare a part,
To prayſe the heauenly King.

And you whome care in priſon kéepes,
Or ſickenes doth ſuppreſſe,
Or ſecret ſorowe breakes your ſléepes,
Or dolours doe diſtreſſe:
Yet beare a parte in dolfull wiſe,
Yea thinke it good accorde,
And exceptable ſacrifice,
Eche ſpirite to prayſe the lorde.

The dreadfull night with darkeſomneſſe,
Had ouer ſpread the light,
And ſluggiſh ſléepe with drowſyneſſe,
Had ouer preſt our might:
A glaſſe wherin you may beholde,
Eche ſtorme that ſtopes our breath,
Our bed the graue, our clothes lyke molde,
And ſléepe like dreadfull death.

Yet as this deadly night did laſte,
But for a little ſpace,
And heauenly daye nowe night is paſt,
Doth ſhewe his pleaſaunt face:
So muſt we hope to ſée Gods face,
At laſt in heauen on hie,
When we haue chang'd this mortall place,
For Immortalitie.

And of ſuch happes and heauenly ioyes,
As then we hope to holde,
All earthly ſightes and worldly toyes,
Are tokens to beholde.

The

The daye is like the daye of doome,
The ſunne, the Sonne of man,
The ſkyes the heauens, the earth the toombe
Wherein we reſt till than.

The Rainbowe bending in the ſkye,
Bedeckte with ſundrye hewes,
Is like the ſeate of God on hye,
And ſéemes to tell theſe newes:
That as thereby he promiſed,
To drowne the world no more,
So by the blood which Chriſt hath ſhead,
He will our helth reſtore.

The miſtie cloudes that fall ſomtime,
And ouercaſt the ſkyes,
Are like to troubles of our time,
Which do but dymme our eyes:
But as ſuche dewes are dryed vp quite,
When Phœbus ſhewes his face,
So are ſuch fanſies put to flighte,
Where God doth guide by grace.

The caryon Crowe, that lothſome beaſt,
Which cryes agaynſt the rayne,
Both for hir hewe and for the reſt,
The Deuill reſembleth playne:
And as with gonnes we kill the Crowe,
For ſpoyling our reléeſe,
The Deuill ſo muſt we ouerthrowe,
With gonſhote of beléefe.

The little byrde which ſing ſo ſwete,
Are like the angelles voyce,
Which render God his prayſes méete,
And teache vs to reioyce:

And as they more eſteeme that myrth,
Than dread the nights anoy,
So much we deeme our days on earth,
But hell to heauenly ioye.

Unto which Ioyes for to attayne
God graunt vs all his grace,
And sende vs after worldly payne,
In heauen to haue a place.
Where we maye still enioy that light,
Which neuer shall decaye:
Lorde for thy mercy lend vs might,
To see that ioyfull daye.

Haud ictus sapio.

Gascoygnes good night.

WHen thou hast spent the lingring day in pleasure and delight,
Or after toyle and wearie waye, dost seeke to rest at nighte:
Unto thy paynes or pleasures past, adde this one labour yet,
Ere sleepe close vp thyne eye to fast, do not thy God forget,
But searche within thy secret thoughts, what deeds did thee befal:
And if thou find amisse in ought, to God for mercy call.
Yea though thou find nothing amisse, which thou canst cal to mind,
Yet euer more remember this, there is the more behind:
And thinke how well so euer it be, that thou hast spent the daye,
It came of God, and not of thee, so to direct thy waye.
Thus if thou trie thy dayly deedes, and pleasure in this payne,
Thy life shall clense thy corne from weeds, & thine shalbe ỹ gaine:
But if thy sinfull sluggishe eye, will venter for to winke,
Before thy wading will may trye, how far thy soule maye sinke,
Beware and wake, for else thy bed, which soft & smoth is made,
May heape more harm vpõ thy head, than blowes of enmies blade.
Thus if this paine procure thine ease, in bed as thou doest lye,
Perhaps it shall not God displease, to sing thus soberly:
I see that sleepe is lent me here, to ease my wearye bones,
As death at lasse shall eke appeare, to ease my greeuous grones.

My

My dayly spoyles, my panch full fed, haue causde my drousie eye,
As careleſſe life in quiet led, might cause my soule to dye:
The stretching armes, ỹ yauning breath, which I to bedward vse,
Are patternes of the pangs of death, when life will me refuse:
And of my bed eche sundrye part in shadowes doth resemble,
The sundry shapes of deth, whose dart shal make my flesh to trẽble.
My bed it selfe is like the graue, my sheetes the winding sheete.
My clothes the mould which I must haue, to couer me most meete:
The hungry fleas which friske so freshe, to wormes I can cõpare,
Which greedily shall gnaw my flesh, & leaue the bones ful bare:
The waking Cock that early crowes to weare the night awaye,
Puts in my minde the trumpe that blowes before the latter day.
And as I ryse vp lustily, when sluggish sleepe is past,
So hope I to rise ioyfully, to Iudgement at the last.
Thus wyll I wake, thus wyll I sleepe, thus wyl I hope to ryse,
Thus wyll I neither waile nor weepe, but sing in godly wyse.
My bones shall in this bed remaine, my soule in God shall trust,
By whome I hope to ryse againe from death and earthly dust.

Haud ictus sapio.

The introduction to the Psalme of Deprofundis.

THe Skies gan scowle, orecast with misty clowdes,
When (as I rode alone by London waye,
Cloakeleſſe, vnclad) thus did I sing and say:
Behold quoth I, bright Titan how he shroudes
His head abacke, and yelds the raine his reach,
Mill in his wrath, Dan Ioue haue sonck the soile,
And washt me wretch which in his trauaile toile.
But holla (here) doth rudeneſſe me appeach,
Since Ioue is Lord and king of mighty power,
Which can commaund the Sunne to shewe his face,
And (when him lyst) to giue the raine his place,
Why doe not I my wery muses frame,
(Although I bee well soused in this showre,)
To write some verse in honour of his name?

Gascoignes

Gaſcoignes Depro-fundis.

FRom depth of dole wherein my ſoule doth dwell,
From heauy heart which harbours in my breſt,
From troubled ſpyte which ſildome taketh reſt.
From hope of heauen, from dreade of darkeſome hell.
O gracious God, to thée I crye and yell.
My God, my Lorde, my louely Lord aloane.
To thée I call, to thée I make my moane.
And thou (good God) vouchſafe in grée to take,
This woefull plaint,
Wherein I faint.
Oh heare me then for thy great mercies ſake.

Oh bende thine eares attentiuely to heare,
Oh turne thine eyes, behold me how I wayle,
O hearken Lord, giue eare for mine auaile,
O marke in minde the burdens that I beare:
Sée howe I ſinke in ſorrowes euerye where.
Beholde and ſée what dollors I endure,
Giue eare and marke what plaintes I put in vre.
Bende wylling eare: and pittie therewithall,
My wayling voyce,
Which hath no choyce.
But euermore vpon thy name to call.

If thou good Lorde ſhouldeſt take thy rod in hande,
If thou regard what ſinnes are daylye done,
If thou take holde where wée our workes begone,
If thou decrée in Judgement for to ſtande,
And be extreame to ſée our ſcules ſkande,

If thou take note of euery thing amyſſe.
And wryte in rowles howe fraple our nature is,
O glorious God, O King, O Prince of power,
What mortall wight.
May then haue lyght,
To ſéele thy frowne, if thou haue lyſt to lowre?

But thou art good, and haſt of mercye ſtore,
Thou not delyghſt to ſée a ſinner fall.
Thou harkneſt firſt, before we come to call.
Thine eares are ſet wyde open euermore,
Before we knocke thou commeſt to the dore.
Thou art more preſt to heare a ſinner crye,
Then he is quicke to climbe to thée on hye.
Thy mighty name bée prayſed then alwaye,
Let faith and feare,
True witneſſe beare.
Howe faſt they ſtand which on thy mercy ſtaye.

I looke for thée (my louelye Lord) therefore,
For thée I wayte, for thée I tarrye ſtyll,
Myne eyes doe long to gaze on thée my kyll.
For thée I watche, for thée I pryye and pore.
My Soule for thée attendeth euermore.
My Soule doth thyrſt to take of thée a taſte,
My Soule deſires with thée for to bée plaſte.
And to thy worde (which can no man deceyue)
Myne onely truſt,
My loue and luſt.
In confidence continnally ſhall cleaue.

Before the breake or dawning of the daye,
Before the lyght be ſéene in loftye Skyes,
Before the Sunne appeare in pleaſaunt wyſe,
Before the watche (before the watche I ſaye)

Before the warde that waytes therefore alwaye:
My ſoule, my ſenſe, my ſecréte thought, my ſpirite,
My will, my withe, my ioye, and my delight:
Unto the Lord that ſittes in heauen on highe.
With haſtye wing,
From me doeth fling,
And ſtryueth ſtyll, vnto the Lorde to flye.

O Iſraell, O houſholde of the Lorde,
O Abrahams Byattes, O broode of bleſſed ſéede,
O choſen ſhéepe that loue the Lord in déede:
O hungrye heartes, féede ſtyll vpon his worde,
And put your truſt in him with one accorde.
For he hath mercye euermore at hande,
His fountaines flowe, his ſpringes doe neuer ſtande.
And plenteouſlye hee loueth to redéeme,
Such ſinners all,
As on him call.
And faithfully his mercies moſt eſteéme.

Hée will redéeme our deadly drowping ſtate,
He will bring home the ſhéepe that goe aſtraye,
He will helpe them that hope in him alwaye:
He will appeaſe our diſcorde and debate,
He will ſone saue, though we repent vs late.
He will be ours if we rontinewe his,
He will bring bale to ioye and perfect bliſſe.
He will redéeme the flocke of his electe,
From all that is,
Or was amiſſe.
Since Abrahams heyres dyd firſt his Lawes reiect.

Euer or neuer.

Gaſcoignes

Gaſcoignes Memories, written vpon this occaſion.

Hee had (in myddeſt of his youth) determined to abandone all vaine delightes and to returne vnto Greyes Inne, there to vndertake againe the ſtuddie of the common Lawes. And being required by fiue ſundry Gentlemen to write in verſe ſomewhat worthye to bee remembred, before he entered into their fellowshippe, hee compiled theſe fiue ſundrie ſortes of metre vppon fiue ſundrye theames, whiche they deliuered vnto him, and the firſt was at requeſt of Frauncis Kinwelmarshe who deliuered him this theame. *Audaces fortuna iuuat.* And therevppon hee wrote this Sonnette following.

If yelding feare, or cancred villanie,
In Cæſars haughtie heart had tane the charge,
The walles of Rome had not bene reard ſo hye,
Nor yet the mightye Empire left ſo large.
If Menelaus could haue ruld his will,
With fowle reproche to looſe his faire delight,
Then had the ſtately towres of Troy ſtoode ſtyll,
And Greekes with grudge had dronke their owne deſpight.
If dread of drenching waues or feare of fire,
Had ſtayde the wandring Prince amydde his race,
Aſcanius then, the fruite of his deſire,
In *Lauine* Lande had not poſſeſſed place.
But true it is, where lottes doe lyght by chaunce,
There Fortune helpes the boldeſt to aduaunce.

Sic tuli.

The

The nexte was at requeſt of *Antony Kinwelmarshe*, who deliuered him this theame, *Satis ſufficit*, and therevpon he wrote as foloweth.

THe vaine exceſſe of flattering fortunes giftes,
Enuenometh the minde with vanitye,
And beates the reſteleſſe braine with endleſſe driftes,
To ſtaye the ſtaffe of worldly dignitie:
The begger ſtandes in like extremitie.
Wherfore to lacke the moſte, and leaue the leaſt,
I coumpt enough as good as any feaſt.

By too too much Dan Crœſus caught his death.
And bought with blood the price of glittering gold,
By too too litle many one lackes breath
And ſterues in ſtretes a mirroure to beholde:
So pride for heate, and pouertye pynes for colde.
Wherefore to lacke the moſt, and leaue the leaſt
I coumpt enough as good as any feaſt

Store makes no ſore: loe this ſeemes contrarye,
And no the merier is a Prouerbe eke,
But ſtore of ſores maye make a maladye,
And one to many maketh ſome to ſéeke,
When two be mette that banket with a léeke:
Wherfore to lacke the moſt and leaue the leaſt,
I coumpt enough as good as any feaſt.

The rych man ſurfetteth by glottony,
Which fédeth ſtill, and neuer ſtandes content,
The poore agayne he pines for penurye,
Which lines with lacke when all and more is ſpente:
So to much and to little bothe bée ſhente.
Wherefore to lacke the moſte, and leaue the leaſt,
I coumpt enough as good as any feaſt.

The

The conquerour with vncontented ſwaye,
Doth rayſe vp rebelles by his auarice.
The recreaunt dothe yéld himſelfe a praye,
To forraine ſpoyle by ſlouth and cowardyce:
So to much and to little both be vyce.
Wherefore to lacke the moſt, and leaue the leaſt,
I coumpt enough as good as any feaſt.

If ſo thy wife be too too fayre of face:
It drawes one geſt too many to thine inne:
If ſhe be fowle, and foyled with diſgrace,
In other pillowes prickſt thou many a pinne:
So fowle pore foles, and fayrer fall to ſinne,
Wherfore to lacke the moſte, and leaue the leaſt
I coumpt enough as good as any feaſt

And of enough, enough, and nowe no more,
Bycauſe my braynes no better can deuiſe,
When thinges be badde, a ſmall ſumme maketh ſtore,
So of ſuche verſe a fewe maye ſome ſuffice:
Yet ſtill to this my weary penne replyes.
That I ſayde laſt, and though you like it leaſt,
It is enough and as good as a feaſt.

Sic tuli.

John Vaughan deliuered him this theame. *Magnum vectigal parcimonia*, where vppon he wrote thus.

THe common ſpéech is, ſpend and God will ſend,
But what ſendes he? a bottell and a bagge,
A ſtaffe a wallet and a wofull ende,
For ſuch as liſt in brauery ſo to bragge.
Then if thou couet coyne enough to ſpend,

Learne

Learne first to spare thy budget at the brinke,
So shall the bottome be the faster bound:
But he that list with lauish hand to linke,
(In like expence) a pennye with a pound,
May chaunce at last to sitte a side and shrinke
His harbraind head with out dame dainties dore.
Hick, hobbe, and Dick, with clouts vpon their knée,
Haue many times more goonhole grotes in store
And change of crownes more quicke at cal then he,
Which let their lease and take their rent before.
For he that rappes a royall on his cappe,
Before he put one penny in his purse,
Had néede turne quicke and broch a better tappe,
Or els his drinke may chance go downe the wursse.
I not denie but some men haue good hap,
To climbe a lofte by scales of courtly grace,
And winne the world with liberalitye:
Yet he that yerks old angells out apace,
And hath no newe to purchase dignitye,
When orders fall, may chaunce to lacke his grace.
For haggard hawkes mislike an emptie hand:
So stiffely some sticke to the mercers stall,
Till sutes of silke haue swet out all their land.
So ofte thy neighbours banquet in thy hall,
Till Dauie Debet in thy parler stand,
And bids the welcome to thine owne decay.
I like a Lions lookes not worth a léeke
When euery Foxe beguiles him of his praye:
What sauce but sorrow serueth him aweeke.
Which all his cates consumeth in one daye?
First vse thy stomacke to a stand of ale,
Before thy Malmesey come in Marchantes bookes,
And rather were (for shifte) thy shirte of male,
Than teare thy silken fleues with teynter hokes,
Put feathers in thy pillowes great and small,

Lette

Let them be princkt with plumes, that gape for plummes,
Heape vp bothe golde and siluer safe in hooches,
Catche, snatche, and scratche for scrapings and for crommes
Before thou decke thy hatte (on high) with brooches,
Lette first thyne one hand hold faste all that commes,
Before that other learne his letting flie:
Remember still that soft fire makes swéet malte,
No haste but good (who meanes to multiplye:)
Bought witte is deare, and drest with sower salte,
Repentaunce commes to late, and then saye I.
Who spares the first and kéepes the last vnspent,
Shall finde that sparing yéeldes a goodly rent.

Sic tuli.

Alexander Neuile deliuered him this theame, *Sat cito, si sat bene*, wherevpon hee compiled these seuen Sonets in seqnence, therin bewraying his owne *Nimis cito*; and therwith his *Vix bene*, as foloweth.

IN haste poste haste, when first my wandring minde,
Behelde the glistring Courte with gazing eye,
Suche déepe delightes I séemde therin to finde,
As might beguile a grauer guest than I.
The stately pompe of Princes and their péeres,
Did séeme to swimme in flouddes of beaten goulde,
The wanton world of yong delightfull yéeres,
Was not vnlyke a heauen for to behoulde.
Wherin dyd swarme (for euery saint) a Dame,
So faire of hue, so freshe of their attire,
As might excell dame Cinthia for Fame,
Or conquer Cupid with his owne desire.
These and suche lyke were baytes that blazed still
Before myne eye to feede my greedy will.

2 Before mine eye to fede my greedy will,
Gan muster eke mine olde acquainted mates,
Who helpt the dish (of bayne delighte) to fill
My empty mouth with dayntye delicates:
And folithe boldenesse toke the whippe in hande.
To lashe my life into this trustlesse trace,
Til all in haste I leapte a loofe from lande,
And hoyste vp soyle to catche a Courtly grace:
Eche lingring daye did seeme a woold of wo,
Till in that hapleste hauen my head was brought:
Waues of wanhope so tost me to and fro,
In deepe dispayre to drowne my dreadfull thought:
Eche houre a day eche day a yeare did seeme,
And euery yeare a woolde my will did deeme.

3. And euery yeare a woolde my will did deeme.
Till lo, at last to Court nowe am I come,
A seemely swayne, that might the place beseeme,
A gladsome guest embrasse of all and some:
Not there contente with common dignitie,
My wandring eye in haste, (yea poste poste haste)
Beheld the blazing badge of brauerie,
For wante wherof, I thought my selfe disgraste:
Then peeuishe pride puffte vp my swelling harte,
To further forth so hotte an enterprise:
And comely cost beganne to playe his parte,
In prayling patternes of mine owne deuise.
Thus all was good that might be got in haste,
To princke me vp, and make me higher plaste.

4. To prinke me vp and make me higher plaste,
All came to late that tarryed any time,
Pilles of prouision pleased not my taste,
They made my heeles to heauie for to clime:

Mée thought it best that boughes of boystrous oake,
Should first be shread to make my feathers gaye:
Till at the last a deadly dinting stroake,
Brought downe the bulke with edgetoles of decaye:
Of euery farme I then let flye a lease,
To fede the purse that payde for péuishnesse,
Till rente and all were falne in suche disease,
As scarse coulde serue to mayntayne cleanlynesse:
They bought, the bodie, fine, ferme, lease, and lande,
All were to little for the merchauntes hande.

5. All were to little for the merchauntes hande.
And yet my brauerye bigger than his bowke:
But when this botte accompte was coldly scande,
I thought highe time about me for to looke:
With heauie cheare I caste my head aback,
To see the fountaine of my furious race.
Comparde my losse, my liuing, and my lacke,
In equall balance with my iolye grace:
And sawe expences grating on the grounde
Like lumpes of lead to presse my purse full offe,
When light rewarde and recompence were founde,
Fléeting like feathers in the winde aloste:
These thus comparde, I left the Courte at large,
For why? the gaines doth seldome quitte the charge.

6. For why? the gaines doth seldome quitte ỹ charge,
And so saye I, by proofe too dearely bought,
My haste mad waste, my braue and brainsicke barge,
Did float to fast, to catch a thing of nought:
With leasure, measure, meane, and many mo,
I mought haue kept a chayre of quiet state,
But hastie heads can not bée setled so,
Till croked Fortune giue a crabbed mate:

As buſie braynes muſte beate on tickle toyes,
As raſhe inuention brædes a rawe deuiſe,
So ſodayne falles doe hinder haſtie ioyes,
And as ſwifte haytes doe fleétell fythe entice.
So haſte makes waſte, and therefore nowe I ſaye,
No haſte but good, where wiſdome makes the waye.

7. No haſte but good, where wiſdome makes the waye,
For profe whereof, behold the ſimple ſnayle,
(Who ſées the ſouldiers carcaſſe caſte a waye,
With hotte aſſaulte the Caſtle to aſſayle.)
By line and leyſure clymes the loftye wall,
And winnes the turrettes toppe more conningly,
Than doughtye Dick, who loſte his life and all,
With hoyſting vp his head to haſtilye.
The ſwifteſt bitche brings foorth the blyndeſt whelpes,
The hotteſt Feuers coldeſt crampes enſue,
The nakedſt nade bathe ouer lateſt helpes:
With Neuyle then I finde this prouerbe true,
That haſte makes waſte, and therefore ſtill I saye,
No haſte but good, where wiſdome makes the waye.

Sic tuli.

Richarde Courtop (the laſt of the fiue) gaue him this theame, *Durum æneum & miſerabile æuum*, and therevpon hee wrote in this wiſe

When péereleſſe Princes courtes were frée from flatterie,
The Juſtice from vnequal doome, the queſt from periurie.
The pillers of the ſtate, from prowde preſumption,
The clearkes from hereſie, the commones from rebellion:
Then right rewardes were giuen, by ſwaye of deſarte,
Then vertues derlinges might be plaſte aloft to play their part:

Then

Then might they coumpt it true, that hath béene ſayde of olde,
The children of thoſe happie dayes, were borne in beds of golde.
And ſwadled in the ſame: the Purſe that gaue them ſucke,
Was wife to liberallitie, and lemman to good lucke.
When Cæſar won the fielde, his captaines caught the Townes,
And euery painful ſouldiours purſe was crammed ful of crownes.
Licurgus for good Lawes, loſt his owne libertie,
And thought it better to preferre common commoditie.
But nowe the times are turnde, it is not as it was,
The golde is gone, the ſiluer ſunke, and nothing left but braſſe.
To ſée a King encroache, what wonder ſhould it ſeeme,
When commons cannot be content, with countrie Dyadeeme?
The Prince maye dye a babe, truſt vp by trecherie,
Where vaine ambition doth moue fruitleſſe nobilitye.
Errours in pulpit preache, where faith in prieſthood failes,
Promotion (not deuotion) is cauſe why cleargie quailes.
Thus is the ſtage ſtakt out, where all theſe partes be plaide,
And I the prologue ſhould pronounce, but that I am afraide.
Firſt Cayphas playes the Prieſt, and Herode ſits as king,
Pylate the Judge, Iudas the Jurour verdict in doth bring,
Maine tatling plaies the vice, well cladde in ritche aray, (gay.
And poore Tom Troth is laught to ſcorn, with garments nothing
The woman wantonneſſe, thée commes with ticing traine,
Pride in hir pocket plaies bo peepe, and bawdry in hir braine.
Hir handmaides be deceipte, daunger, and dalliaunce,
Riot and Reuell follow hir, they be of hir alliaunce:
Next theſe commes in Sim Swaſhe, to ſée what ſturre they kéepe.
Clim of the Clough then takes his héeles, tis time for him to créepe:
To packe the pageaunt vp, commes Sorrow with a ſong,
He ſay theſe ieſtes can get no grotes, & al this geare goth wrong:
Fyrſt pride without cauſe why, he ſinges the treble parte,
The meane hee mumbles out of tune, for lacke of life and hart:
Coſt loſt, the counter Tenor chanteth on apace,
Thus all in diſcords ſtands the cliffe, and beggrie ſinges the baſe.
The players loſe their paines, where ſo fewe pence are ſturring,

Their garmẽts weare for lacke of gains, & fret for lack of furring.
When all is done and paſt, was no part plaide but one.
For euerye player plaide the fole, tyll all be ſpent and gone.
And thus this foliſhe ieſt, I put in dogrell rime.
Becauſe a croſier ſtaffe is beſt, for ſuch a croked time.
Sic tuli.

¶ And thus an ende of theſe fiue Theames, admounting to the number of. C C L VIII. verſes, deuiſed ryding by the way, writing none of them vntill he came at the ende of his Iourney, the which was no longer than one day in ryding, one daye in tarying with his friend, and the thirde in returning to Greyes Inne: and therefore called Gaſcoignes memories.

¶ A gloze vpon this text, *Dominus vs opus habet.*

My reckleſſe race is runne, grẽne youth and pride be paſt,
My riper mellowed yéres beginne to follow on as faſt.
My glancing lokes are gone, which wonted were to prie,
In euerie gorgious gariſhe glaſſe, that gliſtred in mine ee.
My ſight is now ſo dimme, it can behold none ſuch,
No mirrour but the merrie meane, can pleaſe my fanſie much.
And in that noble glaſſe, I take delight to bewe,
The faſhions of the wonted world, compared by the newe.
For marke who lyſt to looke, eche man is for him ſelfe.
And beates his braine to hord & heape, this trafhe & worldly pelfe.
Our handes are cloſed vp, great giftes go not abroade,
Fewe men wyll lende a locke of heye, but for to gaine a loade.
Giue Gaue is a good man, what nede we laſhe it out.
The world is wondrous feareful now, for danger bids men doubt.
And aſke how chaunceth this? for what meanes all this meede?
For ſoothe the common aunſwere is, becauſe the Lord hath neede.

A

A noble ieſt by giſſe, I finde it in my glaſſe,
The ſame freeholde our ſauiour Chriſt, conueyed to his aſſe.
A terte to trie the trueth, and for this time full fitte,
Fo where ſhould we our leſſons learne, but out of holy writte?
Firſt marke our onely God, which ruleth all the roſt,
Ye ſets a ſide all pompe and pride, wherin fond worldlings boaſt.
His trayne is not ſo great, as filthy Sathans band,
A ſmaller heard maye ſerue to fede, at our great maſters hand.
Next marke the heathens Gods, and by them ſhall we ſée,
They be not now ſo good fellowes, as they were wonte to be.
Ioue, Mars, and Mercurie, Dame Venus and the reſt,
They bãquet not as they were wont, they know it were not beſt.
So kinges and princes both, haue left their halles at large,
Their priuie chambers coſt enough, they cut off euery charge.
And when an office falles, as chaunce ſomtimes maye bée,
Firſt kepe it cloſe a yere or twayne, then geld it by the fée.
And giue it out at laſt, but yet with this prouiſo,
(A bridle for a brainſicke Jade) durante bene placito.
Some thinke theſe ladders low, to climbe aloft with ſpéde:
Well let them crépe at leiſure thẽ, for ſure the Lord hath neede.
Dukes Earles and Barons bold, haue learnt like leſſon nowe,
They breake vp houſe & come to courte, they liue not by ẏ plowe.
Percaſe their romes be ſkant, not like their ſtately boure,
A field bed in a corner couche, a pallad on the floure.
But what for that? no force, they make therof no boaſt,
They fede them ſelues with delycates, and at the princes coſt.
And as for all their men, their pages and their ſwaynes,
They choke thẽ vp with chynes of béefe, to multiply their gaines.
Themſelues lie nére to loke, when any leafe doth fall,
Such cromes were wont to fede poore gromes, but nowe ẏ Lords
And why? oh ſir, becauſe, both dukes & lords haue néede, (licke al.
I mocke not I, my text is true, beléeue it as your créede.
Our Prelates and our Prieſts, can tell this text with mée,
They can hold faſt their fatteſt fermes, and let no leaſe go fré.
They haue both wife and childe, which maye not be forgot,

The ſcriptures ſay the Lord hath neede, & therfore blame them not.
When come a little lower, vnto the contrye knight,
The ſquire and the gentleman, they leaue the countrye quite,
Their Halles were all to large, their tables were to long,
The clouted ſhoes came in ſo faſte, they kepte to great a throng,
And at the porters lodge, where lubbers wonte to fede,
The porter learnes to anſwere now, hence hence the Lord hath neede.
His geſtes came in to thicke, their diet was to great,
Their horſes eate vp all the hey, which ſhould haue fed his neate:
Their teeth were farre to fine, to fede on porke and ſouſe,
Fyue flocks of ſheepe could ſcarce maintaine good mutten for his houſe.
And when this count was caſt, it was no biding here,
Vnto the good towne is he gonne, to make his frends good chere.
And welcome there that will, but ſhall I tell you howe:
At his owne diſh he fedeth them, that is the faſhion nowe,
Side boords be layed aſide, the tables ende is gonne,
His cooke ſhall make you noble chere, but hoſtler hath he none.
The chargers now be changde, wherin he wont to eate,
An olde frutedith is bigge ynough to hold a ioynte of meate.
A ſallad or a ſauce, to taſt your cates with all,
Som kräg deuiſe to fede mes eies, mes ſtomacks now be ſmall.
And when the tenauntes come to paie their quarters rent,
They bringe ſome fowle at Midſommer, a diſh of Fiſh in Lent,
At Chriſtmaſſe a capon, at Michelmaſſe a goſe:
And ſomewhat elſe at Newyeres tide, for feare their leaſe ſhoſe.
Good reaſon by my troth, when Gentlemen lacke groates,
Let Plowmen pinche it out for pence, & patch their ruſſet coates:
For better Fermers faſt, than Manner houſes fall,
The Lord hath neede, than ſays the text, bring old Aſſe colt & all.
Well loweſt nowe at laſt, let ſee the contrye loute,
And marke how he doth ſwink & ſweat, to bring this geare about:
His feaſtinges be but fewe, caſt whipſtockes clout his ſhone,
The wheaten loafe is locked vp as ſone as dinners done:
And where he wonte to kepe a lubber, two or three,
Now hath he learnd to kepe no more, but Sim his ſonne and he,

His

His wife and Mawde his mayd, a boye to pitch the carte,
And turne him vp at Hollontide, to feele the winter ſmarte:
Dame Alyſon his wife doth knowe the price of meale,
Yir bride cakes be not halfe ſo bigge as ſhe was wont to ſcale:
She weares no ſiluer hookes, ſhe is content with worſte,
Yir pendantes and hir ſiluer pinnes ſhe putteth in hir purſſe.
Thus learne I by my glaſſe, that merrie meane is beſt,
And he moſt wiſe that finds the meane, to keepe himſelfe at reſt.
Perchaunce ſome open mouth will mutter now and than,
And at the market tell his mate, our landlordes a zore man:
He racketh vp our rentes, and keepes the beſt in hand,
He makes a wōdrous deale of good out of his owne meaſne land:
Yea let ſuche pelters prate, ſaint Needam be their ſpede,
We neede no text to anſwer them, but this, The Lord hath nede.

Euer or neuer

An Epitaph vpon Captaine *Bourcher* late ſlaine in the warres in *Zelande*, the which hath ben termed the tale of a ſtone as foloweth.

YE Captaines fie, your tongues are tyed to cloſe,
Your Souldiours eke by ſilence purchaſe ſhame:
Can no man penne in metre nor in proſe,
The lyfe, the death, the valliaunt actes, the fame,
The birth, behauiour, nor the noble name,
Of ſuch a fere as you in fight haue loſt:
Alas ſuch paines would quickly quite the coſt.

Bourcher is dead, whome eche of you dyd knowe,
Yet no man writes one worde to paint his praiſe,
His ſprite on highe, his carkaſſe here belowe,
Doth both condemne your doting ydle dayes:
Yet ceaſſe they not to ſounde his worthy wayes,
Who liued to dye, and dyed againe to liue,
With death dere bought, he dyd his death forgiue,

Yet

Hée might for byrth haue boasted noble race,
Yet were his manners méke and alwayes milde,
Who gaue a gesse by gazing on his face,
And iudge thereby, might quickly be beguilde.
In fielde a Lion, and in Towne a Childe,
Fierce to his foe, but courteouse to his friende.
Alas the while, his life so sone should ende?

To serue his Prince his life was euer prest,
To serue his God, his death he thought but dew,
In all attempts as forewards as the best,
And all to forewardes, which we all may rew,
His life so shewed, his death eke tried it true:
For where his foes in thickest prease dyd stande,
Bourcher caught bane with bloodie sworde in hande.

And marke the courage of a noble heart,
When he in bed laye wounded wondrous sore,
And heard allarme, he sone forgot his smart,
And calde for armes to shewe his seruice more:
I wyll to fielde (quod he) and God before,
Which sayde, he sailde into more quiet coast,
Styll prayeng God, and so gaue vp the ghost.

Nowe muze not reader though we stones can speake,
Or write sometimes the deedes of worthy ones,
I could not holde although my heart should breake,
(Because here by me buryed are his bones,)
But I must tell this tale thus for the nones.
When men crye mumme and kéepe such silence long,
Then stones must speake, els dead men shall haue wrong.

Finis quod Marmaduke Marblestone.

¶ *A deuise of a Maske for the right honorable Viscount Mountacute*, written vpon this occasion, when the sayde L. had prepared to solemnize twoo marriages betweene his sonne and heyre, and the Daughter of syr VVilliam Dormer Knight, and betweene the sonne and heyre of syr VVilliam Dormer, and the Daughter of the said L. Mountacute: there were eight Gentlemen (all of blood or alliaunce to the sayd L. Mountacute) which had determined to present a Maske at the daye appointed for the sayd marriages, and so farre they had proceeded therein, that they had alreadye bought furniture of Silkes. &c, and had caused their garmentes to bee cut of the Venetian fashion. Nowe then they began to imagine that (without some speciall demonstration) it would seeme somewhat obscure to haue Venetians presented rather than other countrey men. VVherevpon they entreated the Auchour to deuise some verses to bee vttered by an Actor wherein might be some discourse conuenient to render a good cause of the Venetians presence. The Auchour calling to minde that there is a noble house of the Mountacutes in Italie, and therwithall that the L. Mountacute here doth quarter the coate of an auncient English Gentleman called Mounthermer, and hath the inheritaunce of the sayde house, dyd therevpon deuise to bring in a Boye of the age of twelue or, xiiii. yeeres, who should faine that he was a Mounthermer by the fathers side, and a Mountacute by the mothers side, and that his father being slaine at the last warres against the Turke, and he there taken, hee was recouered by the Venetians in their last victorie, and with them sayling towardes Venice, they were driuen by tempest vpon these coastes, and so came to the mariage vpon report as followeth, and the sayde Boye pronounced the deuise in this sort.

What wōder you my Lords? why gaze you gentlemen? (then
And wherefore maruaile you Mez Dames, I praye you tell mee

Is it ſo rare a ſight, or yet ſo ſtraunge a toye,
Amongſt ſo many noble peres, to ſee one Pouer Boye?
Why: boyes haue bene allowed in euerye kinde of age.
As Ganymede that pretye boye, in Heauen is Ioue his page.
Cupid that mighty God although his force be fearſe.
Yet is he but a naked Boye, as Poets doe rehearſe.
And many a prætye boye a mightye man hath proued,
And ſerued his Prince at all aſſayes deſeruing to bee loued.
Perceſe my ſtrange attire my glittering golden gite,
Doth eyther make you maruaile thus, or moue you with delite.
Yet wonder not my Lordes for if your honours pleaſe,
But euen to giue me eare a while, I wyll your doubtes appeaſe.
And you ſhall knowe the cauſe, wherefore theſe roabes are worne,
And why I goe outlandiſhe lyke, yet being Engliſhe borne.
And why I thus preſume to preſſe into this place,
And why I (ſimple boye) am bolde to loke ſuch men in face.
Fyrſt then you muſt perſtande, I am no ſtraunger I,
But Engliſh boye, in England borne, and bred but euen hereby.
My father was a knight, Mount Hermer was his name,
My mother of the Mountacutes, a houſe of worthy fame.
My father from his youth was trained vp in field,
And alwayes toke his chiefe delight, in helmet ſpeare and ſhielde.
Soldado for his life, and in his happie dayes,
Soldado like hath loſt his life, to his immortall prayſe.
The thundering fame which blewe about the worlde ſo wyde,
Howe that the Chriſtian enemye, the Turke that Prince of pride,
Addreſſed had his power, to ſwarme vppon the Seas,
With Gallies, foiſts, and ſuch liks ſhips, well armde at al aſſaies.
And that he made his vaunt, the greedy fiſhe to glut,
With gobs of Chriſtian carkaſſes, in cruell peces cut.
Theſe newes of this report, did pearce my fathers eares,
But neuer touched his noble heart, with any ſparke of feares.
For well he knewe the trade of all the Turkiſhe warres,
And had amongſt them ſhed his blod, at many cruell iarres.
In Rhodes his race begonne, a ſlender tale yong man,

Where

Where he by many martiall feats, his ſpurres of knighthod wan.
Yea though the peece was loſt, yet won he honour ſtyll,
And euermore againſt the Turkes he warred by his wyll.
At Chios many knowe, how hardily he fought,
And howe with ſtreames of ſtryuing blod, his honoure deare he bought.
At length enforſt to yeld with many captaines mo,
Ye bought his libertie with Landes, and let his goodes ago.
Zechines * of glittering golde, two thouſand was his price, * Apeece of golde like the Cruſado
The which to paye his landes muſt leape, for elſe he were vnwiſe.
Beleeue me nowe my Lordes although the loſſe be mine,
Yet I confeſſe them better ſolde, than lyke a ſlaue to pine.
„ For landes maye come againe, but lybertie once loſt,
„ Can neuer finde ſuch recompence, as counteruailes the coſt.
My ſelfe now know the caſe, who lyke my fathers lot,
Was lyke of late for to haue loſt my libertie God wot.
My father (as I ſaye) enforſte to leaue his lande,
In mortgage to my mothers kinne, for ready coyne in hande,
Gan nowe vpon theſe newes, which earſt I dyd rehearſe, I
Prepare himſelfe to ſaue his pawne, or elſe to leeſe his phearce.
And firſt his raunſome payde, with that which dyd remaine,
He rigged vp a proper Barke, was called Leffort Brittaine.
And lyke a venturer (beſides him ſeemely ſelfe)
Determined for to venture me and all his worldly pelfe.
Perhappes ſome hope of gaine perſwaded ſo his minde,
For ſure his hauty heart was bent, ſome greate exploite to finde.
Howe ſo it were, the windes nowe hoyſted vp our ſailes,
Wee furrowing in the foming flodes, to take our beſt auailes.
Now hearken to my wordes, and marke you well the ſame,
For nowe I wyll declare the cauſe, wherefore I hyther came.
My father (as I ſaye) had ſet vp all his reſt,
And tooke on ſeas both daye and night, diſdayning ydle reſt,
We left our forelandes ende, we paſt the coaſt of Fraunce,
We reacht the cape of Finis Terre our courſe for to aduaunce.
We paſt Marrocchus ſtreightes, and at the laſt deſcried,
The fertile coaſtes of Cyprus ſoile, which I my ſelfe firſt eſpyed.

My

My selfe(a foreward boye)on highest top was plast,
And there I saw the Cyprian shoare, whereto we sayld in haste.
Which when I had declared vnto the masters mate,
He lepte for ioye and thanked God, of that our happy state.
,, But what remaines to man, that can continue long?
,, What sunne can shine so cleare & bright but cloudes may ryse a-
Which sentence soone was proued, by our vnhappy hap. (mong?
We thought our selues full neere our friendes, & light in enemies
The Turke ẏ Tirant he, with siege had girte the walles, (lap.
Of famous Famagosta * then and sought to make them thralles.
And as he laye by lande, in strong and stately trenche,
So was his power prest by Sea, his Christian foes to drenche.
Vpon the waltring waues, his Foistes and Gallies fleete,
More forrest like than orderly, for such a man most meete.
This heauy sight once seene, we turnde our course apace,
And set vp al our sailes in haste, to giue suche furie place.
But out alas, our willes, and windes were contrarie,
For raging blastes did blowe vs still vppon our enimie.
My father seeing then, whereto he needes must go,
And that the mighty hand of God, had it appointed so.
Most like a worthy knight (though certaine of his death)
Gan cleane forget all wayling wordes, as lauishe of his breath.
And to his Christian crewe, this (too shorte) tale he told,
To comfort them which seemde to faint, & make the coward bold,
,, Fellowes in armes, quod hee, although I beare the charge,
,, And take vpon mee chieftaines name, of this vnhappy barge,
,, Yet are you all my pheares, and as one companie,
,, Wee must like true companions, togeather liue and die,
,, You see quod hee our foes, with furious force at hand,
,, And in whose handes our handfull heere, vnable is to stand,
,, What resteth then to doe, should we vnto them yeeld?
,, And wifully receiue that yoke, which Christians cannot weld.
,, No sure, hereof be sure, our liues were so vnsure,
,, And though we liue, yet so to liue, as better death endure.
,, To heare those hellishe fiendes in raging blasphemie,

* The chiefe Cittie in Cyprus.

,, Defye

,, Defye our onely Sauiour, were this no miserie?
,, To see the fowle abuse of boyes in tender yeeres, (eares.
,, The which I knowe must needes abhorre all honest Christians
,, To see maides rauished, Wiues, Women forst by feare,
,, And much more mischiefe than this time can let me vtter here.
,, Alas, quod he, I tell not all, my tongue is tyde,
,, But all the slaueries on the earth, we should with them abide.
,, How much were better than, to dye in worthy wise,
,, And so to make our carkasses, a wylling Sacrifice.
,, So shall we paye the debt, which vnto God is due,
,, So shall you die in his defence, who deind to die for you.
,, And who with hardy hand, most Turkish tikes can quell,
,, Let him accompt in conscience, to please his maker well.
,, You see, quod he, my sonne, wherewith hee lookt on mee,
,, Whome but a babe, yet haue I brought, my partner here to bee.
,, For, him I must confesse, my heart is pensiue nowe,
,, To leaue him lyuing thus in youth, to die I know not how.
,, But since it pleaseth God, I may not murmure I,
,, If God had pleased we both should liue, and as God wyll we dye.
Thus with a braying sigh, his noble tongue he stayde,
Commaunding all the ordinaunce, in order to be laide.
And placing all his men in order for to fight,
Fell groueling styll vpon his face, before them all in sight.
And when in secreete so, he whispered had a while,
He raisde his head with cheerefull looke, his sorrowes to beguile:
And with the rest he prayde, to God in heauen on hie,
Which ended thus, Thou onely Lord, canst helpe in miserie.
This sayd (behold) the Turkes enclosde vs round about,
And seemde to wonder that we durst resist so great a rout.
Wherat they doubt not long, for though our power was slender,
We sent them signes by Canon shot, that we ment not to render.
Then might we see them chafe, then might we heare them rage,
And all at once they bent their force, about our silly cage.
Our ordinaunce bestowed, our men them selues defend,
On euery side so thicke beset, they might not long contend.

But

But as their captaine wilde, eche man his force did straine,
To send a Turke (some two or three) vnto the bellishe traine,
And he himselfe which sawe, he might no more abide,
Did thrust a mide the thickest throng, and so with honour died.
With him there dyed like wise, his best approued men,
The rest did yelo as men amazd, they had no courage then.
Amongest the which my selfe, was tane by Turkes alas,
And with the Turkes a turkish life, in Turkie must I passe.
I was not done to death for so I often craude,
But like a slaue before the Gattes, of Famagosta saude.
What peece once put to sacke, I thither was conueyed,
And vnder sauegard euermore, I silly boye was stayed.
There dyd I see such sightes, as yet my heart do pricke,
I sawe the noble * Bragadine, when he was fleyd quicke.
First like a slaue enforst to beare to euery breach,
Two baskets laden full with earth * Mustaffa dyd him teach.
By whome he might not passe before he kyst the grounde,
These cruell tormentes (yet with mo) that worthy souldior found.
His eares cut from his head, they set him in a chayre,
And from a maine yard hoisted him aloft into the ayre,
That so he might be shewed with crueltie and spight,
Vnto vs all, whose weeping eyes dyd much abhorre the sight.
Alas why do I thus with woefull wordes rehearse,
These werye newes which all our heartes with pittie needes must pearce:
Well then to tell you forth, I styll a slaue remaind,
To one, which Prelybassa hight, who held me styll enchaind.
With him I went to Seas into the gulfe of Pant,
With many christians captiues mo, which dyd their freedom want.
There with the Turkishe traine we were enforst to staye,
With waltring styll vpon the waues, dyd waite for further prayе.
For why: they had aduise, that the *Venetian* fleete,
Dyd flote in Argostelly then, with whome they hopte to meete.
And as they waltered thus with tides and billowes tost,
Their hope had hap, for at the last they met them to their cost.
As in October last vppon the seuenth daye,

They

* The gouernour of Famagosta.
* The generall of the Turkes.

They found the force of christian knightes addrest in good aray.
And shall I trie my tong to tell the whole discourse,
And howe they did encounter first, and howe they ioynd in force:
Then harken nowe my lords, for sure my memorye,
Doth yet recorde the very plot of all this victorye,
The christian crew came on, in forme of battayle pight,
And like a cressent cast them selues preparing for to fight.
On other side the Turkes, which trusted power to much,
Disorderly did spread their force, the will of God was such.
Well at the last they met, and first with cannones thunder,
Eache other sought with furious force to slit their ships in sunder.
The barkes are battered sore, the gallies gald with shot,
The hulks are hit, and euery man must stand vnto his lot.
The powder sendes his smoke into the cruddy skies,
The smoulder stops our nose with stench, the fume offends our eies.
The pots of lime vnsleakt, from highest top are cast.
The parched pease are not for got to make them slip as fast.
The wilde fire works are wrought and cast in foemens face,
The grappling hoks are strechedforth, ỹ pikes are pusht a pace.
The halbert hewe on hed, the browne billes bruse the bones,
The harquebush doth spit his spight, with pretty persing stones.
The drummes cric dub a dub, the braying trumpets blow,
The whistling fifes are seldom herd, these sounds doth drowne the
The voyce of warlike wights, to comfort them that faynt, (so.
The pitious plaints of golden harts, which were with feares at-
The groning of such ghosts as gasped nowe for breath, (taint.
The praiers of the better sort, prepared vnto death.
And to be short, eache griefe which on the earth maye growe,
Was eath and easie to be found, vpon these floudes to flowe.
If any sight on earth, maye vnto hell resemble,
Then sure this was a hellishe sighte, it makes me yet to tremble:
And in this bloudie fight, when halfe the daye was spent,
It pleazed God to helpe his flocke, which thus in pound was pent.
The generall of Spayne, gan gald that galley sore,
Where in my Prely Bassa was, and grieude it more and more:

Upon that other ſide, with force of ſwoꝛde and flame,
The good Venetian Generall dyd charge vpon the ſame.
At length they came abooꝛde, and in his raging pꝛide,
Stroke of this Turkiſh captains head, which blaſphemd as it dide:
Oh howe I feele the bloud now trickle in my bꝛeſt, (bleſt.
To thinke what ioye then pierſt my heart, and how I thought me
To ſee that cruell Turke which held me as his ſlaue,
By happie hand of Chꝛiſtians, his paiment thus to haue:
His head from ſhoulders cut, vpon a Pike dyd ſtand,
The which Don Iohn of Auſtrye, helde in his triumphant hand.
The boldeſt Baſſa then, that dyd in life remaine,
Gan tremble at the ſight hereof, foꝛ pꝛiuy griefe and paine.
Thus when theſe fierce had fought, from moꝛning vntyl night,
Chꝛiſt gaue his flocke the victoꝛy, and put his foes to flight:
And of the Turkiſhe traine, were eyght ſcoꝛe Galleys tane,
Fifténe ſunke, fiue and twenty burnt, & bꝛought vnto their bane,
Of Chꝛiſtians ſet at large were foureténe thouſand ſoules,
Turkes twentie thouſand regiſtred in Belzebub his rolles.
Thus haue you nowe my Lordes, the ſumme of all their fight.
And truſt it all foꝛ true I tell, foꝛ I was ſtyll in ſight:
But when the Seas were calme, and ſkies began to cleare,
When foes were all oꝛ dead oꝛ fled, and victoꝛs dyd appeare.
Then euery Chꝛiſtian fought amongſt vs foꝛ his friende,
His kinſman oꝛ companion, ſome ſuccour them to lende:
And as they ranſakte ſo, loꝛ God his wyll it was,
A noble wiſe Venetian, by me dyd chaunce to paſſe:
Who gazing on my face, dyd ſéeme to lyke me well,
And what my name, and whence I was, commaunded me to tel:
I now which ware bolde, as one that ſcaped had,
From dꝛeꝑeſt hell to higheſt heauen, began foꝛ to be glad:
And with a lively ſpꝛite, began to pleade my caſe,
Nad hid not from this woꝛthy man, myne auntient woꝛthy race:
And tolde my fathers name, and howe I dyd deſcende,
From Mountacutes by Mothers ſide, noꝛ there my tale dyd ende.
But furthermoꝛe I tolde my Fathers late exployte,

And

And how he left his lands, goodes & life, to pay ſon Dieu ſon droit.
Noꝛ of my ſelfe I craued ſo credited to bée,
Foꝛ lo there were remaining yet, Theſe foure whom here you ſee. The foure to the bearers, that came in vvith the Actor.
Which all were Engliſhe boꝛne, and knewe I had not lyed.
And were my Fathers ſouldioꝛs eke, and ſawe him how he dyed.
This graue Venetian who heard the famous name,
Of Mountacutes reherſed there, which long had bene of fame.
In Italy, and he of ſelfe ſame woꝛthy race.
Gan ſtraight with many curteous woꝛds, in arms me to imbꝛace.
And kyſſed me on cheéke, and bad me make good cheére,
And thank the mighty hand of God, foꝛ that which hapned there,
Confeſſing that he was him ſelfe a Mountacute,
And bare the ſelfe ſame armes that I dyd quarter in my ſcute:
And foꝛ a further pꝛoofe, he ſhewed in his hat,
This token which the Mountacutes dyd beare alwaies, foꝛ that. The Actor had a token in his cap like to the Mountacutes of Italie.
They couet to be knowne from Capels where they paſſe,
Foꝛ auncient grutch which lōg ago, twene theſe two houſes was.
Then take me by the hand, and ledde me ſo abooꝛde,
His Galley: where there were pfœre, full many a comely Looꝛde:
Of whome eyght Mountacutes dyd ſitte in higheſt place,
To whome this firſt declared firſt my name, and then my race:
Lo Lordings here (quod he) a babe of our owne bloods,
Whō Turks had tane, his father ſlaine, with loſſe of lands & goods:
Sée how God fauours vs, that I ſhould find him nowe,
I ſtraunge to him, he ſtraunge to mée, we met I know not howe.
But ſure when I him ſaw, and gazed in his face,
Me thought he was a Mountacute, I chooſe him by his grace.
Herewith he dyd rehearſe my Fathers valiaunt dœde,
Foꝛ loſſe of whome eche Mountacute, did ſéeme in heart to bléede.
They all embꝛaſt me then, and ſtraight as you may ſée,
In comely garments trimde me vp, as bꝛaue as bꝛaue may bée:
I was in ſackcloath I, nowe am I cladde in Golde,
And weare ſuch roabes, as I my ſelfe take pleaſure to beholde. The token that he dyd vveare in his cappe.
Amongſt their other giftes, this token they me gaue,
And bad me lyke a Mountacute, my ſelfe alway behaue.

The Montacutes and capels in Italye do vvere tokens in their cappes to be knovven one from another.

Nowe hearken then my Lordes, I staying on the Seas.
In consort of these lovely Lordes, with comfort and with ease,
Determined with them in Italie to dwell,
And there by traine of youthfull yéres in knowledge to excell.
That so I might at last rédifye the walles,
Which my good father had decaide by tolling fortunes balles.
And while they slice the Seas to their desired shore,
Beholde a lytle gale began, encreasing more and more.
At last with raging blast, which from Southeast dyd blowe,
Gan sende our sailes vpon these shores, which I ful wel did know.
I spyed the Chalkie Clyues vpon the Kentishe coast,
Whereby our Lande hight Albyon, as Brutus once dyd boast.
Which I no sooner sawe, but to the rest I sayde,
Siate di buona voglia, My Lordes be well apaide:
I sée by certaine signes these Tempestes haue vs cast,
Vpon my native countrey coastes with happy hap at last:
And if your honours please this honour me to do,
In Englishe hauens to harbour you, and sée our Cities too:
Lo London is not farre, whereas my friendes would bée,
Right glad, with fauour to requite your fauour shewed to mée:
Vouchsafe my Lordes (quod I) to stay vpon this strand,
And whiles your Barks be rigged new, remaine with me on land.
Who though I bée a Boye, my Father dead and slaine,
Yet shall you sée I haue some friendes which wyll you entertaine.
These Noble men which are, the flowre of curtesie,
Dyd not disdaine this my request, but toke it thankfullie.
And from their battered Barkes commaunded to be cast,
Some *Gondalaes, wherin vpon our pleasant streames they past.
Into the mouth of Thames, thus dyd I them transport,
And to London at the last, whereas I heard report.
Euen as we landed first, of this twise happie day,
To thinke whereon I leapt for ioye, as I both must and may.
And to these lovely Lordes, which are Magnificoes,
I dyd declare the whole discourse in order as it rose:
That you my Lorde who are the chiefest Mountacute,

* Venetian botes

And he whome Englishe Mountacutes their onely staye impute,
Had found the meanes this daye to match your sonne and heire,
In marriage with a worthy dame, which is both fresh and faire,
And (as reportes are spread) of goodly qualyties,
A virgin trayned from hir youth in godly exercise,
Whose brother had like wise your daughter tane to wife,
And so by double lynkes enchaynde themselues in louers life:
These noble Mountacutes which were from Venice drouen,
By tempest (as I tolde before) where with they long had strouen,
Gan nowe giue thankes to God which so did them conuay,
To sée such honours of their kinne in such a happie day.
And straight they mée intreat, whom they might wel commaund,
That I should come to you my Lord, first them to recommaund.
And then this bone to crane, that vnder your protection,
They might be bolde to enter here, deuoyd of all suspection.
And so in friendly wise for to conselebrate,
This happie match solemnized, according to your state.
Lo this is all they crane, the which I can not doubt,
But that your Lordship sone will graunt, with more, if more ye mought:
Yea were it for no more, but for the Curtesie,
Which as I saye they shewde to me in greate extremitye:
They are Venetians, and though from Venice reft,
They come in such Venecian robes, as they on seas had left:
And since they be your friendes, and kinsmen too by blod,
I trust your entretainement will be to them right good:
They will not tarry long, lo nowe I heare their drumme,
Behold, lo nowe I sée them here, in order howe they come,
Receiue them well my lord, so shall I praye all wayes,
That God vouchsafe to blesse this house with many happie days.

After the maske was done, the Actor tooke master Tho. Bro. by the hand an brought him to the Venetians, with these words:

GVardate Signori my lovely Lords behold,
This is another Mountacute, hereof you may bee bold.

Of ſuch our patrone here, The viſcont Mountacute,
Hath many comely ſequences, well ſorted all in ſute.
But as I ſpied him firſt, I could not let him paſſe,
I toke the carde that likt me beſt, in order as it was.
And here to you my lords, I do preſent the ſame,
Make much of him, I pray you then, for he is of your name.
For whome I dare aduante, he may your Trounchman bée,
Your herald and ambaſſadour, let him play all for me.

Then the Venetians embraced and receiued the ſame maiſter Tho. Browne, and after they had a while whiſpered with him, he torned to the Bridegroomes and Brides, ſaying thus.

BRother, theſe noblemen to you nowe haue me ſent,
As for their Trounchman to expound the effect of their intent
They bid me tell you then, they like your worthy choyce.
And that they cannot chooſe therin but triumph and reioyce.
As farre as geſſe may giue, they ſéeme to praiſe it well,
They ſaye betwéene your Ladyes eyes, doth Gentilezza dwell.
I terme it as they doe, their engliſh is but weake,
And I (God knowes) am al to yong, beyond ſea ſpeach to ſpeake.
And you my ſiſter eke they ſéeme for to commend,
With ſuch good workes as may beſéeme a coſin and a friend.
They lyke your choſen pheare, ſo praye they for your ſake,
That he maye alwayes be to you, a faythfull louing make.
Thus in effect is all, but that they craue aboone,
That you will giue them licence yet, to come and ſée you ſoone.
Then will they ſpeake them ſelues, ſuch engliſh as they can,
I feare much better then I ſpeake, that am an engliſh man.
Le nowe they take their leaues of you and of your dames,
Here after ſhal you ſée their face and knowe them by their nams.

Then

Then when they had taken their leaues the Actor did make an ende thus.

And I your Seruidore, vibaſcio le mani,
Theſe wordes I learnt amongſt them yet, although I learnt not (many

Haud ictus ſapio.

The refuſal of a louer, writen to a gentlewoman who had refuſed him and choſen a huſband (as he thought) much inferior to himſelfe, both in knowledge, birth, and parſonage, wherin he bewraieth both their names in clowdes, and how she was won from him with ſwete gloues, and broken ringes.

I Cannot wiſh thy griefe, although thou worke my woe,
Since I profeſt to be thy friend, I cannot be thy foe:
But if thinges done and paſt, might well be cald agayne,
Then would I wiſhe the waſted wordes, which I haue ſpent in vayne:
Were yet vntold to thée, in earneſt or in game,
And that my doubtfull muſing mind, had neuer thought ỳ ſame,
For whiles I thée beheld, in carefull thoughtes I ſpent,
My liking luſt, my luckeleſſe loue which euer truely ment.
And whiles I ſought a meane, by pittie to procure,
To latte I found that gorged haukes, do not eſteme the lure.
This bauntage haſt thou then, thou mayeſt wel brag and boaſt.
Thou mighteſt haue had a luſtye ladof ſtature with the moſt.
And eke of noble mind, his vertues nothing baſe,
Do well declare that he deſends, of auncient worthy race.

Knovv not

Saue that I * not his name, and though I could it tell,
My friendly pen ſhall let it paſſe, becauſe I loue him well.
And thou haſt choſen one of meaner parentage,
Of ſtature ſmale and therewithall, vnequall for thine age.

Good qualities.

His * thewes vnlike the firſt, yet haſt thou hote deſire,
To play thee in his flitting flames, God graunt they proue not fire.
Him holdeſt thou as deare, and he thy Lord ſhall bee,
(Too late alas) thou loueſt him, that neuer loued thee.
And for inſt proofe hereof, marke what I tell is true, (new.
Some diſmold daye ſhall chaunge his minde, and make him ſeeke a
Then wylt thou much repent, thy bargaine made in haſte.
And much lament thoſe perfumd Gloues, which yeeld ſuch ſower taſte.
And eke the falſed faith, which lurkes in broken ringes,
Though hand in hand ſay otherwiſe, yet do I know ſuch thinges.
Then ſhalt thou ſing and ſaye, farewell my truſty Squyer,
Would God my mind had yelded once, vnto thy inſt deſire.
Thus ſhalt thou wayle my want, and I thy great vnreſt,
Which cruel Cupid kindled hath, within thy broken breſt.
Thus ſhalt thou find it griefe, which earſt thou thought ſelf game,
And I ſhall heare the wearie newes, by true reporting fame.
Lamenting thy miſhap, in ſource of ſwelling teares,
Yarding my heart with cruell care, which froſen fanſie beares.
And though my inſt deſert, thy pitie could not moue,
Yet wyl I waſhe in wayling wordes, thy careles childiſhe loue.
And ſaye as Troylus ſayde, ſince that I can no more,
Thy wanton wyll dyd wauer once, and woe is me therefore.

Si fortunatus infœlix.

¶ Pride in Court vvritten by a Gentlevvoman in Court, vvho (vvhen ſhee vvas there placed) ſeemed to diſdaine him, contrarie to a former profeſſion.

When daunger kéepes the dore, of Ladye bewties bowre,
Wher ielouſe toyes haue chaſed Truſt out of hir ſtrongeſt towre.
Then

Then faith and troth maye flye, then falſhood winnes the field,
Then fœble naked fautleſſe hearts, for lacke of fence muſt yéeld.
And then preuailes as much to hoppe againſt the hyll,
As ſéeke by ſuite for to appeaſe a froward Ladies wyll.
For oathes and ſolempne vowes, are waſted then in vaine,
And truth is compted but a toye, when ſuch fond fancies raigne.
The ſentence ſone is ſayde, when will it ſelfe is Judge,
And quickly is the quarrell pickt, when Ladies liſt to grudge.
This ſing I for wy ſelfe, (which wroate this weary ſong)
Who iuſtly may complaine my caſe, if euer man had wrong.
A Lady haue I ſeru'd, a Lady haue I lou'd,
A Ladies good wyll once I had, hir yll wyll late I prou'd.
In countrey firſt I knewe hir, in countrey firſt I caught hir,
And out of countrey nowe in Court, to my coſt haue I ſought hir.
In Court where Princes raigne, hir place is nowe aſſignde,
And well were worthy for the roome, if ſhe were not vnkinde.
There I (in wonted wiſe) dyd ſhewe my ſelfe of late,
And found that as the ſoile was chang'd, ſo loue was turnd to hate.
But why? God knowes, not I: ſaue as I ſayde before,
Pitie is put from porters place, and daunger kéepes the dore.
If courting then haue ſkill, to chaunge good Ladies ſo,
God ſend eche wilful Dame in Court, ſome wound of my like wo.
That with a troubled head, ſhe may both turne and toſſe,
In reſtleſſe bed when ſhe ſhould ſléepe and féele of loue the loſſe.
And I (ſince porters put me from my wonted place)
And déepe deceipte hath wrought a wyle to wreſt me out of grace:
Wyll home againe to cart, as fitter were for mée,
Then thus in court to ſerue and ſtarue, where ſuch proude porters (bée.

Si fortunatus infœlix.

¶ This queſtion being propounded by a Dame vnto the Auſthour, to witte, why he ſhould write Spreta tamen viuunt, he aunſwereth thus.

DEſpyſed things may liue, although they pine in payne:
And things ofte trodden vnder foote, may once yet riſe againe.
The ſtone that lieth full lowe, may clime at laſt full hye:
And ſtand a loft on ſtately towr's, in ſight of euery eye.
The cruell Axe which felles the trée that grew full ſtraight:
Is worne with ruſt, when it renewes, and ſpringeth vp on height.
The rootes of rotten Rœdes in ſwelling ſeas are ſeene:
And when eche tide hath toſt his woorſt, they grow againe ful gréene.
Thus much to pleaſe my ſelfe, vnpleaſauntly I ſing.
And chirch to caſe my mourning minde, in ſpite of enuies ſting.
I am nowe ſet full light, who earſt was dearely lou'd:
Som new foũd choiſe is more eſteemd, than ỹ which wel was proou'd.
Some Diomede is crept into Dame Creſsides hart:
And truſtie Troylus nowe is taught in vaine to playne his part.
What reſteth then for me: but thus to wade in woe:
And hang in hope of better chaunce, when chaunge appointeth ſo.
I ſée no light on earth, but it to Chaunge enclines:
As litle clowdes oft ouercaſt, the brighteſt Sunne that ſhines.
No Flower is ſo freſhe, but froſt can it deface:
No man ſo ſure in any ſeate, but he maye léeſe his place.
So that I ſtand content (though much againſt my mind)
To take in woorth this lothſome lot, which luck to me aſſynd,
And truſt to ſée the time, when they that nowe are vp:
May fœle the whirle of fortunes wheéle, and taſt of ſorrowes cup.
God knoweth I wiſhe it not, it had bene bet for mé:
Styll to haue kept my quiet chayre in hap of high degrée.
But ſince without recure, Dame Chaunge in loue muſt raigne:
I now wiſh chaunge that ſought no chaũge, but conſtãt did remaine.

And

And if ſuche chaunge do chaunce, I vowe to clap my hands,
And laugh at them which laught at me: ſo thus my fanſie ſtandes.

Spreta tamen viuunt.

¶ In truſt is Treaſon, written by a Louer, leaning onely to his Ladies promiſes, and finding them to fayle.

THe ſtraighteſt Trée that growes vpon one onely roote:
If that roote fayle, wyll quickly fade, no props can do it boote.
I am that fading plant, which on thy grace dyd growe,
Thy grace is gone wherefore I mone, and wither all in woe.
The talleſt ſhip that ſailes, if chée tw Ancors truſt:
When Ancors ſlip & Cables breake, her helpe lyes in the duſt.
I am the ſhip my ſelfe, mine Ancor was thy faith:
Which now is fled, thy promiſe broke, & I am driuen to death.
Who climeth oft on hie, and truſts the rotten bowe:
If that bow breake may catch a fall, ſuch ſtate ſtand I in now.
Me thought I was a loft, and yet my ſeate full ſure:
Thy heart dyd ſéeme to me a rock which euer might endure.
And ſée, it was but ſand, whome ſeas of ſubtiltie:
Haue ſoked ſo with wanton waues, that faith was forſt to flye.
The floodes of fickleneſſe haue vndermined ſo,
The firſt foundation of my ioy, that myth is ebb'd to wo.
Yet at lowe water markes, I lye and wayte my time:
To mend the breach, but all in vaine, it cannot paſſe the prime.
For when the prime flood comes, which all this rage begon:
Then waues of wyll do worke ſo faſt, my piles are ouer ron.
Dutie and dilligence which are my workmen there,
Are glad to take vp tooles in haſte, and run away for feare.
For fanſie hath ſuch force, it ouerfloweth all,
And whiſpring tales do blow the blaſts, that make it ryſe & fall.

Thus

Thus in theſe tempeſts toſt, my reſtles life doth ſtand:
Becauſe I builded on thy wordes, as I was borne in hand.
Thou weart that only ſtake, whereby I ment to ſtay:
Alas, alas, thou ſtoodſt ſo weake, the hedge is borne away.
By thee I thought to liue, by thee now muſt I dye:
I made thee my Phiſicion, thou art my mallady.
For thee I longde to liue, for thée nowe welcome death:
And welcome be that happie pang, that ſtops my gaſping breath.
Twiſe happie were that are, would cut my rotes downe right:
And ſacred were that ſwelling ſea, which would conſume me quight.
Bleſt were that bowe would breake to bring downe climing youth,
Which craks aloft, and quakes full oft, for feare of thine vntruth.

Ferenda Natura.

The conſtancie of a louer hath thus ſometimes
bene briefly declared.

That ſelfe ſame tonge which firſt did thée entreat
To linke thy liking with my lucky loue:
That truſtie tonge muſt nowe theſe wordes repeate,
I loue thee ſtill, my fancie cannot moue.
That dreadleſſe hart which durſt attempt the thought
To win thy will with mine for to conſent,
Maintaines that vow which loue in me firſt wrought.
I loue thee ſtill, and neuer ſhall repent.
That happie hande which hardely did touch,
Thy tender body to my déepe delight:
Shall ſerue with ſword to proue my paſſion ſuch.
As loues thee ſtill, much more than it can write.
Thus loue I ſtill with tongue, hand, hart and all,
And when I chaunge, let vengeance on me fall.

Ferenda Natura.

The

The fruite of foes written to a Gentlewoman, who blamed him for writing his friendly aduiſe in verſe vnto another louer of hyrs.

The cruell hate which boyles within thy burning breſt,
And ſéekes to ſhape a ſharpe reuenge, on them ỹ loue thée beſt:
May warne all faithfull friendes, in caſe of ieopardie, (trée.
Howe they ſhall put their harmeleſſe hands, betwéene the barck &
And I among the reſt, which wrote this weary ſong.
Muſt nedes alledge in my defence, that thou haſt done me wrong.
For if in ſimple verſe, I chaunc'd to touch thy name,
And toucht the ſame without reproch, was I therefore to blame?
And if (of great good will) I gaue my beſt aduiſe, (wiſe.
Then thus to blame without cauſe why, me thinkes thou art not
Amongſt olde written tales, this one I beare in mind,
A ſimple ſoule much like my ſelfe, dyd once a ſerpent find.
Which (almoſt dead for colde) lay moyling in the myre,
When he for pittie toke it vp, and brought it to the fyre.
No ſooner was the Snake, recured of hir griefe;
But ſtraight thée ſought to hurt the man, that lent hir ſuch reliefe.
Such Serpent ſéemeſt thou, ſuch ſimple ſoule am I,
That for the weight of my good wil, am blam'd without cauſe why.
But as it beſt beſæmes, the harmeleſſe gentle hart,
Rather to take an open wrong, than for to plaine his part:
I muſt and will endure, thy ſpite without repent,
The blame is mine, the triumph thine, and I am well content.

Meritum petere, graue.

A Louer often warned, and once againe drouen into fantaſticall flames by the chaſe of company, doth thus bewayle his miſfortunes.

That my race of youthfull yéeres had ron,
Alwayes vntyed, and not (but once) in thrall,
Euen I which had the fieldes of frédome won.

And

And liu'd at large, and playde with pleaſure ball:
Lo nowe at laſt am tane agayne and taught,
To taſt ſuch ſorowes, as I neuer fought.

I loue, I loue, alas I loue indéede,
I crie alas but no man pityes me:
My woundes are wide, yet ſeme they not to bléed,
And hidden woundes are hardly heald we ſée.
Such is my lucke to catch a ſodain clappe,
Of great miſchaunce in ſéeking my good happe.

My morning minde which dwelt and dyed in dole,
Sought company for ſolace of the ſame:
My cares were cold, and craued comforts coale,
To warme my will with flakes of friendly flame.
I ſought and found, I crau'd and did obtaine,
I won my wiſh, and yet I got no gaine.

For whiles I ſought the cheare of company,
Fayre fellowſhip did wonted woes reuiue:
And crauing medcine for my maladie,
Dame pleaſures plaſters prou'd a corroſiue.
So that by myth, I reapt no fruite but mone,
Much worſe I fere, than when I was alone.

The cauſe is this, my lot did light to late,
The Byrdes were flowen before I found the neſt:
The fréde was ſtollen before I ſhut the gate,
The cates conſumd, before I ſmelt the feaſt.
And I fond fole with emptie hand muſt call,
The gorged Hauke, which likes no lure at all.

Thus ſtill I toyle, to till the barraine land,
And grope for grappes among the bramble briers:
I ſtriue to ſaile and yet I ſticke on ſand,

I déeme to liue, yet drowne in déepe deſires.
Theſe lottes of loue, are fitte for wanton will,
Which findes too much, yet muſt be ſéeking ſtill.
Meritum petere graue.

The louer encouraged by former examples, determineth to make vertue of neceſſitie.

When I record with in my muſing mind,
The noble names of wightes bewicht in loue:
Such ſolace for my ſelfe therin I finde,
As nothing maye my fixed fanſie moue:
But patiently I will endure my wo,
Becauſe I ſée the heauens ordayne it ſo.

For whiles I read and ryfle their eſtates,
In euery tale I note mine owne anoye:
But whiles I marke the meanings of their mates,
I ſéeme to ſwime in ſuch a ſugred ioye,
As did (parcaſe) entiſe them to delight,
Though turnd at laſt, to drugges of ſower deſpite.

Peruſe (who liſt) Dan Dauids perfect déedes,
There ſhall he find the blot of Berſabe,
Wheron to thinke, my heauy hart it bléedes,
When I compare my loue like hir to be:
Vrias wife before mine eyes that ſhines,
And Dauid I, from dutie that declines.

Then Salomon this princely Prophetes ſonne,
Did Pharaos daughter make him fall or no?
Yes, yes, perdie his wiſdome coulde not ſhonne,
Hir ſubtill ſnares, nor from hir counſell go.

I nam * (as bée) the wiſeſt wight of all,
But well I wot, a woman holdes me thrall.

So am I lyke the proude Aſsirian Knight,
Which blaſphem'd God, and all the world defied:
Yet could a woman ouercome his might,
And daunt his force in all his Pompe and Pride.
I Holiferne, am dronken brought to bead,
My loue lyke Iudith, cutting of my head.

If I were ſtrong, as ſome haue made accompt.
Whoſe force is like to that which Sampſon had:
If I be bolde, whoſe courage can ſurmount,
The heart of Hercules, which nothing drad:
Yet Dalila, and Deyanyraes loue,
Dyd teach them both, ſuch panges as I muſt proue.

Well let theſe paſſe, and thinke on Naſoes name,
Whoſe ſkilfull verſe dyd flowe in learned ſtyle:
Dyd hée (thinke you) not dote vpon his Dame:
Corinna fayre, dyd thée not him beguile?
Yes God he knowes, for verſe nor pleaſaunt rymes,
Can conſtant kéepe, the key of Creſsides crimes.

So that to ende my tale as I began,
I ſée the good, the wiſe, the ſtoute, the bolde:
The ſtrongeſt champion and the learnedſt man,
Haue bene and bée, by luſt of loue controlde.
Which when to thinke, I hold me well content,
To liue in loue, and neuer to repent.

Meritum petere, graue.

* Am not.

The

The delectable hiſtory of ſundry aduentures paſſed by Dan Barthol-mew of Bathe,

The Reporter.

TO tell a tale without authorityе,
Or fayne a Fable by inuencion,
That one procéedes of quicke capacitye,
That other prooues but ſmall diſcretion,
Yet haue both one and other oft bene done.
And if I were a Poet as ſome be,
You might perhappes here ſome ſuch tale of me.

But far I fynde my féeble ſkyll to fayne,
To faine in figurs as the learned can,
And yet my tongue is tyde by due conſtraint,
To tell nothing but trueth of euery man:
I will aſſay euen as I firſt began,
To tell you nowe a tale and that of truth,
Which I my ſelfe ſawe prooued in my youth.

I néede not ſéeke ſo farre in coſtes abrode,
As ſome men do, which write ſtrange hiſtoryes,
For whiles at home I made my cheiſe abode
And ſawe our louers plaie their Tragedyes,
I found enough which ſéemed to ſuffice,
To ſet on worke farre finer wittes than mine,
In paynting out the pangs which make them pine.

Amongſt the reſt I moſt remember one
Which was to me a déere familyar friend,
Whoſe doting dayes ſince they be paſſe and gone,
And his annoye (neare) come vnto an ende.

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Amongſt the reſt I moſt remember one
Which was to me a déere familyar friend,
Whoſe doting dayes ſince they be paſte and gone,
And his annoye (neare) come vnto an ende.

Although he ſeeme his angry browe to bend,
I wyll be bold (by his leaue) for to tell,
The reckleſſe ſtate wherein he long dyd dwell.

Learned he was, and that became him beſt,
For though by birth he came of worthy race,
Yet beutie, byrth, braue perſonage, and the reſt,
In euery choyce, muſt needes giue learning place:
And as for him he had ſo hard a grace,
That by aſpect he ſeemde a ſimple man,
And yet by learning much renowme he wan.

His name I hide, and yet for this diſcourſe,
Let call his name Dan Bartholmew of Bathe,
Since in the ende he thither had recourſe,
And (as he ſayd) dyd ſhamble there in ſkathe:
In deede the rage which wrong him there, was rathe,
As by this tale I thinke your ſelfe will geſſe,
And then (with me) his lothſome lyfe confeſſe.

For though he had in all his learned lore,
Both redde good rules to bridle fantaſie,
And all good authours taugh him euermore,
To loue the meane, and leaue extremitie,
Yet kind hath lent him ſuch a qualitie,
That at the laſt he quite forgat his bookes,
And faſtned fanſie with the faireſt lookes.

For proofe, when greene youth lept out of his eye,
And left him now a man of middle age,
His happe was yet with wandring lookes to ſpie,
A fayre yong impe of proper perſonage,
Eke borne (as he) of honeſt parentage:
And truth to tell, my ſkill it cannot ſerue,
To praiſe hir bewtie as it dyd deſerue,

Firſt for hir head, the heares were not of Gold,
But of ſome other metall farre more fine,
Whereof eache crinet ſeemed to behold,
Like gliſtring wiers againſt the Sunne that ſhine,
And therewithall the blazing of hir eyne,
Was like the beames of Titan, truth to tell,
Which glads vs all that in this world do dwell.

Upon hir cheekes the Lillie and the Roſe,
Did entremeete, with equall change of hewe,
And in hir giftes no lacke I can ſuppoſe,
But that at laſt (alas) ſhe was vntrue,
Which ſtinging fault, becauſe it is not new,
Nor ſeldome ſeene in kits of Creſsides kind,
I maruaile not, nor beare it much in mind.

Dame Natures fruits, wherewith hir face was fraught,
Were ſo froſt bitten with the cold of craft,
That all (ſaue ſuch as Cupides ſnares had caught)
Might ſone eſpie the fethers of his ſhaft:
But Bartholmew his wits had ſo bedaft,
That all ſeemd good which might of hir be gotten,
Although it proude no ſoner ripe than rotten.

That mouth of hirs which ſeemde to flowe with mell,
In ſpeeche, in voice, in tender touch, in taſt,
That dympled chin wherein delight dyd dwell,
That ruddy lippe wherein was pleaſure plaſt,
Thoſe well thapt hands, fine armes and ſlender waſt,
With al the giftes which gaue hir any grace,
Were ſmiling baites which caught fond fooles apace.

Why ſtriue I then to paint hir name with praiſe?
Since forme and fruites were found ſo farre vnlyke,
Since of hir cage Inconſtance kept the keyes,

 And

And Change had caſt hir honoure downe in dike:
Since fickle kind in hir the ſtroke did ſtrike,
I may no prayſe vnto a knife bequeath,
With ruſt yfret, though paynted be the ſheath.

But ſince I muſt a name to hir aſſigne,
Let call hir now Ferenda Natura,
And if thereat the ſæme for to repine,
No force at all, for hereof am I ſure a,
That ſince hir prankes were for the moſt vnpure a.
I can appoint hir well no better name,
Than this where in dame Nature bears the blame.

And thus I ſay, when Bartholmew had ſpent
His pride of youth (vntide in linkes of loue)
Behold how happe contrary to intent,
(Or deſtenies ordained from aboue,)
From which no wight on earth maye well remoue)
Preſented to his vew this fierie dame,
To kindle coles where earſt had bene no flame.

Whome when he ſawe to ſhine in ſæmely grace,
And therewithall gan marke hir tender youth,
He thought not like, that vnder ſuch a face
She could conuey the treaſon of vntruth:
Whereby he vowed (alas the more his ruth)
To ſerue this ſaynt for terme of all his life,
Lo here both rote and rind of all his ſtrife.

I cannot nowe in louing termes diſplaye
His ſuite, his ſeruice, nor his ſorie fare:
His obſeruaunces, nor his queynt aray,
His ſhaking ſighes, nor yet his cooling care,
His wayting ſtill to ſnatch himſelfe in ſnare,

I can not write what was his ſweeteſt ſoure,
For I my ſelfe was neuer Paramoure.

But to conclude, much worth in litle witte,
The higheſt flying hauke will ſtoupe at laſte,
The wildeſt beaſt is drawne with hungrye bitte.
To eate a homlye bayte ſome times in haſt,
The pricke of kinde can neuer be vnplaſte,
And ſo it ſæmed by this dayntye dame,
Whome he at laſt with labour did reclame.

And when he had with mickel payne procured
The calme conſent of hir vnweldie will,
When he had hir by faith and troth aſſured,
To like him beſte, and aye to loue him ſtill,
When fanſie had of flatterie feddе his fill,
I not diſcerne to tell my tale aright,
What man but he had euer ſuch delight?

The lingring dayes he ſpent in trifling toyes,
To whette the toles which carued his contente:
The poaſting nightes he paſt in pleaſing ioyes,
Wearing the webbe which loue to him had lente:
In ſuch a pinfolde were his pleaſures pent
That ſelde he could hir company eſchewe,
Or haue ſuch lokes as might his * ſport renewe.

* Lacke.

But if by force he forced were to parte,
Then mighte you ſæ howe fanſie feddе his minde,
Then all alone he muſed on his marte.
All company ſæmde then (but hirs) vnkinde:
Then ſent he tokens true loue for to bind,
Then wrote he letters, lines and louing layes,
So to beguile his abſent dolefull dayes.

And ſince I know as others eake can tell,
What ſkyll he had, and howe he could endite,

 Me

Me thinkes I cannot better doe than well,
To set downe here, his ditties of delyght,
For so at least I maye my selfe acquite,
And vaunt to shewe some verses yet vnknowne,
Well worthy prayse though none of them myne owne.

No force for that, take you them as they be,
Since mine emprice is b..t to make report:
Imagine then, before you that you see
A wight bewitcht in many a subtile sort,
A Louer lodgd in pleasures princely port,
Vaunting in verse what ioyes he dyd possesse,
His triumphes here I thinke wyll shewe no lesse.

Dan Bartholmew his first Triumphe.

RESigne king Priams sonnes, that princes were in Troy,
Resigne to me your happy dayes, and boast no more of ioy:
Syr Paris first stand forth make aunswere for thy pheare,
And if thou canst defend hir cause, whome Troy did bye so deare:
What? blush not man, be bold, although thou beare some blame,
Tell truth at last, and so be sure to saue thy selfe from shame.
Then gentle Shepheard say: what madnesse dyd thee moue,
To chose of all the flowers in Greece, foule Helene for thy loue?
Needs must I count hir foule, whose first frutes were forlorne:
Although she solde hir seconde chaffe, aboue the price of corne.
Alas, thee made of thee, a noddye for the nonce,
For Menelaus lost hir twise, though thou hir foundst but once.
But yet if in thine eye, thee seemde a peerelesse peece,
Aske Theseus ye mighty Duke, what towns she knew in Greece?
Aske him what made hir leaue hir wofull aged sire,
And scale to Athens gyglot like: what? what but foule desire?
Alas poore Paris thou didst nothing else but gleane,
The partched eares which he cast by, when he had reaped cleane:

Ye finde the gentle slippe, which could both twist and twind,
And growing left the broken braunch, for the that came behind,
Yet hast thou filde the world with brute, (the more thy blame,)
And sayest, that Hellens bewty past each other stately dame,
For prose thou canst alleage the tast of ten years warre,
And how hir blazing beames first brought both Greece & Troy
No no, thou art deceinde, the drugs of of foule despite, (to iarre
Did worke in Menelaus will, not lesse of such delighte,
Not loue, but lothsome hate, not dolour, but disdain,
Did make him selfe a sharpe reuenge, til both his foes were slain,
Thy brother Troylus eke, that gemme of gentle deedes,
To thinke howe he abused was, alas my heart it bleedes:
Ye bet about the bushe, whiles other caught the birds, (words.
Whome crafty Gressida mockt to muche, yet fede him still with
And god he knoweth not I, who pluckt hir first sprong rose,
Since Lollius and Chaucer both, make doubt vpon that glose.
But this I knowe to well, and he to farre it felte,
How Diomede vnbid his knots, & caught both brech and belt,
And how she chose to change, and how she changed still,
And how she dyed leaper like, a gainst hir louers will.
Content you then good knightes, your triumphe to resigne,
Confesse your starres both dimme and darke, wheras my sunne
For this I dare avow, without vaunt be it told, (both shine:
My derling is more faire than she, for whome proud Troy was
More constant to conteyne, than Cressida to be coy, (soide.
No Calcas can contriue the craft, to traine hir out of Troye,
No Diomede can drawe hir setled harte to change,
No madding mode can moue hir mind, nor make hir thoughtes
For hir alone it is, that Cupide blindfolde goes, (to range.
And dare not loke for feare least he his libertie should lose:
At hir dame Venus chafes, and pines in idlenesse,
Least bloudy Mars should hir espie, and chang his fantasse,
Of hir the Quene of Heauen doth stand in dreadfull doubt,
Least Ioue should melte in drops of gold, if once he find hir out.
Oh that my tonge had skill, to tell hir prayse aright,

Or that my pen hir due deſertes, in worthy verſe could write:
Or that my minde could muſe, or happie heart conceiue,
Some words that might reſound hir worth, by high Mineruas
Oh how the blooming ioyes, do bloſſome in my breſt, (leaue.
To think within my ſecret thought, how far the ſteines ỹ reſt.
Me thinkes I heare hir ſpeake, me thinkes I ſée hir ſtill,
Me thinkes I fæle hir fælingly, me thinkes I know hir will.
Me thinkes I ſæ the ſtates which ſue to hir for grace,
Me thinkes I ſæ one loke of hirs repulſe them all apace.
Me thinkes that houre is yet, and euermore ſhall be,
Wherein my happie happe was firſt, hir heauenly face to ſée:
Wherein I ſpide the witte, which wond betwæne hir eyne,
And ſayd behold, be bold, for I, am borne to be but thine.
Me thinks I fæle the ioyes, which neuer yet were felt,
Whome flame before yet neuer toucht, me thinks I fæle them
One word & there an end, me thinks ſhe is the ſunne, (melt.
Which only ſhineth now a daies, ſhe dead, ỹ world were done.
The reſt are twinkling ſtarres, or Mones which borow light,
To comfort other carefull ſoules, which wander in the night.
And night God knowes it is, where other Ladies bée,
For ſure my dame adornes the day, there is no ſunne but ſhée.
Then louers by your leaue, and thinke it nothing ſtrange,
Although I ſeme with calme content, in ſeas of ioyes to range:
For why, my ſailes haue found both wind and waues at wyll,
And depthes of all delightes in hir, with whome I trauell ſtyll.
And anchors being wayed, I leaue you all at large, (charge.
To ſteare this ſæmelye Shippe my ſelfe, ſuche is my miſtreſſe

Fato non fortuna.

Dan Bartholmew his ſecond Triumphe.

FYe pleaſure fye, then cloyeſt me with delight,
Thou fyllſt my mouth with ſwæte meates ouermuch.
I wallowe ſtyll in ioye both daye and night,
I dæme, I dreame, I doe, I taſte, I touch:

Nothing

No thing but all that ſmelles of perfect bliſſe,
Fye pleaſure fye, I cannot like of this.

To taſte (ſometimes) a baite of bytter gall,
To drinke a draught of ſower Ale (ſome ſeaſon)
To eate browne bread with homely handes in Hall.
Doth much encreaſe mens appetites by reaſon:
And makes the ſwæte more ſugred that enſewes,
Since mindes of men do ſtyll ſæke after newes.

The pampred horſe is ſeldome ſæne in breath,
Whoſe maunger makes his greace (oftimes) to melt,
The crammed Fowle comes quickly to his death.
Such coldes they catche in hotteſt happes that ſwelt.
And I (much like) in pleaſure ſcawled ſtyll,
Doe feare to ſtarue although I fæde my fill.

It might ſuffice that loue hath built his bowre,
Betwene my Ladies liuely ſhyning eyes,
It were inough that Beawties fading flowre:
Growes euer freſhe with hir in heauenly wiſe.
It had bene well that ſhée were faire of face,
And yet not robbe all other Dames of grace.

To muſe in minde, how wiſe, how faire, how good,
How braue, howe franke, how curteous, and how true,
My Ladys is: doth but inflame my blood,
With humors ſuch, as byd my health adue.
Since happe alwaies when it is clombe on hye,
Doth fall full lowe, though earſt it reachte the Skye.

Lo pleaſure lo, lo thus I leade a life,
That laughes for ioye, and trembleth oft for dread,
Thy panges are ſuch as call for changes knife,
To cut the twiſt, or elſe to ſtretch the thread.

Which

Which holdes yᵗ here the bondell of my bliſſe,
Fye pleaſure fye, I dare not truſt to this.
Fato non fortuna.

Dan Bartholmewes his third Triumphe.

YF euer man yet found the bathe of perfect bliſſe,
Then ſwimme I now amid the ſeas where nought but pleaſure is.
I loue and am beloued, without vaunt be it ſolde.
Of one more faire then ſhe of Greece, for whome proud Troy was ſolde.
As bountifull and good as Cleopatra Quene,
As conſtant as Penelope, vnto her make was ſene.
What would you more? my penne, vnable is to write,
The leaſt deſert that ſeemes to ſhine within this worthy wight.
So that (for nowe) I ceaſſe with handes helde vp on hye.
And craue of God that when I chaunge, I may be forſt to dye.
Fato non Fortuna.

The Reporter.

THeſe vaunting verſes with a many mo,
(To his miſhap) haue come vnto my handes,
Whereof the reſt (bicauſe he ſayled ſo,
In braggers boate which ſet it ſelfe on landes,
And brought him eke faſt bound in follyes bands)
Of curteſie I keepe them from your ſight,
Let theſe ſuffice which of my ſelfe I write.

The higheſt tree that euer yet could growe,
Although full fayre it floriſht for a ſeaſon,
Founde yet at laſt ſome fall to bring it lowe,
This olde ſayd ſawe is (God he knoweth) not geaſon:
For when things paſſe the reach and bounds of reaſon.
They fall at laſt, although they ſtand a time,
And bruſe the more, the higher that they clime.

So

So Bartholmew vnto his paine dyd proue,
For when he thought his hap to be moſt hye,
And that he onely reapt the fruictes of loue,
And that he ſwelt in all proſperitie,
His comfort chaunged to calamitie:
And though I doe him wrong to tell the ſame,
Yet reade it you, and let me beare the blame.

The Saint he ſern'd became a craftie deuill,
His goddeſſe to an Idoll ſeemde to chaunge,
Thus all his good tranſformed into euill,
And euery ioy to raging griefe dyd raunge:
Which Metamorphoſis was maruels ſtraunge:
Yet ſhall you ſeldome otherwiſe it proue,
Where wicked Luſt doth beare the name of Loue.

This ſodaine chaunge when he began to ſpye,
And colde ſuſpect into his minde had crept,
He bounſt and bet his head tormentingly,
And from all company him ſelfe he kept,
Wherby ſo farre in ſtormes of ſtrife he ſtept,
That nowe he ſeemed an Image not a man,
His eyes ſo dead, his colour wart ſo wan.

And I which alwayes beare him great good wyll,
(Although I knew the cauſe of all his griefe,
And what had trainde and tyed him theretyll,
And plaine to ſpeake, what moued his miſchiefe)
Yet ſince I ſought to eaſe him with reliefe:
I dyd become importunate to knowe,
The ſecrete cauſe whereon this grudge ſhould growe.

At laſt with much ado, his trembling tonge,
Bewrayde the effect of his vnwylling wyll,
Which here to tell ſince it were all to longe,
And I therewith too barren am of ſkyll,

And

And trouble you with tedious tydinges ſtyll,
Content you now to heare himſelfe rehearſe.
His ſtrange affectes in his lamenting verſe.

Which verſe he wrote at Bathe (as earſt was ſayd)
And there I ſawe him when he wrote the ſame,
I ſawe him there with many moanes diſmaide,
I ſawe him there both fryſe and flaſhe in flame,
I ſawe him græu'd when others made good game:
And ſo appeareth by his darke diſcourſe,
The which to reade I craue your iuſt remorſe.

Dan Bartholmewes Dolorous diſcourſes.

I Haue entreated care to cut the thread,
Which all to long hath held my lingring life,
And here alofe nowe haue I hyd my head,
From company thereby to ſtint my ſtrife.
This ſolitarye place doth pleaſe me beſt,
Where I may weare my wylling mind with moane,
And where the ſighes which boyle out of my breſt,
May ſhald my heart, and yet the cauſe vnknowne.
All this I doe, for thee my ſweeteſt ſowre,
For whome (of yore) I counted not of care,
For whome with hungrie iawes I dyd deuoure,
The ſecrete baite which lurked in the ſnare:
For whome I thought all forreine pleaſures paine,
For whome againe, all paine dyd pleaſure ſeeme,
But onely thine, I found all fanſies vaine,
But onely thine, I dyd no dolours deeme.
Such was the rage, that whilome dyd poſſeſſe,
The priuie corners of my mazed mind:
When hote deſire, dyd compt thoſe tormentes leſſe.
Which gaind the gaze that dyd my freedome bind.

And

And now (with care) I can record thoſe dayes,
And call to mind the quiet lyfe I led,
Before I firſt beheld thy golden rayes,
When thine vntrueth yet troubled not my hed.
Remember thou, as I can not forget,
Howe I had layde, both loue, and luſt aſide,
And howe I had my fired fancie ſet,
In conſtant vowe, for euer to abide.
The bitter proofe of panges in pleaſure paſt,
The coſtlye taſt, of hony mixt with gall:
The painted heauen, which turnde to hell at laſt.
The freedome fainde, which brought me but to thrall.
The lingring ſute, well fed with freſhe delayes,
The walked vowes which fled with euery winde:
The reſtleſſe nightes, to purchaſe pleaſing dayes,
The toyling daies to pleaſe my reſtleſſe minde.
All theſe (with mo) had brused ſo my breſt,
And graft ſuch greſe within my groning heart,
That had I left Dame fanſie and the reſt.
To greener yeares, which might endure the ſmart.
My wearie bones did beare away the ſkarres,
Of many a wound receiued by diſdaine:
So that I found the fruite of all thoſe warres,
To be naught elſe but panges of vnknowen paine.
And nowe mine eyes were ſhut from ſuch delight,
My fanſie faint, my hote deſires were colde,
When cruell hap, preſented to my ſight.
The maydens face, in yeares which were not olde.
I thinke the Goddeſſe of reuenge deuiſde,
So to bee wreackt on my rebelling wyll,
Bicauſe I had in youthfull yeares diſpiſde,
To taſte the baites, which tyſte my fanſie ſtyll.
Howe ſo it were, God knowes, I cannot tell:
But if I lye, you Heauens the plague be mine,
I ſawe no ſooner, how delight dyd dwell

Betweene

Betwæne those litle infantes eyes of thine,
But straight a sparkling cole of quicke desire,
Dyd kindle flame within my frozen heart,
And yelding fansie softly blewe the fire,
Which since hath bene the cause of all my smart.
What næde I say? thy selfe for me can sweare,
Howe much I tendred thee in tender yeares:
Thy life was then to me (God knowes) full deare,
My life to thee is light, as nowe appeares.
I loued the first, and shall do to my last,
Thou flattredst first, and so thou wouldst do styll:
For loue of thee full many paines I past,
For deadly hate thou sækest me to kyll.
I cannot nowe, with manly tongue rehearse,
How sone that melting mind of thine dyd yelde,
I shame to write, in this waymenting verse,
With howe small fight, I vanquisht thee in fielde:
But Cæsar he, which all the world subdude,
Was neuer yet so proude of Victorye,
Nor Hanyball, with martiall feates endude.
Dyd so much please himselfe in pollicie,
As I (poore I) dyd sæme to triumphe then,
When first I got the Bulwarkes of thy brest,
With hote Alarmes I comforted my men,
In formost ranke I stoode before the rest,
And shooke my flagge, not all to shewe my force,
But that thou mightst thereby perceiue my minde:
Askaunces * lo, nowe coulde I kyll thy corce,
And yet my life is vnto thee resinde.
Well let this passe, and thinke vppon the ioye,
The mutuall loue, the confidence, the trust,
Whereby we both abandoned annoye,
And fed our mindes with fruites of louely lust.
Thinke on the Tythe, of kysses got by stealth,
Of swæte embracinges shortened by feare.

* As vvho should say:

Remem-

Remember that which did maintaine our helth,
Alas alas why shoulde I name it here.
And in the midst of all those happie dayes,
Do not forget the chaunges of my chaunce,
When in the depth of many waywarde wayes,
I onely sought, what might thy state aduaunce.
Thou must confesse how much I carde for thee,
When of my selfe, I carde not for my selfe,
And when my hap was in mishappes to be,
Estæmd thee more, than al the worldly pelfe.
Mine absente thoughtes did beate on thee alone,
When thou hadst found afond and newfound choice;
For lacke of thee I sunke in endlesse mone,
When thou in chaunge didst tumble and reioyce.
O mighty goddes nædes must I honor you,
Nædes must I iudge your iudgmentes to be iust,
Bicause she did for sake him that was true,
And with false loue, did cloke a fained luste.
By high decrees, you ordayned the chaunge,
To light on such, as she must nædes mislike,
A mæte rewarde for such as like to raunge,
When fansies force, their fæble fleshe doth strike.
But did I then giue brydle to thy fall,
Thou head strong thou accuse me if thou can?
Did I not hazard loue yea life and all,
To warde thy will, from that vnworthy man?
And when by toyle I trauayled to finde,
The secrete causes of thy madding moode,
I found naught else but tricks of Cressides kinde,
Which playnly proude, that thou weart of hir bloud.
I found that absent Troylus was forgot,
When Dyomede had got both brooch and belt,
Both gloue and hand, yea harte and all god wot,
When absent Troylus did in sorowes swelt.
These tricks (with mo) thou knowst thy self I found,

Which

Which nowe are nedeleſſe here for to reherſe,
Unleſſe it were to touche a tender wound,
With corſiues my panting heart to perſe.
But as the Hounde is counted little worth,
Which giueth ouer for a loſſe or twaine,
And cannot find the meanes to ſingle forth.
The ſtricken Deare which doth in heard remaine:
Or as the kindly Spaniell which hath ſprong
The preety Partriche, for the Falcons flight.
Doth neuer ſpare but thruſts the thornes among,
To bring this byrd yet once againe to light,
And though he knowe by proofe (yea dearely bought)
That ſelde or neuer, for his owne auaile,
This wearie worke of his in vaine is wrought.
Yet ſpares he not but labors toth and nayle:
So labord I to ſaue thy wandring ſhippe,
Which reckeleſſe then, was running on the rockes,
And though I ſaw thee ſeeme to bang the lyppe.
And ſet my great good wyll, as light as ſtockes:
Yet hauld I in, the mayne sheate of the minde,
And ſtayed thy courſe by ancors of aduice,
I woon thy wyll into a better winde,
To ſaue thy ware, which was of precious price.
And when I had ſo harbored thy Barke,
In happy hauen, which ſaufer was than Douer,
The Admyrall, which knewe it by the marke.
Streight challengde all, and ſayd thou wert a rouer.
Then was I forſt in thy behalfe to pleade,
Yea ſo I dyd, the Judge can ſaye no leſſe,
And whiles in toyle, this lothſome life I leade,
Cameſt thou thy ſelfe the faulte for to confeſſe,
And downe on knee before thy cruell foe,
Dydſt pardon craue, acculing me for all.
And ſaydſt I was the cauſe, that thou didſt ſo,
Any that I ſpoone the thred of all thy thrall.

Not ſo content, thou furthermore didſt ſweare
That of thy ſelfe thou neuer ment to ſwerue,
For proofe wherof thou didſt the colours weare,
Which might bewray, what ſaint thou ment to ſerue.
And that thy blod was ſacrificed eke,
To manyfeſt thy ſtedfaſt martyrd mynde,
Till I perforce, conſtraynd thee for to ſake,
Theſe raging ſeas, aduentures thereto finde.
Alas, alas, and out alas for me,
Who am enforced, thus for to repeate
The falſe reports and cloked guyles of thée,
Whereon (to oft) my reſtleſſe thoughts do beate.
But thus it was, and thus God knowes it is.
Which when I founde by playne and perfect proofe,
My muſing minde then thought it not amiſſe,
To ſhrinke aſide, lamenting all alofe.
And ſo to beate my ſimple ſhiftleſſe brayne.
For ſome deuice, that might redeeme thy ſtate,
Lo here the cauſe, for why I take this payne,
Lo how I loue the wight which me doth hate:
Lo thus I lye, and reſtleſſe reſt in Bathe,
Whereas I bathe not now in bliſſe pardie,
But boyle in Bale and ſkamble thus in ſkathe,
Bycaule I thinke on thine vnconſtancie.
And wylt thou knowe howe here I ſpend my time,
And howe I drawe my dayes in dolours ſtyll:
Then ſtaye a while: giue eare vnto my rime,
So ſhalt thou know the weight of all my wyll.
When Titan is conſtrained to forſake,
His Lemans couche, and clymeth to his carte,
Then I begin to languiſhe for thy ſake,
And with a ſighe, which maye bewray my ſmarte.
I cleare mine eyes whome gumme of teares had glewed,
And vp on foote I ſet my ghoſtly corſe,
And when the ſtony walles haue oft renewed.

These thinges are miſtical and not to bee vnderſtoode but by Thauthour himſelfe.

My pittious plaintes, with Ecchoes of remorce,
Then doe I crye and call vpon thy name,
And thus I saye, thou curst and cruell bothe,
Beholde the man, which taketh griefe for game,
And loueth them, which most his name doe lothe.
Behold the man which euer truely ment,
And yet accusde as auchour of thine yll,
Behold the man, which all his life hath spent.
To serue thy selfe, and aye to worke thy wyll:
Behold the man, which onely for thy loue,
Dyd loue himselfe, whome else he set but light:
Behold the man, whose blood (for thy behoue)
Was euer prest to shed it selfe outright.
And canst thou nowe condemne his loyalties?
And canst thou craft to flatter such a friende?
And canst thou see him sincke in ieoperdie?
And canst thou seeke to bring his life to ende?
Is this the right reward for such desart?
Is this the fruite of seede so timely sowne?
Is this the price, appointed for his part?
Shall trueth be thus by treason ouerthrowne?
Then farewell faith, thou art no womans pheare:
And with that word I staye my tongue in time,
With rolling eyes I loke about eache where,
Least any man should heare my rauing rime.
And all in rage, enraged as I am,
I take my sheete, my slippers and my Gowne,
And in the Bathe from whence but late I came.
I cast my selfe in dollours there to drowne.
There all alone I can my selfe conueye,
Into some corner where I sit vnseene,
And to my selfe (there naked) can I saye,
Behold these braune falne armes which once haue bene.
Both large and lustie, able for to fight,
Nowe are they weake, and wearishe God he knowes

Unable,

Unable now to daunt the fowle despight,
Which is presented by my cruel foes.
My thighes are thin, my body lanck and leane,
It hath no bumbast now, but skin and bones:
And on mine Elbowe as I lye and leane,
I see a trustie token for the nones. Another misterie.
I spie a bracelet bounde about mine arme,
Which to my shaddowe seemeth thus to saye,
Beleeue not me: for I was but a Charme,
To make thee sleepe, when others went to playe.
And as I gaze thus galded all with griefe,
I finde it fazed almost quite in sunder,
Then thinke I thus: thus wasteth my reliefe,
And though I fade, yet to the world no wonder.
For as this lace, by leysure learnes to weare,
So must I faint, euen as the Candle wasteth,
These thoughts (deere sweet) within my brest I beare,
And to my long home, thus my life it hasteth.
Herewith I teele the droppes of sweltring sweate,
Which trickle downe my face, enforced so,
And in my body feele I lykewise heate,
A burning heart which tosseth too and fro.
Thus all in flames I sinderlyke consume,
And were it not that wanhope lendes me wynde,
Soone might I fret my facyes all in fume,
And lyke a Ghost my ghost his graue might finde.
But frysing hope doth blowe ful in my face,
And colde of cares becommes my cordiall,
So that I styl endure that yrksome place,
Where sorrowe seethes to skalde my skinne withal.
And when from thence or company me drieus,
Or weary woes do make me change my seate,
Then in my bed my restlesse paines reuiues,
Until my fellowes call me downe to meate.
And when I ryse, my corpse for to araye,

I take the glaſſe, ſometimes (but not for pride,
For God he knowes my minde is not ſo gaye)
But for I would in comelyneſſe abyde:
I take the glaſſe, wherein I ſæme to ſée,
Such wythred wrinckles and ſo fowle diſgrace,
Another misterie. That lytle maruaile ſemeth it to mée,
Though thou ſo well dydſt like the noble face.
The noble face was faire and freſhe of hewe,
My wrinckled face is fowle and fadeth faſt:
The noble face was vnto thée but newe,
My wrinckled face is olde and cleane outcaſt:
The noble face might moue thée with delight,
My wrinckled face could neuer pleaſe thine eye:
Loe thus of crime I couet thée to quite.
And ſtyll accuſe my ſelfe of Surcuydry:
As one that am vnworthy to enioye,
The lacking fruits of ſuche a loue as thine,
Thus am I tickled ſtyll with every toye,
And when my Fellowes call me downe to dyne,
No chaunge of meate prouokes mine appetite,
Nor ſauce can ſerue to taſte my meates withall.
Then I deuiſe the iuyce of grapes to dight,
For Sugar and for Sinamon I call,
For Ginger, Graines, and for eche other ſpice,
Wherewith I mire the noble Wine apace,
My Fellowes prayſe the depth of my deuiſe,
And ſaye it is as gods as Ippocrace.
Another misterie. As Ippocrace ſaye I: and then I ſwelt,
My fayntyng lymmes ſtraight fall into a ſowne,
Before the taſte of Ippocrace is felt,
The naked name in dollours doth mée drowne,
For then I call vnto my troubled mynde,
That Ippocrace hath bene thy daylye drinke,
That Ippocrace hath walkt with euerye winde.
In bottels that were fylled to the brinke.

With Ippocrace thou banqueteſt full ofte,
With Ippocrace thou madſt thy ſelfe full merrye,
Such chære had ſet thy new loue ſo alofte,
That olde loue nowe was ſcarcely worth a cherry.
And then againe I fall into a traunce,
But when my breth returnes againſt my wyll,
Before my tongue can tell my wofull chaunce,
I hears my fellowes how they whiſper ſtill.
One ſayth that Ippocrace is contrary,
Unto my nature and complexion,
Whereby they iudge that all my malladye,
Was long of that by alteration.
An other ſayth, no, no this man is weake,
And for ſuch weake, ſo hote thinges are not beſt,
Then at the laſt I heare no lyar ſpeake,
But one which knowes the cauſe of mine vnreſt,
And ſayth, this man is (for my life) in loue,
He hath receiued repulſe, or dronke diſdaine.
Alas crye I: and ere I can remoue,
Into a ſowne I ſone returne againe.
Thus driue I forth, my dolefull dining time,
And trouble others with my troubles ſtyll,
But when I here, the Bell hath paſſed prime,
Into the Bathe I wallowe by my wyll,
That there my teares (vnſene) might eaſe my griefe,
For though I ſtarue yet haue I fed my fill,
In priuie panges I count my beſt relife.
And ſtill I ſtriue in weary woes to drench,
But when I plondge, than woe is at an ebbe,
My glowing coles are all to quicke to quenche.
And I (to warme) am wrapped in the webbe,
Which makes me ſwim againſt the wiſhed waue,
Lo thus (deare wenche) I leade a lothſome life,
And grædely I ſéke the grædy graue,
To make an ende of all theſe ſtormes and ſtrife,

But death is deafe, and heares not my deſire,
So that my dayes continewe ſtyll in dole,
And in my nightes I fæle the ſecrete fire,
Which cloſe in embers, coucheth lyke a cole.
And in the daye hath bene but raked vp,
With couering aſhes of my company,
Now breakes it out, and boyles the careful cuppe,
Which in my heart doth hang full heauily.
I melt in teares, I ſwelt in chilling ſweat,
My ſwelling heart, breakes with delay of paine,
I freeze in hope, yet burne in haſte of heate,
I wiſhe for death, and yet in life remaine.
And when dead ſleepe doth cloſe my dazeled eyes,
Then dreadful dreames my dolors do encreaſe,
Me thinkes I lie awake in wofull wiſe.
And ſee thee come, my ſorrowes for to ceaſe.
Me ſeemes thou ſaiſt (my god) what meaneth this?
What ayles thee thus to languiſh and lament?
How can it be that bathing all in bliſſe:
Such cauſe vnknowne diſquiets thy content?
Thou doeſt me wrong to keepe ſo cloſe from me
The grudge or griefe, which gripeth now thy heart,
For well thou knoweſt, I muſt thy partner be,
In bale, in bliſſe, in ſolace, and in ſmarte.
Alas, alas, theſe things I deeme in dreames,
But when mine eyes are open and awake,
I ſee not thee: where with the flowing ſtreames,
Of briniſhe teares their wonted floods do make.
Thus as thou ſeeſt I ſpend both nightes and dayes,
And for I find the world did iudge me once,
A witleſſe writer of theſe louers layes,
I take my pen and paper for the nonce,
I laye aſide this foliſhe ryding rime,
And as my troubled head can bring to paſſe,

I

I thus betwray the torments of my time:
Tears with my Muſe, it is not as it was.
Fato non fortuna.

The extremitie of his Paſſion.

AMong the toyes which toſſe my braine,
and reaue my mind from quiet reſt,
This one I finde, doth there remaine,
to breede debate within my breſt.
VVhen wo would work, to wound my wyll,
I cannot weepe, nor waile my fyll.

My tongue hath not the ſkill to tell,
the ſmalleſt griefe which gripes my heart,
Mine eyes haue not the power to ſwell,
into ſuch Seas of ſecrete ſmart,
That will might melt to waues of woe,
and I might ſwelt in ſorrowes ſo.

Yet shed mine eyes no trickling teares,
but floudds which flowe abundauntly,
VVhoſe fountaine firſt enforſt by feares,
found out the gappe of ielouſie,
And by that breache, it ſoketh ſo,
that all my face, is ſtyll on flowe.

My voice is like the raging wind,
which roareth ſtill, and neuer ſtaies,
The thoughtes which tomble in my minde,
are like the wheele which whirles alwayes,
Nowe here, nowe there, nowe vp, nowe downe,
in depth of waues, yet cannot drowne.

The ſighes which boyle out of my breſt,
are not lyke thoſe, which others vſe,
For louers ſighes, ſometimes take reſt,
And lend their mindes, a leaue to muſe.

f.iiij. But

But mine are like the ſurging Seas,
whome calme nor quiet can appeas.

And yet they be but ſorrowes ſmoke,
my breſt the fordge where furie playes,
My panting heart, yt ſtrikes the ſtroke,
my fancie blowes the flame alwaies,
The coles are kindled by deſire,
and Cupide warmes him by the fire.

Thus can I neyther drowne in dole,
nor burne to ashes though I waſte,
Mine eyes can neyther quenche the cole,
which warmes my heart in all this haſte.
Nor yet my fancie make ſuch flame,
that I may ſmoulder in the ſame.

VVherefore I come to ſeeke out Care,
beſeeching him of curteſie,
To cut the thread which cannot weare,
by panges of ſuch perplexitie.
And but he graunt this boone of mine,
thus muſt I liue and euer pine.

Fato non fortuna.

LO thus (déere heart) I force my franſike Muſe,
To frame a verſe in ſpite of my deſpight,
But whiles I vſe theſe mirthleſſe méters vſe,
This raſhe conceite doth reue me from delight.
I call to minde howe many louing layes,
Howe many Sonets, and how many ſonges,
I dyd deuiſe within thoſe happie dayes,
When yet my wyl, had not receiued wronges.
All which were euermore regarded ſo,

That

That litle fruite I ſéemd thereby to reape,
But rather when I had bewrayed my woe,
Thy loue was light, and luſted ſtyll to leape.
The rimes which pleaſed thée were all in print,
And mine were ragged, hard for to be read,
Lo déere: this dagger dubbes me with this dint,
And leaue this wound within my iclous head.
But ſince I haue confeſſed vnto Care,
That now I ſtand vppon his curteſie,
And that the bale, which in my breſt I bare,
Hath not the ſkill to kyll me cunningly,
Therefore with all my whole deuotion,
To Care I make this ſupplication.

Another miſterie.

Fato non fortuna.

His libell of requeſt exhibited to Care.

O Curteous Care, whome others (cruell) call,
And raile vpon thine honourable name,
O knife that canſt cut of the thread of thrall,
O sheare that ſhreadſt the ſémerent ſhéte of ſhame,
O happye ende of euery grœuous yame:
Vouchſafe O Prince, thy vaſſall to behold,
Who loues thée more than can with tongue be told,
And nowe vouchſafe to pittie this his plaint,
Whoſe teares bewray,
His truth alway,
Although his fœble tongue be forſt to faint.

I muſt confeſſe O noble king to thée,
That I haue béene a Rebell in my youth,
I preaſt alwaies in pleaſures court to bée,
I fled from that, which Cupide ſtill eſchuth,
I fled from Care: lo now I tell the truth,
And in delightes, I loued ſo to dwell,

Thy

Thy heauenly houſe dyd ſéeme to me but hell.
Such was my rage, the which I now repent,
And pardon craue,
My ſoule to ſaue,
Before the webbe of weary life be ſpent.

But marke what fruites dyd grow on ſuch a trée,
What crop dyd riſe vpon ſo raſhe ſowne ſæde,
For when I thought my ſelfe in heauen to bée,
In depth of hell I drowned was in dæde:
Whereon to thinke my heaule hart doth blæde:
Me thought I ſwumme in Seas of all delight,
When as I ſunke in puddles of deſpight,
Alas alas I thought my ſelfe belou'd,
When deadly hate,
Did play checke mate,
With me poore pawne, that no ſuch prancks had prou'd.

This when I tryed (ay me) to be to true,
I wept for woe, I pined all for paine,
I tare my hære, I often chaunged hewe,
I left delight, with dolours to complaine.
I ſhund each place where pleaſure dyd remaine,
I cride, I calde on euery kinde of death,
I ſtroue eache way to ſtop my fainting breath.
Short tale to make, I ſtept ſo farre in ſtrife,
That ſtill I ſought,
With all my thought,
Some happie helpe to leaue my lothed life.

But hope was he that held my hande abacke,
From quicke diſpatch of all my griping griefe,
When heate of hate had burnt my will to wracke.
Then hope was colde, and lent my life reliefe,
In euery choice hope challenged to be chiefe.

Hope is ea-
uer contrary
to a louers
Paſſion

When

When coldeſt crampes had cleane ouercome my heart,
Then hope was hote, and warnde my weary ſmart,
Then heart was heardie, hope was ſtill in dread,
When heart was faint,
(With feares attaint,)
Then hardie hope held vp my fearefull head.

Thus when I found that neither flowing teares,
Could drowne my heart in waues of wery wo,
Nor hardy hand could ouercome my feares,
To cut the ſacke of all my ſorrowes ſo,
Nor death would come, nor I to death could go.
And yet I felt great droppes of ſecrete ſmart,
Diſtilling ſtyll within my dying heart:
I then perceiude that onely care was he,
Which as my friend,
Might make an end,
Of all theſe paines, and ſet my fanſie frée.

Wherefore (oh Care) graunt thou my iuſt requeſt,
Oh kyll my corpſe, oh quickly kyll me nowe.
Oh make an ende and bring my bones to reſt,
Oh cut my thread (good Care) I care not howe,
Oh Care be kinde: and here I make a vowe,
That when my life out of my breſt ſhall part,
I wyll preſent thée with my faithfull hart:
And ſend it to thée as a Sacrifice,
Bicauſe thou haſt,
Vouchſaft at laſt,
To ende my furies in this friendly wiſe.

Fato non Fortuna.

What greater glory can a Keyſar gaine,
If madde mode moue his ſubiectes to rebell,
Than that at laſt (when all the traytours traine,
Haue trode the pathe, of deepe repentaunce well,

And

And naked nède with Cold and Hunger both,
Hath bitten them abrode in forren land,
Whereby they may their lewde deuiſes loth.
(When hairbraind haſte, with cold aduiſe is ſcande)
If then at laſt, they come vpon their knée,
And pardon craue with due ſubmiſſion:
And for this cauſe, I thinke that Care of me,
Was moued moſt, to take compaſſion.
For now I find, that pittie prickes his mind,
To ſée me plonged ſtill in endleſſe paine,
And right remorſe, his princely heart doth bind,
To rule the rage wherein I do remaine.
I fœle my teares doe now begin to ſtay,
For Care from them their ſwelling ſprings doth ſoke,
I fœle my ſighes their labours now allaye,
For Care hath quencht the coles that made thẽ ſmoke.
I fœle my panting heart begins to reſt,
For Care hath ſtaide the hammers of my head,
I fœle the flame which blazed in my breſt,
Is nowe with carefull aſhes ouerſpread.
And gentle Care, hath whet his karuing knife,
To cut in twaine the thread of all my thrall,
Deſired death nowe ouercommeth life,
And wo ſtill workes to helpe in haſte with all.
But ſince I fœle theſe panges approching ſo,
And lothed life begin to take his leaue,
Me thinkes it mœte, to giue before I go,
Such landes, and goodes, as I behind me leaue.
So to diſcharge my troubled conſcience,
And eke to ſet an order for my heyre,
Who might (perhaps) be put to great expence,
To ſue for that, which I bequeath him here.
Wherefore (dœre wenche) with all my full intent,
I thus begin to make my Teſtament.

Fato non fortuna.

His

His laſt wyll and Teſtament.

IN loue his mighty name, this eight and twentith day,
Of froſted bearded Ianuar, the enemy to May:
Since Adam was create, fiue thouſand yéres I geſſe,
Fiue hundreth, forty more and fiue, as ſtories do expreſſe.
I being whole of minde, (immortall Gods haue praiſe)
Though in my body languiſhing with panges of paine alwayes,
Do thus ordaine my wyll which long in woes haue wepte,
Beſœching mine executours to ſée it duely kept.
Firſt I bequeath my ſoule on Charons boate to tende,
Untill thy life (my loue) at laſt may light on luckye ende,
That there it may awaite, to wayte vpon thy ghoſt,
Whẽ thou haſt quite & clene forgot what pranks now pleaſe thée
So ſhall it well be ſéene whoſe loue is like to mine: (moſt.
For ſo I meane to trye my truth, and there tyll then to pine.
My body be enbalmde, and cloaſed vp in cheſt,
With oyntments and with ſpiceries of euery ſwœte the beſt:
And ſo preſerued ſtyll vntill the day do come,
That death diuorce my loue from life, & truſſe hir vp in tombe.
Then I bequeath my corps to couche beneathe hir bones,
And there to fœde the grœdy wormes that linger for the nones.
To frette vppon her fleſhe, which is to fine therefore,
This ſeruice may it doe hir yet, although it do no more.
My heart (as herefore) I muſt bequeathe to Care,
And God he knowes, I thinke the gift to ſimple for his ſhare.
But that he may perceiue, I meane to pay my dew,
I will it ſhall be taken quicke, and borne him bléding new,
As for my funerals, I leaue that toye at large,
To be as mine executours wyll giue thereto in charge.
Yet if my goodes will ſtretche vnto my ſtrange deuice,
Then let this order be obſeru'd, mine heyre ſhall pay the price:
Firſt let the torche bearers be wrapte in wœdes of woe,
Let all their lightes be virgin ware, becauſe I lou'de it ſo.
And care not though the twiſt be courſe that lends them light,

I

If fansie fume, & fræwil flame, then must they néeds burn bright.
Next them let come the quier, with psalmes and dolefull song,
Recording all my rough repulse and wraying all my wrong.
And when the deskant singes, in trœble tunes aboue,
Then let fa burden say, (by lowe) I liu'd and dyde for loue:
About my heauy hearse, some mourners would I haue,
Who migh the same accompany and stand about the graue,
But let them be such men, as maye confesse with me,
How contrary the lots of loue, to all true louers bée.
Let Patience be the Priest, the Clarke be Close conceipt,
The Sextin be Simplicitie, which meaneth no disceipt.
Let almes of Loue be delt, euen at the Chaunsell doore,
And fœde them there with freshe delayes, as I haue bene of yore:
Then let the yongest sort, be set to ring Loues Bels,
And pay Repentance for their paines, but giue thē nothing else,
Thus when the Dirge is done, let euery man depart,
And learne by me what harme it is to haue a faithfull hart.
Those litle landes I haue, mine heyre must nœdes possesse,
His name is Lust, the landes be losse, few louers scape with lesse.
The rest of all my goodes, which I not here rehearse, (verse:
Giue learned Poets for their paines, to decke my Tombe with
And let them write these wordes vpon my carefull chest,
Lo here he lies, that was as true (in loue) as is the best.
Alas I had forgot the Parsons dewe to paye,
And so my soule in Purgatorye, might remaine alway.
Then for my priuie Tythes, as kysses caught by stealth,
Swœte collinges & such other knackes as multiplied my wealth:
I giue the Vickar here, to please his grœdie wyll,
A deintie dishe of suger soppes, but saust with sorrow stil:
And twise a wœke at least, let dight them for his dishe,
On Fridayes and on wednesdaies, to saue expence of fishe.
Nowe haue I much bequeathed and litle left behinde,
And others mo must yet be serued or else I were vnkinde.
Wet eyes and wayling wordes, Executours I make,
And for their paines ten pound of teares let either of them take.

Let

Let sorrow at the last my Suprauisor be,
And stedfastnesse my surest steade, I giue him for his fée.
Yet in his pattent place this Sentence of prouiso,
That he which loueth stedfastly, shall want no sauce of sorrow.
Thus now I make an ende, of this my wearie wyll,
And signe it with my simple hand, and set my seale there tyll.
And you which reade my wordes, although they be in rime,
Yet reason may perswade you eke, Thus louers dote sometime.

The Subscription and seale.

My mansion house was Mone: from Dolours dale I came,
I Fato: Non Fortuna, hight, lo now you know my name:
My seale is sorrowes sythe, within a fielde of flame,
Which cuts in twaine a carefull heart, ẏ sweltreth in the same.
Fato non Fortuna.

Alas, lo now I heare the passing Bell,
Which Care appointeth carefullye to knoule,
And in my brest, I féele my heart now swell,
To breake the stringes, which ioynde it to my soule.
The Crystall yse, which lent mine eyes their light,
Doth now waxe dym, and dazeled all with dread,
My senses all, wyll now forsake me quite,
And hope of health abandoneth my head,
My wearie tongue can talke no longer now,
My trembling hand nowe leaues my penne to hold,
My ioynts nowe stretch, my body cannot bowe,
My skinne lookes pale, my blood now waxeth cold.
And are not these, the very panges of death?
Yes sure (swœte heart) I know them so to bée,
They be the panges, which striue to stop my breath,
They be the panges, which part my loue from thée.
What sayd I? Loue? Nay life: but not my loue,
My life departes, my loue continues styll:

My

My lothed lyfe may from my corpſe remoue,
My louing Loue ſhall alwayes worke thy wyll.
It was thy wyll euen thus to trye my truth,
Thou haſt thy wyll, my truth may now be ſene,
It was thy wyll, that I ſhould dye in youth,
Thou haſt thy wyll my yeares are yet but grene.
Thy penaunce was that I ſhould pine in paine,
I haue performde thy penaunce all in vo,
Thy pleaſure was that I ſhould here remaine,
I haue bene glad to pleaſe thy fanſie ſo.
Nowe ſince I haue performed euery part
Of thy commaunde, as neare as tongue can tell,
Content thée yet before my muſe depart,
To take this Sonet for my laſt farewell.

Fato non fortuna.

His Farewell.

FArewell déere Loue whome I haue loued and ſhall,
Both in this world, and in the world to come,
For proſe whereof my ſpyte is Charons thrall,
And yet my corpſe attendant on thy tome.
Farewell déere ſwéte, whoſe wanton wyll to pleaſe
Eche taſte of trouble ſéemed mell to me,
Farewell ſwéte deare, whoſe doubtes for to appeaſe,
I was contented thus in bale to be.
Farewell my lyfe, farewell for and my death,
For thee I lyu'd for thee nowe muſt I dye,
Farewell from Bathe, whereas I feele my breath
Forſake my breaſt in great perpleritie,
Alas how welcome were this death of mine,
If I had dyde betweene thoſe armes of thine?

Fato non Fortuna.

The

WHere might I now find ſlodes of flowing teares,
So to ſuffice the ſwelling of mine eyes:
How might my breaſt vnlode the bale it beares?
Alas alas how might my tongue deuiſe
To tell this weary tale in wofull wiſe?
To tell I ſaye theſe tydinges nowe of truth,
Which may prouoke the craggy rockes to ruth?

In depth of dole would God that I were drowned,
Where flattering ioyes might neuer find me out,
Or graued ſo within the grædy grounde,
As falſe delights might neuer bræde my doubt,
Nor guilefull loue hir purpoſe bring about:
Whoſe truſtleſſe traines in colloures for to paint,
I find by proſe my wittes are all to faint.

I was that man whome deſtinies ordeine,
To beare eche griefe that groweth on the mold,
I was that man which proued to my paine,
More panges at once than can with tongue be told,
I was that man (hereof you maye be bold)
Whome heauen and earth did frame to ſcoffe and ſcorne,
I, I was he which to that ende was borne.

Suffized not my ſelfe to taſte the fruite,
Of ſugred ſowres which growe in gadding yeares,
But that I muſt with paine of lyke purſute,
Perceiue ſuch panges by paterne of my peares,
And fœle how fanſies fume could fond my pheares?
Alas I find all fates againſt me bent,
For nothing elſe I lyue but to lament.

The force of friendſhip bound by holy othe,
Dyd drawe my wyll into theſe croked wayes,

For with my frend I went to Bathe (though loth)
To lend some comfort in his dollie dayes,
The stedfast friend stickes fast at all assayes:
Yet was I loth such time to spend in vaine,
The cause whereof, lo here I tell you playne.

By proofe I found as you may well perceiue,
That all good counsell was but woorne in waste,
Such painted paines his passions did deceiue,
That bitter gall was mell to him in taste,
Within his will such rootes of ruine plaste,
As graffes of griefes were only giuen to growe,
Where youth did plant and rash conceite did sowe.

I sawe at first his eares were open aye
To euery tale which fed him with some hope,
As fast againe I sawe him turne away
From graue aduise, which might his conscience grope,
From reasons rule his fancie lightly lope,
He only gaue his mind to get that gaine,
Which most he wisht and least could yet attaine.

Not I alone, but many mo with me,
Had found what fickleneſſe his Idoll vsed,
And how she claimed Cressides heire to be,
And how she had his great good will abused,
And how she was of many men refused,
Who tride hir tricks and knew hir by the kinde,
Saue only him she made no louer blinde.

But what for this: whose face is plainer seene,
Than he which thinkes he walketh in a net:
Or who in bale hath euer deeper beene,
Than he which thought his state might not be bet,
In such a iollitye these louers iet.
That weale to them doeth seeme to bee but wo,
And griefe seemes ioye, they fede theyr fancyes so.

Tell

Tell him that reason ought to be his rule,
And he allowed no reason but his owne,
Tell him that best were quicklye to recule,
Before all force by feares were ouerthrowne,
And that his bale were better ouerblowne.
Then thus to pine remedyleſſe in griefe,
And he would saye that griefe was his relieſe.

Short tale to make so long he lyued thus,
Tyll at the last he gan in deede to dye,
Beleeue me Lordes (and by him that dyed for vs)
I sawe him giue to close his dying eye,
I sawe him stryue and strangle pallingly.
And suche a grieſe I toke, that yet I not,
If he or I had then more griefe ygot.

But who hath seene a Lampe begyn to fade,
Which lacketh oyle to fede his lyngring lyght,
And then againe who so hath seene it made,
With oyle and weecke to last the longsome night:
Let him conceyue that I sawe such a sight.
Whereof to thinke (although I sighde erewhile)
Loe nowe I laughe my sorrowes to beguile.

Upon the stones a trampling steede we heard,
Which came ful straight vnto our lodging doore,
And straight therwith we heard how one enquirde,
If such a Knight (as I described before)
Were lodged there: the Hoast withouten more,
Sayd yes forsoth, and God he knowes (quod he)
Ye is as sicke as any man maye bee.

The messenger sware by no bugges I trowe,
But bad our hoast to bring him where he laye,
(Quod I to Bartholmew) I heare by lowe,
A voice which seemes somewhat of you to saye:

And eare that past not full a furlong waye,
Behold the man came stowping in at doore,
And truth to tell he syked wondrous sore.

At last from out his bosome dyd he take,
A Letter sealde yfolded fayre and well,
And kyssing it (I thinke for Mistresse sake)
He sayd to Bartholmew: Syr Knight be well,
Nowe reade these lines the which I néede not tell,
From whence they come: but make an ende of mone,
For you are sicke, and she is woe begone.

The théefe condemnde and gone to gallowe tré,
(If one crye Grace: lo here a Pardon prest)
Doth dye sometimes, when most he séemde to be,
From death redéemd, such bronts may bréede in brest,
Twyxt sodaine ioye, and thoughts which paine oppreſt,
The Romaine VViddowe dyed when she beheld,
Hir Sunne (whome earst) She compted slaine in field.

So Bartholmew twéene griefe and sodaine ioye,
Laye styll in traunce, me thinkes I sée him yet,
And out of doubte it gaue me such anoye,
To sée him so, him selfe in fancies fret,
That sure I thought his eyes in head were set.
And that he laye (as some saye) drawing on,
Untill his breath and all were past and gone.

But high degrées of heauen which had ordainde,
(For his decaye) a freshe delaye of paine,
Reuiued him: yet from his eyes downe raind,
Such rewfull teares asmoued me to plaine,
The dolefull plight wherein he dyd remaine.
For trust me now, to sée him sorrowe so,
It might haue made a stone to melt in wo.

Thrise dyd his tongue beginne to tell his thought,

And thrise (alas) it foltred in his mouth,
With stopping sobbes and skalding sighes he sought.
To vtter that which was to me vncouth.
So staies the streame, when furiouslie it flouth.
And filles the dikes where it had wont to swimme,
Untill by force it breakes aboue the brimme.

At last (with paine) the first word that he spake,
Was this: Alas, and therewithall he stayed.
His séebled Jawes and hollowe voyce could make,
None other sounde, his thoughtes were all dismayed,
His hearye head full lowe in bosome layed.
Yet when he sawe me marke what he would saye,
He cryed right out Alas and welawaye.

Alas (quod he) deare friend behold this bloode,
And with that word he gan againe to sorrowne:
The messenger which in a studdye stoode,
Awakt at last: and in mine eare dyd rowne,
Saying: those lines which I haue there throwen downe.
Were written all with blood of hir owne hande,
For whome he nowe in this distresse doth stande.

And since (quod he) She hath vouchsafed so,
To shead hir blood in witnesse of hir griefe,
Me thinkes he rather should relieue hir wo:
Then thus deny to send hir some reliefe.
Alas alas (quod he) she holdes him chiefe.
And well wote I (what ere his fanste bée)
There sittes no man so néere hir heart as hée.

Therewith he raysde his heauy head alight,
Askaunces Ha? in déede and thinkst thou so?
But out alas his weake and weary sprit,
Forbad his tongue in furder termes to go.
His thought sayd Haight, his sillie speache cryed Ho.

And thus he laye in dompes and dolefull trance,
Tyll darkſome night dyd ſomewhat change his chance.

For when the light of day began to fade,
And courtins round about his bed were drawne,
A golden ſlomber dyd his lymmes inuade,
And held him hulht tyll daye againe gan dawne,
Whereby Dame quiet put him in a pawne,
To ſet his thoughts (which ſtriued earſt) at one,
And bad debate be packing to be gone.

Percaſe ſweete loue dyd lull him ſo on ſléepe,
Perhaps Dame fanſie rockt the Cradell tw,
How ſo it were I take thereof no héepe,
With ſuch conceiptes haue I nothing to dw,
But when he wakt he aſked plainly who,
Had brought him ſo from rage to quiet reſt,
And who had borne the torments from his breſt?

(Quod I) my friend: here is a letter lo,
Behold it here and be all hole againe,
What man were he that wyther would in wo,
Which thus might proſper in deſpite of paine?
Were he not worſe then mad which would complaine,
On ſuch a friend as this to me doth ſéeme?
Which (for thy health) hir blod doth not eſtéeme?

Thus much I ſayd to comfort him God knowes,
(But what I thought that kepe I cloſe in hold)
Sometimes a man muſt flatter with his foes,
And ſometimes ſaye that braſſe is bright as Gold:
For he that hath not all thinges as he would,
Muſt winke ſometimes, as though he dyd not ſée,
And ſéeme to thinke thinges are not as they bée.

Dan Bartholmew gan take the brieſe in hand,
And brake the ſeale, but when he ſaw the blod,

God Lord how bolt vpright his héere dyd ſtand?
For though the friendly wordes therein were good,
Yet many a thought they moued in his mode.
As well appeared by his flecked chéekes,
Nowe cherrye redde, nowe pale and gréene as lékes.

I dreamt (quod he) that I was done to death,
And that I laye full colde in earth and claye,
But that I was reſtored vnto breath,
By one that ſéemde lyke Pellycane to playe,
Who ſhed his blod to giue me foode alwaye,
And made me liue in ſpite of forrowe ſtyll,
Sée how my dreame agrees now with this byll?

His feebled wittes forgotten had there whyle,
By whome and howe he had this letter firſt,
But when he ſpyde the man, then gan he ſmile,
For ſecréete ioye his heart dyd ſéeme to burſt,
Now thought he beſt that (earſt) he compted worſt.
And louingly he dyd the man embrace,
And aſkt howe farde the rote of all his grace?

Sée ſodaine chaunge, ſée ſubtile ſweéte diſceipte,
Behold how loue can make his ſubiectes blinde,
Let all men marke hereby what guilefull baite,
Dan Cupide layeth to tyſe the louers minde:
Alacke alacke a ſlender thread maye binde,
That pryſoner faſt, which meanes to tarrye ſtyll,
A lytle road correctes a ready wyll.

The brieſe was writte and blotted all with goze,
And thus it ſayde: Behold howe ſtedfaſt loue,
Hath made me hardy (thankes haue he therefore)
To write theſe wordes thy doubtes for to remoue,
With mine owne blood: and yf for thy behoue.
Theſe bloody lynes do not thy Cares conuert:
I vowe the next ſhall bleede out of my heart.

I dwell to long vpon this thriftleſſe tale,
For Bartholmew was well appeaſde hereby,
And ſeemingly he baniſhed his bale,
Making herein a taſk of remedy,
By lyte and lyte his fittes away gan flye.
And in ſhort ſpace he dyd recouer ſtrength,
To ſtand on foote and take his horſe at length.

So that we came to London both yfere,
And there his Goddeſſe tarryed tyll we came,
I am to blame to call hir Goddeſſe here,
Since ſhe deſerude in deede no Goddeſſe name,
But ſure I thinke (and you may iudge the ſame)
She was to to him a Goddeſſe in his thought,
Although perhaps hir Shrines was ouerbought.

I maye not write what words betweene them paſt,
How teares of griefe were turnde to teares of ioye,
Nor how their dole became delight at laſt.
Nor how they made great myrth of much anoye,
Nor how content was coyned out of coye,
But what I ſawe and what I well maye write,
That (as I maye) I meane for to endite.

In louely London loue gan nowe renew,
This bloodye Letter made it battle much,
And all the doubtes which he in fanſies drew,
Were done away as there had bene none ſuch,
(But to him ſelfe) he bare no body grutch.
Him ſelfe (he ſayde) was cauſe of all this woe,
Without en cauſe that hir ſuſpected ſo.

O louing Youthes this glaſſe was made for you,
And in the ſame you may your ſelues behold,
Beleeue me nowe not one in all your crew,
Which (where he loues) hath courage to be bold,

Your

Your Creſsides clames are alwaies vncontrold.
You dare not ſaye the Sunne is cleare and bright,
You dare not ſweare that darkeſome is the night.

Terence was wiſe which taught by Pamphilus,
Howe courage quailes where loue beblinds the ſence,
Though prowfe of times makes louers quarelous,
Yet ſmall excuſe ſerues loue for iuſt defence.
Theſe Courtiſanes haue power by preteence.
To make a Swan of that which was a Crowe,
As though blacke pitche were turned into Snowe.

Ferenda, She whome heauen and earth had framde,
For his decaye and to bewitche his wittes,
Made him nowe thinke him ſelfe was to be blamde.
Which cauſeles thus would fret himſelfe in fittes,
She made him thinke that ſorrowe ſildome ſittes,
Where truſt is tyed in faſt and faithfull knottes,
She ſayd Miſtruſt was meete for ſimple ſottes.

What wyl you more ſhe made him to beleeue,
That ſhe firſt loued although ſhe longer were,
She made him thinke that his diſtreſſe dyd greeue,
Hir guiltleſſe minde: and (that it might appeare,
Howe theſe conceiptes could ioyne or hang yfere)
She dyd confeſſe howe ſome ſhe yelded his,
Such force (quod ſhe) in learned men there is.

She further ſayde that all to true it was,
Howe youthfull yeares (and lacke of him alone)
Had made hir once to chooſe out brittle glaſſe,
For perfect Gold: She dyd confeſſe (with mone)
That youthfully ſhe bytte a worthleſſe bone.
But that therein ſhe taſted deepe delight,
That ſayde ſhe not, nor I preſume to write.

She ſware (and that I beare full well in minde)
Howe Dyomede had neuer Troylus place,

She

Shé ſayd and ſware(how euer ſate the winde)
That Admirals dyd neuer know hir caſe,
She ſayd againe that neuer Noble Face,
Dyd pleaſe hir eye nor moued hir to change,
She ſayd hir minde was neuer geuen to range.

She ſayd and ſayd that Bracelettes were ybound,
To hold him faſt(but not to charme his thought)
She wyſht therewith that ſhe were dépely drownd,
In Ippocrace: if euer ſhe had ſought,
Or dronke,or ſmelt,or tane,or found,or bought,
Such Nectar droppes as ſhe with him had dronke,
(But this were true) ſhe wiſht hir ſoule were ſonke.

And to conclude, ſhe ſayde no printed rymes,
Could pleaſe hir ſo as his braue Triumphes dyd:
Why wander I:She cou'red all hir crimes,
With dépe diſceipt,and all hir guiles ſhe hyd,
With fained teares, and Bartholmew ſhe ryd.
With double gyrthes, ſhe byt and whyned both,
And made him loue where he had cauſe to loth.

These be the fruictes which grow on ſuch deſire,
These are the gaines ygot by ſuch an art,
To late commes be that ſékes to quenche the fire,
When flames poſſeſſe the houſe in euery part,
Who lyſt in peace to kéepe a quiet hart.
Flye loue betimes,for if he once oretake him,
Then ſeeld or neuer ſhall he well forſake him.

If once thou take him Tenaunt to thy breſt,
No wytte nor force can ſerue to plucke him thence,
No pylles can purge his humour lyke the reſt,
He bydes in bones,and there takes reſidence,
Againſt his blowes no bucklar makes defence.
And though(with paine) thou put him from thy houſe,
Yet lurkes hé ſtyll in corners lyke a Mouſe.

At euery hole he crépeth in by ſtelth,
And priuily he fédeth on thy crommes,
With ſpoiles vnſéene he waſteth all thy welth,
He playes boe pépe when any body commes,
And daſtardlik he ſéemes to dread the drommes,
Although in déede in Embushe he awaytes,
To take thé ſtragling yf thou paſſe his ſtraites.

So ſéemed now by Bartholmews ſucceſſe,
Who yelded ſone vnto this ſecond charge,
Accuſing ſtyll him ſelfe for his diſtreſſe,
And that he had ſo languiſhed at large,
Short worke to make:he had none other charge.
To beare lones blowes,but ſtyll to truſt hir tale,
And pardon craue becauſe he dread hir bale.

And thus he lyude contented ſtyll with craft,
Miſtruſting moſt , that gaue leaſt cauſe of doubt,
He fledde miſhappe and belde it by the haft,
He baniſht bale and bare it ſtyll about,
He let in lone and thought to hold him out.
He ſéemde to bathe in perfect bliſſe againe,
When(God he knowes)he ſoſtred priuie paine.

For as the Tré which croked growes by kinde,
(Although it be with propping vnderſet)
In tracke of time to croked courſe wyll twinde,
So could Ferenda neuer more forget,
The leaſe at large where ſhe hir ſtinges had ſet.
But rangde againe,and to hir byas fell,
Such chaunges chaunce where luſt(for loue) doth dwell.

And as it hapt(and God his wyll it was)
Dan Bartholmew perceyude it very plaine,
So that perforce he let his pleaſures paſſe,
And ſtraue no more againſt the ſtreame in vaine,

But therewithall he purchaſed ſuch paine,
As yet I thinke in minde thereof to muſe,
And maruaile more howe he the ſame could vſe.

His luſtleſſe limmes which wonted were to ſyt,
In quiet chaire, with pen and paper preſt,
Were armed nowe with helme and harneſſe fyt,
To ſeeke aduentures boldly with the beſt,
Hee went to warres that wont to liue in reſt.
And warres in deede he made withouten blowes,
For why his friendes were nowe become his foes.

Such was his hap to warre both night and daye,
To watche and warde at euery time and tyde,
Though foes were farre yet ſkowted he alwaye.
And when they came he muſt their brontes abide,
Who euer fled he would his head not hyde.
For ſure diſpayre his corpſe ſo cloſe had armed,
That by deathes darte he could no whit be harmed.

In his Enſigne theſe collours gan he chuſe,
Blacke, white, and greene, firſt blacke for mourning mone,
Then white for chaſte, becauſe he did refuſe,
(Thencefoorth) to thinke but euen of hir alone.
A bende of greene: for though his ioyes were gone,
Yet ſhould it ſeeme he hoped for a daye,
And in that bende his name he dyd diſplaye.

That ſelfe ſame name which in his will he wrote,
(You knowe my minde) when he was out of tune a,
When he ſubſcribde (which may not bee forgote)
Howe that his name was Fato Non Fortuna.
And as I geſſe becauſe his loue was Vna,
That played hir prancks according to hir kinde,
He wrote theſe wordes hir beſt excuſe to finde.

As who ſhould ſaye, lo deſtenies me driue,
And happe could not haue ouerthrowen me thus:

I conſtrew this becauſe I do beleeue,
That once againe he wyll bee amorous,
I fere it muche by him that dyed for vs,
And who ſo doubtes that cauſeles thus I faint.
Let him but reade the greene Knights heauy plaint.

Bartello he which writeth ryding tales,
Wringes in a Knight which clad was all in greene,
That ſighed ſore amidde his greeuous gales,
And was in hold as Bartholmew hath beene.
But (for a placke) it maye therein be ſeene,
That, that ſame Knight which there his griefes begonne,
Is Batts owne Fathers Siſters brothers Sonne.

Well ſince my borrell brayne is all to blont.
To giue a geſſe what ende this man ſhall haue.
And ſince he rageth not as he was wont.
Although ſometimes he ſeeme (alite) to craue,
Yet wyll I not his doinges ſo depraue,
As for to iudge (before I ſee his ende)
What harder happe his angrie ſtarres can ſende.

And therewithall my wearye muſe deſires,
To take her reſt: and pardon craues alſo,
That ſhee preſumde to bring hir ſelfe in bryers,
By penning thus this true report of wo:
With fillye grace theſe ſorye rimes maye go.
In ſuch a rancke as Bartholmew hath plaſt,
So that ſhee feares hir cunning is diſgraſt.

But take them yet in gree as they be ment,
And wayle with mee the loſſe of ſuch a man:
I coumpt him loſt becauſe I ſee him bent,
To yeld againe where firſt his greefe began,
And though I cannot write as others can.
Some mournefull verſe to moue you mone his fall,
Yet weepe (with me) you faythfull louers all.

Finis, quod Dixit & Dixit,

Lenuoye,

Lenuoye.

Syr Salamanke to thée this tale is tolde,
Peruse it well and call vnto thy minde,
The pleasaunt place where thou dydst first beholde
The rewfull rymes: remember how the VVinde
Dyd calmelye blowe: and made me leaue behinde,
Some leaues thereof: whiles I sate reading styll,
And thou then semdst to hearken with good wyll.

Beléeue me nowe, hadst thou not séemd to lyke
The wofull wordes of Bartholmews discourse,
They should haue lyen styll drowned in the dyke,
Lyke Sybylls leaues which flye with lytle force,
But for thou séemdst to take therein remorce.
I sought againe in corners of my brest,
To finde them out and place them with the rest.

Such skyll thou hast to make me (sole) beléeue,
My bables are as brauc as any bée,
Well since it is so, let it neuer gréeue
Thy friendly minde this worthlesse verse to sée
In print at last: for trust thou vnto mée,
Thine onely prayse dyd make me venture forth,
To set in shewe a thing so litle worth.

Thus vnto thee these leaues I recommend,
To reade, to raze, to view, and to correct,
Vouchsafe (my friend) therein for to amend
That is amisse, remember that our sect,
Is sure to bee with floutes alwayes infect.
And since most mockes wyll light vppon my muse,
Vouchsafe (my friend) hir faultes for to peruse.

Tam Marti quam Mercurio.

The fruites of Warre,
written vppon this Theame,
Dulce Bellum inexpertis, and it was written by peecemeale at sundrye tymes, as the Authour had vacaunt leysures from seruice, being begon at Delfe in Hollande, and dyrected to the ryght honourable the Lord Greye of VVylton as appeareth by the Epistle Dedicatory next following.

¶ To the Right honorable and mine especiall good Lorde, The Lorde Greye of VVylton.

MY Singular good Lorde: I am of opinion that long before this time your honour hath throughly perused the booke, which I prepared to bee sent vnto you somewhat before my comming hyther, and therewithall I doe lykewise coniectour that you haue founde therein iust cause to laugh at my follies forepassed. So that I am partly in doubte whether I were more ouerseene in my first deuising, or in my last dyrecting of the same? But as fantasticall humours are common imperfections in greene vnmellowed braines: So hope I yet that your good Lordshippe wyll rather winke at my weakenesse in generallitie, then reproue my rashnesse in perticularitie. And because I would bee glad, to drawe your Lordshippe into forgetfulnesse thereof, by freshe recorde of some more martiall matter, as also for that I would haue your Honour perceaue that in these lyngering broyles, I doe not altogeather passe ouer my time in ydlenesse: I haue therefore thought meete nowe to present you with this Pamphlete written by stelth at such times as we Loytered from seruice. And the sobiect thereof being warre, I could not more conueniently addresse the same vnto any Marshiall man, then vnto your good Lordshippe: VVhome I haue heard to be an vniuersall patrone of all Souldiours, and haue found to bee an exceeding fauourour of mee your vnworthy follower. The verse is roughe. And good reason, sithence it treateth of roughe matters, but if the sence be good then haue I hyt the marke which I shote at: Knowing that your Lordshippe can winne Honny out of the Thistle. And such as it is, I dyrect it vnto your Honour. Beseeching the same, to take it in gree, and to perceaue that I am and euer wyll continew.

Your Lordships most bounden and assured: *George Gascoigne.*

Dulce bellum inexpertis. Fol. cxiij.

TO write of Warre and wote not what it is,
Nor euer yet could march where War was made,
May well be thought a worke begonne amis,
A rash attempt, in worthlesse verse to wade,
To tell the triall, knowing not the trade:
Yet such a vaine euen nowe doth féede my Muse,
That in this theame I must some labor vse.

2 And herewithal I cannot but confesse,
Howe vnexpert I am in feates of warre:
For more than wryting doth the same expresse,
I may not boast of any cruell iarre,
Nor vaunt to sée full valiant facts from farre:
I haue nor bene in Turkie, Denmarke, Gréece,
Ne yet in Colch, to winne a Golden fléece.

3 But nathelesse I some what reade in writte,
Oh high exploits by Martiall men ydone,
And therevpon I haue presumed yet,
To take in hande this Poeme now begonne:
Wherin I meane to tell what race they ronne,
Who followe Drummes before they knowe the dubbe,
And bragge of Mars before they féele his clubbe.

4 Which talk to tell, let first with penne declare *à definito.*
What thing warre is, and wherof it procéeds,
What be the fruites that fall vnto their share
That gape for honor by those haughtie déeds,
What bloudie broyles in euery state it bréeds:
A weary worke vneths I shall it write,
Yet (as I may) I must the same endite.

5 The Poets olde in their fonde fables faine,
That mightie Mars is god of Warre and Strife,

These Astronomers thinke, where Mars doth raigne,
That all bebate and discorde must be rife,
Some thinke Bellona goddesse of that life:
So that some one, and some another iudge,
To be the cause of euery grœuous grudge.

Poetes & Astronomers definition.

6 Among the rest that Painter had some skill,
Which thus in armes did once set out the same,
A fielde of Geules, and on a Golden hill
A stately towne consumed all with flame,
On cheafe of Sable (taken from the dame)
A sucking babe (oh) borne to bide myschaunce,
Begoarde with bloud, and perced with a launce.

Painters description.

7 On high the Helme, I beare it well in minde,
The Wreath was Siluer poudred all with shot,
About the which (*goutté du sang*) did twinde
A roll of Sable, blacke and foule beblot,
The Creast two handes, which may not be forgot,
For in the Right a trenchand blade did stande,
And in the Left a firie burning brande.

8 Thus Poets, Painters, and Astronomers,
Haue giuen their gesse this subiect to define,
Yet are those thrœ, and with them trauellers,
Not best betrust among the Worthies nine,
Their wœrdes and workes are dœmed not diuine:
But why? God knowes (my matter not so marre,)
Unlesse it be bicause they faine to farre.

9 Well then, let sée what sayth the common voice,
These olde sayde sawes, of warre what can they say?
Who list to harken to their whispring noise,
May heare them talke and tattle day by day,
That Princes pryde is cause of warre alway:
Plentie brings pryde, pryde plea, plea pine, pine peace,

Common peoples opinion.

Peace

Peace plentie, and so (say they) they neuer cease.

10 And though it haue bene thought as true as stéele,
Which people prate, and preach aboue the rest,
Yet could I neuer any reason féele,
To thinke *Vox populi vox Dei est*,
As for my skill, I compt him but a beast,
Which trusteth truth to dwell in common spéeche,
Where euery lourden will become a lœch.

11 Then what is warre? define it right at last,
And let vs set all olde sayde sawes aside,
Let Poets lie, let Painters faigne as fast,
Astronomers let marke how starres do glide,
And let these Trauellers tell wonders wide:
But let vs tell by trustie proufe of truth,
What thing is warre which raiseth all this ruth.

12 And for my parte my fansie for to wright,
I say that warre is euen the scourge of God,
Tormenting such as dwell in princelie plight,
Yet not regarde the reaching of his rodde,
Whose dœdes and dueties often times are odde,
Who raunge at randon iesting at the iust,
As though they raignde to do euen what they lust.

The Authors definition.

13 Whome neyther plague can pull into remorse,
Nor dearth can drawe to mende that is amisse,
Within whose hearts no pitie findeth force,
Nor right can rule to iudge what reason is.
Whome sicknesse falueth not, nor bale brings blisse:
Yet can high Ioue by waste of bloudie warre,
Sende scholemaisters to teach them what they are.

14 Then since the case so plaine by proufe doth stande,
That warre is such, and such alwayes it was,

Howe chaunceth then that many take in hande
To ioy in warre, whiles greater pleasures passe?
Who compt the quiet Burgher but an Asse,
That liues at ease contented with his owne,
Whiles they seeke more and yet are ouerthrowne.

15 If Mars moue warre, as Starcœnners can tel,
And Poets eke in fables vse to faine,
Or if Bellona cause mennes heartes to swell
By deadly grudge, by rancor or dysdaine,
Then what delight may in that life remaine?
Where anger, wrath, teene, mischiefe and debate,
Do still vpholde the pillers of the State?

16 If Painters craft haue truly warre dysplayde,
Then is it worse(and badde it is at best)
Where townes destroyde, and fields with bloud berayde,
Yong children slaine, olde widdowes foule oppressed,
Maydes ravished, both men and wiues distrest:
Short tale to make, where sworde and cindring flame
Consume as much as earth and ayre may frame.

17 If pryde make warre(as common people prate)
Then is it good (no doubt) as good may bee,
For pryde is rote of euill in euerie state,
The sowrse of sinne, the very fiend his foe,
The head of Hell, the bough, the braunch, the tree,
From which do spring and sproute such fleshlie seedes,
As nothing else but moane and myschiefe breedes.

18 But if warre be(as I haue sayde before)
Gods scourge, which doth both Prince and people tame,
Then warne the wiser sorte by learned lore,
To flee from that which bringeth naught but blame,
And let men compt it griefe and not a game,
To feele the burden of Gods mightie hande,

When

When he concludes in iudgement for to stande.

19 Oh Prince be pleasde with thine owne diademe,
Confine thy countries with their common boundes, Prince.
Enlarge no lande, ne stretch thou not thy streame,
Penne vp thy pleasure in Repentance poundes,
Least thine owne sworde be cause of all thy woundes:
Claime nought by warre where title is not good,
It is Gods scourge, then Prince beware thy bloud.

20 Oh Dukes, oh Earls, oh Barons, Knights & squiers,
Keepe you content with that which is your owne, Nobilitie.
Let brauerie neuer bring you in his briers,
Seeke not to mowe where you no seede haue sowne,
Let not your neighbors house be ouerthrowne,
To make your garden straight, round, euen and square,
For that is warre, (Gods scourge) then Lordes beware.

21 Oh bishops, deacons, prelates, priests and all,
Striue not for tythes, for glebelande, nor for fees, Clergie.
For polling Peter pens, for popish Pall,
For proud pluralities, nor newe degrees,
And though you thinke it lubberlike to leese,
Yet shoulde you lende that one halfe of your cote:
Then Priests leaue warre, and learne to sing that note.

22 Oh lawlesse Lawyers, stoppe your too long nose, Lawyers.
Wherwith you smell your neeve neighbors lacke,
Which can pretende a title to suppose,
And in your rules vplandish loutes can racke,
Till you haue brought their wealth vnto the wracket
This is plaine warre, although you terme it strife,
Which God will scourge, then Lawyers leaue this life.

23 Oh Marchants make more conscience in an oth,
Sell not your Silkes by banger nor deceyte,

Marchants. Breake not your bankes with coine and credite bothe,
Heape not your boordes by wilinesse of weyght,
Set not to sale your subtilties by sleight,
Breede no debate by bargayning for hayes,
For God will skourge such guiles tenne thousand wayes.

Husbandmen. 24 Oh countrie clownes, your closes see you keepe,
With hedge, & ditche, & marke your meade with meares,
Let not dame flatterie in your bosome creepe,
To tell a fittone in your Landlordes eares,
And say the ground is his as playne appeares.
Where you but set the bounders forth to farre:
Plie you the plough and be no cause of warre.

Cõmunaltie. 25 Oh common people clayme nothing but right,
And ceasse to seeke that you haue neuer lost,
Striue not for trifles: make not all your might,
To put your neighbours purse to needelesse cost,
When your owne gilte is spent, then farewell frost:
The Lawyer gaynes, and leaues a Lordly lyse,
Whiles you leese all, and begge to stinte your stryse.

26 Knew Kings and Princes what a payne it were,
To winne mo realmes than any witte can welde,
To pine in hope, to fret as fast for feare,
To see their subiects murdred in the field,
To lose at last, and then themselues to yeld,
To breake sounde sleepe with carke and inward care,
They would loue peace, and bidde warre well to fare.

27 If noble men and gentle blodes yborne,
Wist what it were to haue a widdowes curse,
Knew they the skourge of God (which wrõgs doth skorne)
Who sees the powre still wronged to the worse,
Yet stayes reuenge till he it list disburse:
Wist they what were to catche Gods afterclappes,

Then would they not oppresse somuch perhappes.

28 These spirituall Pastors, nay these spitefull Popes,
Which ought to lende a lanterne to the rest,
Had they themselues but light to see the ropes,
And snares of Hell which for their feete are drest,
Bicause they pill and pole, bycause they wrest.
Bycause they conet more than borrell men,
(Harde be their hartes) yet would they tremble then.

29 Lawyers and Marchants put them both yfeare,
Could they foresee how fast theyr heyres lashe out,
If they in minde this old Prouerbe could beare.
De bonis malepartis vix (through out)
Gaudebit tertius hæres out of doubt,
They would percase more peace than plea procure,
Since goods ill got, so little time endure.

30 Whiles Pierce the Plowmã hopes to picke a thãke,
By mouing boundes (which got skarce graze his goose)
His Landlord lawes so long to winne that banke,
Till at the last the Ferme and all flies loose,
Then farewell Pierce the man prones but a mouse,
And seekes a cottage if he could one get.
So sayze he fight by mouing mischief yet,

31 If common people could foresee the fine,
Which lights at last by lashing out at lawe,
Then who best loues this question, Myne or Thyne,
Would neuer grease the greedy sergeants pawe,
But sit at home and learne this old sayde sawe,
Had I reuenged bene of euery harme,
My coate had neuer kept me halfe so warme.

32 But whether now? my wittes are went awrie,
I haue presumde to preache to long God wote,

Where mine empryse was well to teſtifie
How ſweet warre is to ſuch as knowe it not,
I haue but toucht their yll luck and their lot,
Which are the cauſe why ſtrife and warres begin,
Nought haue I ſayd of ſuch as erue therein.

33 And therwithal I termed haue all ſtrife,
All quarells, contecks, and all cruell iarres,
Oppreſſions, bryberies, and all greedy life,
To be (*in genere*) no bet than warres,
Wherby my theame is ſtretcht beyond the ſtarres,
And I am entred in a field ſo large,
As to much matter doth my Muſe ſurcharge.

34 But as the hawke which ſoareth in the ſkie,
And clymbes aloft for ſollace of hir wing,
The greater gate ſhe getteth vp on highe,
The truer ſtoupe ſhe makes at any thing:
So ſhall you ſee my Muſe by wandering,
Finde out at laſt the right and ready way,
And kepe it ſure though earſt it went aſtray.

35 My promiſſe was, and I recorde it ſo,
To write in verſe (God wot though lyttle worth)
What warre ſeemes ſweete to ſuch as lyttle knowe
What ſommes therby, what frutes it bringeth forth:
Who knowes none euil his minde no bad abhorth,
But ſuch as once haue fealt the ſcorching fire,
Will ſeldome (eſte) to play with flames deſire.

36 When warre is badde: and ſo it is in deede.
Yet are thoſe ſortes which therin take delight,
But who they be now herken and take heede,
For (as I may) I meane them names to wright,
The firſt highte Haughtie harte, a man of might,
The ſecond Greedy minde moſt men to call,

And Miſer (he the mome) cõmes laſt of all.

37 As for the firſt, thoſe ſparkes of mighty mode
Deſire of fame, diſdayne of ſolenneſſe,
And hope of honor, ſo inflame his bloud,
That he haunts warre to winne but worthineſſe,
His doughty deedes alwayes declare no leſſe:
For whyles moſt men for gaines or malice fight,
He gapes for glory ſetting lyfe but light.

Haughty harts.

38 O noble mind: alas and who could thinke,
So good a hart ſo hard a happe ſhould haue:
A ſweete perfume to fall into a ſinke,
A coſtly iewell in a ſwelling waue,
Is happe as harde as if in greedy graue,
The luſtieſt lyfe ſhould ſhrynked be perforce,
Before dyre deathe gyue ſentence of diuorce.

39 And ſuch I counte the happe of Haughty hart,
Which hunts (nought els) but honor for to get,
Where treaſon, malyce, ſickneſſe, ſore and ſmarte,
With many miſchieues moe his purpoſe let,
And he meane while (which might haue ſpent it bet)
But loſeth time, or doth the ſame miſpend,
Such guerdons gines the wicked warre at end.

40 I let aſide to tell the reſtleſſe toyle,
The mangled corps, the lamed limbes at laſt,
The ſhortned yeares by fret of feuers foyle,
The ſmootheſt ſkinne with ſkabbes and ſkarres diſgraſt,
The frolicke fauour frounſt and foule defaſt,
The broken ſlæpes, the dreadfull dreames, the woe,
Which wonne with warre and cannot from him goe.

41 I lift not write (for it becommes me not)
The ſecret wrath which God doth kindle oft,

To ſee the ſucklings put vnto the pot,
To heare their giltleſſe bloode ſend cries aloft,
And call for vengeance vnto him, but ſoft
The Souldiours they commit thoſe heynous actes,
Yet Kings and Captaynes anſwere for ſuch factes.

42 What need me now at large for to rehearſe,
The force of Fortune, when ſhe lift to frowne:
Why ſhould I heere diſplay in barreyne verſe,
How realmes are turned topſie turuie downe,
How Kings and Keyſars loſe both clayme and crowne:
Whoſe haughty harts to hent all honour haunte,
Till high miſhaps their doughtieſt dædes do daunte.

43 All theſe with mo my penne ſhall ouerpaſſe,
Since Haughty harte hath fixt his fantſie thus,
Let chaunce (ſayeth he) be fickell as it was,
Sit bonus (in re mala) Animus,
Nam omne ſolum viro fortiſus.
And fie (ſayeth he) for gods or filthie gaine,
I gape for glorie, all the reſt is vayne.

44 Vayne is the reſt, and that moſt vayne of all,
A ſmouldring ſmoke which flieth with euery winde,
A tickell treaſure, like a trendlyng ball,
A paſſing pleaſure mocking but the minde,
A fickle fæ as fanſie well can fraude.
A ſommers fruite whiche long can neuer laſt,
But ripeneth ſone, and rottes againe as faſt.

45 And tell me Haughty harte, confeſſe a truth,
What man was aye ſo faſe in Glories porte:
But traynes of treaſon (oh the more the ruth)
Could vndermine the Bul warkes of this ſorte,
And raze his ramparts downe in ſundrie ſorte:
Searche all thy bookes, and thou ſhalt finde therein,

That

That honour is more harde to holde than winne.

46 Aſke Iulius Cæſar if this tale be true,
The man that conquered all the world ſo wide, Cæſar.
Whoſe onely worde commaunded all the crue,
Of Romayne Knights at many a time and tide,
Whoſe pompe was thought ſo great it could not glide.
At laſt with bodkins dubd and doust to death,
And all his glorie baniſht with his breath.

47 Of malice more what ſhould I make diſcource,
Than thy foule fall proude Pompey by thy name,
Whoſe ſwelling harte enuying Cæſars force, Pompey.
Did boyle and burne in will and wicked flame,
By his downe fall thy fonder clyme to frame,
Till thine owne head bebathed with enmies teares,
Did enuie thy glorie with thy youthfull yeares.

48 Alas alas how many may we reade,
Whome ſickneſſe ſithe hath cut as greene as graſſe:
Whome colde in Campes hath chaungd as pale as leade:
Whoſe greace hath molt all caſked as it was,
With charges giuen, with ſkarmouching in chaſſe:
Some lamed with goute (ſone gotten in the field)
Some forſt by fluxe all glorie vp to yeld.

49 Of ſodayne fores, or clappes caught vnaware,
By ſworde, by ſhotte, by miſchief, or by mine,
What neede I more eramples to declare,
Then Montacute which died by doome deuine:
For when he had all France defayct, in fine, Montacute Earle of Sarisbury.
From lofty towre diſcouering of his fores,
A Cannons clappe did all his glorie loſe.

50 I had forgot (wherein I was to blame)
Of holde braue Bourbon ſomewhat for to ſay

That

Borbon.

That Haughty hart whome neuer Prince could tame,
Whome neyther towne could stoppe nor wall let way,
Nor king nor Keyser could his iorney stay:
His Epitaph downe set vpon his Tombe
Declares no lesse: I leaue it to your downe.

Borbons Epitaph.

Deuicto Gallo, Auctо Imperio, Pontifice obsesso, Italia superata,
Roma capta, Borbonij hoc marmor habet cineres.

51 Oh glorious title ringing out renowne,
Oh Epitaph of honor and high happe,
Who reades the same as it is there set downe,
Would thinke that Borbon sate in fortunes lappe,
And could not fall by chaunce or after clappe:
Yet he that wrote this rounding flattering verse,
Left out one thing which I must needes rehearse.

52 For when he had his king by warre foredone,
Enlarged the Empyre and besieged the Pope,
Tane Rome, and Italy had ouerronne,
Yet was he forst, alwayes from lawes to lope,
And trudge from triall so to scape the rope:
Yea more than that a banisht man he serued,
Least loued of them whose thanks he most deserued.

53 Lo lordings here a lesson for the nones,
Behold this glasse and see yourselues therein,
This Epitaph was writte for worthy ones,
For Haughty harts which honor hunt to winne.
Beware beware, what broyles you wo begin.
For smiling lucke hath oft times *Finem duram,*
And therefore thinke *posse victoria Curam.*

54 And yet if glory do your harts inflame,
Or hote desire a haughty name to haue,
Or if you thirst for high renowme or fame,

To blase such brute as time might not deprаue,
You lese the labour that you might well saue:
For many a prayse in that meane while you pass,
Which (bet than warre) might make your name to last.

55 As first (percase) you skipt Philosophie,
That noble skill which doth surmount the rest,
Wherto if you had tied your memorie,
Then bruntes of warre had neuer bruzde your brest,
Yet had our name bene blazde, and you bene blest:
Alike Aristotle if I speake amis, Aristotle.
Fewe Souldiers fame can greater be than his.

56 Next Rethorike, that honnie harmelesse arte,
Which conquers moe than warre can well subdue,
You past it by, and therfore lose your parte
Of glories great, which therunto are due,
And might by right your names for aye renue:
Such glory loe did Cicero attaine, Cicero.
Which longer lasts, than other glories vaine.

57 Of Physike speake for me king Auicen, Auicene.
Who more esteemde the meane to saue himselfe,
Than lessons leude of proude ambitious men,
Which make debate for mucke and worldly pelfe:
Yet was his glory neuer set on shelfe,
Nor neuer shal, whyles any worlde may stande,
Where men haue minde to take good bookes in hande.

58 What should I stretch into Astronomie?
Or maruels make of Musikes sugred sounde?
Or beate my braynes about Geometrie?
Or in Arithmetike of artes the grounde?
Since euermore it is and hath bene founde,
That who excels in any of the same,
Is sure to winne an euerlasting fame.

59 My meaning is no more but to declare,
That Haughtie hartes do ſpende their time in vaine,
Which followe warres, and bring themſelues in ſnare,
Of ſundrie ylls, and many a pinching paine,
Whiles if they liſt to occupie their braine,
In other feates with leſſer toile ygot,
They might haue fame when as they haue it not.

60 Well, Greedie minde is of another mode,
Greedy minde That man was framde out of ſome other molde,
He followes warres for wealth and worldlie good,
To fill his purſe with grotes and gliſtring golde,
He hopes to buie that Haughtie harte hath ſolde:
He is as hote as any man at ſpoile,
But at a breach he kæpeth no ſuch coyle.

61 Alas good Grædie minde, and canſt thou finde
No better trade, to fill thy boyſtrous baggs?
Is witte nowe wente ſo wandring from thy minde?
Are all thy points ſo voide of Reaſons taggs?
Well ſo mayſt thou come royſting home in raggs,
And loſe thy time as Haughtie harte doth eke,
Whiles like a dolt thou wealth in warre doſt ſeke.

62 O bleareyde fole, are both thine eyes beblaſt?
Canſt thou not ſæ? looke vp (what man?) God mend thæ,
Looke at theſe Lawyers howe they purchaſe faſt,
Marke wel theſe Marchants (better minde God ſend thæ)
Sæ howe the fates of ſilke that they woulde lende thæ,
And many mo ſo fine in faſhion ſtande,
Till at the laſt they pay for vnthriftes lande.

63 The Grazier gets by fæding fatte his neate,
The Clothier coynes by carding locks of woll,
The Butcher buildes by cutting out of meate,
The Tanners hydes do fill his budget full,

The Shæp maiſter his olde caſt croanes can cull,
The Shoomaker can ſhift by ſhaping ſhoes,
The Craftie bawde can liue by kæping ſtewes.

64 The gorgeous Goldeſmith getts the Diuell and all,
The Haberdaſher heapeth wealth by hattes,
The Barber liues by handling of his ball,
The Coupers houſe is hælde by hoping fattes,
The Roge rubbes out by poyſoning of Rattes,
The Chanell raker liueth by his fæ,
Yet compt I him more worthie prayſe than thæ.

65 To rake vp ryches euermore by wrong,
To multiplie by mouing of myſchiefe,
To liue by ſpoile which ſældome lacketh long,
To hoorde vp heapes whiles others lacke relicke,
To winne all wealth by playing of the thæfe,
Is not ſo good a gaine I dare auowe,
As his that liues by toyling at the plowe.

66 And yet the drudge that delueth in the grounde,
The poreſt peſant and the homelieſt hinde,
The meaneſt man that euer yet was founde,
To get a gaine by any trade or kinde,
Liues more at reſt and hath more eaſe of minde,
More ſure to winne, much leſſer dread to læſe,
Than any page that liues by Mars his fæs.

67 Me will I yet affray the doubtfull hartes
Of ſuch as ſæke for welth in warre to fal,
By thundring out the ſundrie ſodaine ſmartes
Which daily chaunce as fortune trilles the ball:
Suffiſeth this to proue my theame withall,
That euery bullet hath a lighting place,
Though Greedie minde forſeth not that diſgrace.

68 The myſt of More would haue, doth bleare his eyes,
So is he armde with auarice alway,
And as he couets more than may ſuffiſe,
So is he blinde and dazled day by day,
For whiles he ventures for a double pay,
He quite forgets the pay that payes for all,
Vil Leade(for Golde) do glut his greedie gal.

69 Yea though he gaine & cram his purſe with crounes,
And therewith ſcape the foemens force in fielde,
Ye nought foreſeeth what treaſons dwells in Townes,
Ne what miſhappes his yll got gods may yelde:
For ſo may chaunce(and ſeene it is not ſelde)
His owne companions can contriue a meane,
To cutte his throate and rinſe his budgets cleane.

70 But if he wiſt, or had the witte to knowe,
What dangers dwell, where might beares right adowne,
What inwarde griefes to quiet mindes may growe
By greedie thyrſt of ryches or renowne,
Where wrong of warre oft times erects the crowne,
Ye would perdie confeſſe among the reſt,
That *Dulce bellum inexpertis eſt.*

71 So that I ſay as earſt I ſayde before,
That euen as Haughtie harte doth hunt in vaine,
Which ſeekes to winne moſt honor euermore,
By haunting warres: ſo can I ſee no gaine,
(With calme content) to feede that others vaine:
Wherfore my worde is ſtill(I change it not)
That VVarre ſeemes ſweete to ſuch as raunge it not.

72 Well then, let ſee what reaſon or what rule
Miſer. Can Miſer moue, to march among the reſt:
I meane not Miſer he that ſterues his Mule
For lacke of meate: no that were but a teſt:

My Miſer is as braue (ſometimes) as beſt,
Where if he were a ſnudge to ſpare a groate,
Then Greedie minde and he might weare one coate.

73 But I by Miſer meane the very man,
Which is enforſt by chip of any chaunce,
To ſteppe aſide and wander nowe and than,
Till lowring lucke may pipe ſome other daunce,
And in meane while yet hopeth to aduaunce
His ſtayleſſe ſtate, by ſworde, by ſpeare, by ſhielde,
Such bulwarkes (loe) my Miſers braine doth builde.

74 The forlorne hope, which haue ſet vp their reſt
By rath expence, and knowe not howe to liue,
The buſie braine that medleth with the beſt,
And gets diſgrace his raſhneſſe to repraeue,
The man that ſlewe the wight that thought to theeue,
Such and ſuch moe which flee the Catchpols fiſt,
I compt them Miſers, though the Muſene it wiſt.

75 And yet forſooth theſe loue to liue in warre,
When (God he knowes) they wote not what it meanes,
Where if they ſawe how much deceyued they are,
Whiles they be brought into mine vncles beanes,
And hoppe in hazarde by their headie meanes:
Then woulde they learne and loue to liue at home,
Much rather yet than wide in warres to rome.

76 The vnthrift he that ſelles a rode of lande,
For Flemiſh ſtickes of Silkes and ſuch like wares, Vnthriftes.
Waenes yet at laſt to make a happie hande
By bloudie warre, and hopes to ſhredde ſuch ſhares,
In gods yll got to counteruaile his cares,
That he may once recouer his eſtate,
To royll againe in ſpite of Catchpolles pate.

77 The reſtleſſe tong that tattleth ſtill at large,
Will ſuſt correction cauſe it to be ſtill,
Praters. Is baniſht oft, and ſitts in Miſers barge,
To byde ſo the wandring of his will:
Yet when he heares a trumpet ſounding ſhrill,
He followes faſt, and to himſelfe he ſayes,
Nowe can I keepe me out of Catchpols wayes.

78 The bloudie murdrer and the craftie theefe,
Which haue by force or fraude done what offence,
Felons. To creepe in corners, oh they thinke it leefe,
Though Miſer there do pay for their expence:
But when they heare a pay proclaimde for pence,
Loe then they trudge, and gape to get ſuch wealth,
As may diſcharge their heads from hangmans health.

79 Of theſe three ſortes full many haue I ſeene,
Some hate the ſtreates, bicauſe the ſtones were hot,
Some ſhunde the Court (though they lovde our Queene)
Yet in the Counſellors wayes they ſtumbled not,
Some might not drinke of Juſtice Griffyns pot:
But all and ſome had rather fight with foes,
Than once to light within the lappes of thoſe.

80 As for the firſt what neede I much to wright?
Since now adayes the Sunne ſo hote doth ſhine,
That fewe yong blouds (vnleſſe it be by night)
Can byde the ſtreates: no, narrowe lanes be fine,
Where euery ſhade may ſerue them for a ſhrine:
But in Cheapſide the Sunne ſo ſcaldes the ſtrate,
That euery paving ſtone would parch their feete.

81 So of the ſeconde ſomwhat coulde I ſay,
Howe tattling tungs and buſie byting pennes,
Haue fledde from Court long ſithens many a day,
And bene full gladde to lurke in Miſers dennes,
Some

Some for their owne ſpeech, ſome for other mennes,
Some for their bookes bicauſe they wrote too much,
Yea ſome for rymes, but ſure I knowe none ſuch.

82 And for the thirde, I cannot blame them I,
If they at barre haue once beldē vp their hande,
And ſmelt the ſmoke which might haue made them frie,
Or learnde the leape out of their native lande,
Me thinke if then their cauſe be rightly ſcande,
That they ſhould more delight to follow drummes,
Than byde at home to come in hangmans thumbes.

83 But holla yet, and lay a ſtrawe thereby,
For whyles they ſcape for one offence or twaine,
They goe ſo long to ſchole with fellonie,
And learne ſuch leſſons in the Soldiers traine,
That all delayes are dalied but in vaine:
For commonly at their home come they pay,
The debt which hangman claimde earſt many a day.

84 Howe much were better then, with contrite harte
Firſt to repent, and then to make amendes:
And therwithall to learne by troubles ſmarte,
What ſweete repoſe the lawfull life vs lendes:
For when ſuch plagues the mightie God vs ſendes,
They come alwell to ſcourge offences paſt,
As eke to teach a better trade at laſt.

85 And eke howe much were better for the firſt,
To beare lowe ſayle, beginne the worlde anewe,
And ſtande content to mucker with the worſt,
Till God conuey them to ſome better crewe,
It better were to bydde all pryde adieu,
And ſtoupe betimes in hope to ryſe againe,
Than ſtill to ſtriue againſt the ſtreame in vaine.

86 So were more meete for mealy mouthed men.
And buſie medlers with their Princes mates,
Writers and rimers for to turne their penne
In humble ſtyle vnto the loftie ſtates,
And eke with tongue attending at their gates,
In lowly wiſe their fauour to beſeeche,
Than ſtill to ſtande in ſtoute and ſturdie ſpeech.

87 But mighty Mars hath many men in ſtore,
Which wayte alwayes to keepe his kingdome vp,
Of whome no one doth ſhewe his ſeruice more,
Than lingring Hope which ſtill doth beare his cuppe,
And flatteringly lendes euery man a ſuppe.
Which haunts his courte or in his progreſſe paſſe,
Hope brings the boll whereon they all muſt quaffe.

88 Th'ambitious Prince doth hope to conquer all,
The Dukes, Earles, Lords, & knights hope to be kings,
The Prelates hope to puſhe for Popiſh pall,
The Lawyers hope to purchaſe wonderous things,
Hopeis cup-bearer to war. The Marchaunts hope for no leſſe reckenings,
The peaſant hopes to get a Ferme at leaſt,
All men are gueſtes where Hope doth holde the feaſt.

89 Amongſt the reſt poore Miſer is ſo drie,
And thriſteth ſo to taſte of ſome good chaunge
That he in haſte to Hope runnes by and by.
And drinkes ſo deepe (although the taſte be ſtraunge,)
That madding mode doth make his wittes to raunge,
And he runnes on were Hope doth leade the way,
Moſt commonly (God knowes) to his decaye.

90 So that for companie he ſings the ſame,
Which Haughty harte and Greedy minde do ſing
Ye ſaieth that Bellum breedeth griefe of game:
And though at firſt it ſeeme a pleaſant thing

At laſt (ſayeth he) it ſtriketh with a ſting,
And leaues a ſkarre although the wound be heald,
Which giues diſgrace and cannot be conceald.

91 To proue this true how many in my dayes,
(And I for one) might be rehearced here,
Who after proofe of diuers wandring wayes,
Haue bene conſtreynd to ſit with ſorie cheere,
Cloſe in a corner fumbled vp for feare:
Till frō ſuch dennes, drummes dubbe hath calld thē forth,
To chaunge their chaunce for lottes (ofte) little worth.

92 But here (me thinks) I heare ſome carping tong,
That barkes apace and killes me with his crie,
One thinkes he ſayes that all this geare goeth wrong,
When workes of warre are wrotte by ſuch as I,
Me thinkes I heare him ſtill this text applie,
That euill may thoſe preſume to teache a trade,
Which nay themſelues in Schollers rome did wade.

93 And for bycauſe my ſelfe confeſſed haue,
That (more than might by witte expreſſed be)
I may not ſeeme aboue my ſkill to braue,
Since yet mine eyes the warres did neuer ſee:
Therefore (ſay ſome) how fonde a fole is he,
That takes in hande to write of worthy warre,
Which neuer yet hath come in any iarre?

94 No iarre (good ſir) yes yes and many iarres,
For though my penne of curteſie did putte,
A difference twixt broyles and bloudie warres,
Yet haue I ſhot at maiſter Bellumsbutte,
And throwen his ball although I touche no tutte:
I haue percaſe as deepely dealt the dole,
As he that hit the marke and gat the gole.

95 For I haue séene full many a *Flushyng* fraye,
And fléest in *Flaunders* eke among the rest,
The bragge of *Bruges*, where was I that daye?
Before the walles good sir as braue as best,
And though I marcht all armde withouten rest,
From *Aerdenburgh* and back againe that night,
Yet madde were he that would haue made me knight.

Flushyng frayes & fleesing of Flaunders.

96 So was I one forsooth that kept the towne,
Of *Aerdenburgh* (withouten any walles)
From all the force that could be dressed downe,
By Alba Duke for all his cries and calles,
A high exployte. Wée held the Flemings thralles,
Seuen dayes and more without or bragges or blowes,
For all that while we neuer herd of foes.

Aerdenburgh.

97 I was againe in trench before *Tergoes*,
(I dare not say in siege for bothe mine eares)
For looke as oft as euer Hell brake lose,
I meane as often as the Spainish peares,
Made salie foorth (I speake this to my pheares)
It was no more but which Cock for a groate,
Such troupes we were to kéepe them vp in coate.

Tergoes.

98 Yet surely this withouten bragge or boast,
Our English bloudes did there full many a déede,
Which may be Chronicled in euery coaste,
For bolde attempts, and well it was agréed,
That had their heades bene rulde by warie héede,
Some other feate had bene attempted then,
To shew their force like worthie English men.

99 Since that siege raysde I romed haue about,
In Zéeland, Holland, Waterland, and all,
By sea, by land, by ayre, and all throughout,
As leaping lottes, and chance did séeme to call,
Now here, now there, as fortune trilde the ball,
Where good * Guyllam of Nassau badde me be,
There néeded I none other guyde but he.

* The Prince of Orenge his name is Guillam of Nassau.

100 Percase

100 Percase sometimes S. Cyptians pilgrymage,
Did carie me a moneth (yea sometimes more)
To brake the Bowres, and racke them in a rage,
Bicause they had no better chéere in store,
Bæfe, Mutton, Capon, Plouer, Pigeons, Bore,
All this was naught, and for no Souldiours toothe,
Were these no iarres? (speake now Sir) yes forsoothe.

101 And by my troth to speake euen as it is,
Such prankes were playde by Souldiours dayly there,
And though my self did not therein amisse,
(As God he knowes and men can witnesse beare,)
Yet since I had a charge, I am not cleare,
For seldome climes that Captaine to renowne,
Whose Souldiours faults so plucke his honour downe.

102 Well let that passe I was in rolling trench,
At *Ramykins*, where little shotte was spent,
For gold and groates their matches still did quenche,
Which kept the Forte, and forth at last they went,
So pinde for hunger (almost tenne dayes pent)
That men could sée no wrincles in their faces,
Their pouder packt in caues and priuie places.

Ramykins.

103 Next that I serude by night and eke by daie,
By Sea, by lande, at euery time and tide,
Against * Mountdragon whiles he did assaie,
To lande his men along the salt sea side,
For well he wist that *Ramykins* went wide,
And therfore sought with victuall to supplie,
Poore *Myddleburgh* which then in suddes did lie.

* A Coronel of the kings side.

104 And there I sawe full many a bold attempt,
By sælie soules best exe cuted aye,
And brauest bragges (the foemens force to tempt)
Accomplished but coldely many a daye,
The Souldiour charge, the leader lope away,
The willing drumme a lustie marche to sounde,
Whiles ranke retyrers gaue their enimies ground.

105 Againe at Sea the ſouldiour forward ſtill,
When Mariners had little luſt to fight,
And whiles we ſtaie twixt fayntе and forward will.
Our enemies prepare themſelues to flight,
They hoyſte vp ſayle (o wearie worde to wrihgt)
They hoyſte vp ſaile that lacke both ſtreame and windes,
And we ſtand ſtill ſo forſt by frowarde mindes.

106 O victorie: (whome Haughty hartes do hunte)
O ſpoyle and praye (which grædy mindes deſire)
O golden heapes (for whom theſe Miſers wonte
To follow Hope which ſettes all hartes on fire)
O gayne, O golde, who luſt to you aſpyre,
And glorie eke, by bolde attempts to winne,
There was a day to take your priſoners in.

107 The ſhippes retyre with riches full yfraught,
The Souldiours marche (meane while) into the towne,
The tide ſkarce good, the winde ſtarke ſtaring naught,
The haſte ſo hoate that (eare they ſinke the ſowne)
They came on ground, and ſtrike all ſayles adowne:
While we (ay me) by backward ſaylers ledde,
Take vp the worſt when all the beſt are fledde.

108 Such triũphs chance where ſuch Lieutenãts rule,
Where will commaundes when ſkill is out of towne,
Where boldeſt bloudes are forced to recule,
By Simme the boteſwayne when he liſt to frowne,
Where Captaynes crouch, and fiſhers weare the Crowne.
Such happes which happen in ſuch hapleſſe warres,
Make me to tearme them broyles and beaſtly iarres.

109 And in theſe broyles (a beaſtly broyle to wryte,)
My Colonell, and I fell at debate,
So that I left both charge and office quite,
A Captaynes charge and eke a Martials ſtate,
Whereby

Whereby I proued (perhaps ough all to late)
How ſone they fall whiche leane to rotten bowes,
Such faith finde they, that truſt to ſome mens vowes.

110 My harte was high, I could not ſeeme to ſerue,
In regiment where no good rules remayne,
Where officers and ſuch as well deſerue,
Shall be abuſde by euery page and ſwayne,
Where diſcipline ſhall be but deemed vayne,
Where blockes are ſtridde by ſtumblers at a ſtrawe,
And where ſelfe will muſt ſtand for martiall lawe.

111 Theſe things (with mo) I could not ſeeme to beare,
And thereupon I cracke my ſtaffe in two,
Yet ſtayde I ſtill though out of pay I were,
And learne to liue as priuate Souldiours do,
I liued yet, by God and lacked tw:
Till at the laſt when *Beauois* fledde amayne,
Our campe remoũde to Streine (a) *the lande van Strayne.*

(a) An Iland ſo called which was fore ſpoyled by our countrymen.

112 When (b) *Beauois* fledde, *Mountdragon* came to towne,
And like a Souldiour *Myddelburgh* he kept,
But courage now was coldly come adowne,
On either ſide: and quietly they ſlept,
So that my ſelf from Zeland lightly lept,
With full entent to taſte our Engliſh ale,
Yet firſt I ment to tell the Prince my tale.

(b) A Colonel of the kings ſide whiche was gouernour of Middelburgh next before Mõũtdragon.

113 For though the warres wart colde in euery place,
And ſmall experience was there to be ſeene,
Yet thought I not to parte in ſuch diſgrace,
Although I longed much to ſee our Queene:
For he that once a hyred man hath bene,
Muſt take his Maiſters leaue before he goe,
Unleſſe he meane to make his freend his foe.

*A towne in Holland.

114 When went I ſtraight to *Delfe*, a pleaſant towne,
Vnto that Prince, whoſe paſſing vertues ſhine,
And vnto him I came on knées adowne,
Beſéeching that his excellence in fine,
Would graunt me leaue to ſée this countrey mine:
Not that I wearie was in warres to ſerue,
Nor that I lackt what ſo I did deſerue.

115 But for I found ſome contecke and debate,
In regiment where I was wont to rule,
And for I founde the ſtaie of their eſtate,
Was forced now in townes for to recule,
*Chriſtmas. I craued leaue no longer but till *Yewle*,
And promiſt then to come againe *Sans fayle*,
To ſpende my bloud where it might him anayle.

116 The noble Prince gaue graunt to my requeſt,
And made me paſſeporte ſigned with his ſeale,
But when I was with baggs and baggage preſt,
The Prince began to ring another peale,
And ſent for me, (deſiring for my weale)
That I would ſtay a day or two, to ſée,
What was the cauſe he ſent againe for mée.

117 My Colonell was nowe come to the Courte,
With whome the Prince had many things to treate,
And for he hoapte, in good and godlie ſorte,
Twéene him and me to worke a friendlie feate,
Ye like a gracious Prince his braines did beate,
To ſet accorde bet wéens vs if he might,
Such paynes he toke to bring the wrong to right.

118 O noble Prince, there are to fewe like thée,
If Vertue wake, ſhe watcheth in thy will,
If Juſtice liue, then ſurely thou art hée,
If Grace do growe, it groweth with thée ſtill,

O worthy

O worthy Prince would God had the ſkill,
To write thy worth that men thereby might ſée,
How much they erre that ſpeake amiſſe of thée.

119 The ſimple Sottes do coumpt thée ſimple tw,
Whoſe like for witte our age hath ſeldome bredde,
The rayling roges miſtruſt thou dareſt not do,
As Hector did for whom the Grecians fledde,
Although thou yet werte neuer ſéene to dredde,
The ſlandrous tongues do ſay thou drinkſt to much,
When God he knowes thy cuſtome is not ſuch.

120 But why do I in worthleſſe verſe deuiſe,
To write his prayſe that doth excell ſo farre:
Ye heard our gréues himſelf in gratious wiſe,
And mildly ment to ſoyne our angry iarre,
Ye ment to make that we beganne to marre:
But wicked wrath had ſome ſo farre enraged,
As by no meanes theyr malice could be aſwaged.

121 In this meane while the Spaintards came ſo nears
That *Delfe* was girte with ſiege on euery ſide,
And though men might take ſhippyng euery where,
And ſo be gone at any time or tide,
Yet truth to tell (I ſpeake it for no pryde)
I could not leaue that Prince in ſuch diſtreſſe,
Which cared for me and yet the cauſe much leſſe.

122 But ſée miſhappe how craftely it créepes,
Whiles fawning fortune ſheareth full in face,
My heauie harte within my bellie wéepes,
To recken here a droppe of darke diſgrace,
Which fell vpon my pleaſant plight apace,
And brought a packe of doubts and dumps to paſſe,
Whiles I with Prince in loue and fauour was.

123 A

123 A worthie dame whose prayse my penne shal write
(My sworde shall eke hir honour still defende)
A louing letter to me did endight,
And from the Campe the same to me did sende,
I meane from Campe where foes their force did bende:
She sent a brief vnto me by hir mayde,
Which at the gates of *Delfe* was stoutely stayde.

124 This letter tane, I was mistrusted much,
And thought a man that were not for to truste,
The frute of fansie. The Burghers streight began to beare me grutche,
And cast a snare to make my necke be trusk,
For when they had this letter well discust:
They sent it me by hir that brought it so,
To trie if I would kepe it close or no.

125 I redde the lines, and knowing whence they came,
My harmelesse harte began to pant apace,
Wel to be playne, I thought that neuer Dame,
Should make me deale in any doubtfull case,
Or do the thing might make me hide my face:
So that vnto the Prince I went forthwith,
And shewed to him of all this packe the pith.

126 The thing God knowes was of no great emport,
Some frendly lines the vertuous Lady wrote
To me hir frend: and for my safe passeporte,
The Campemaster Valdes his hand was gotte,
And seale therewith, that I might safely trotte,
The pleasauntest village (as I thinke) that is in Europe. Vnto the *Hagbe* a stately pleasaunt place,
Whereas remayned this worthy womans grace.

127 And here I set in open verse to showe,
The whole effect wherfore this work was wrought,
She had of mine (whereof few folkes did knowe)
A counterfayte, a thing to me deare bought,

Which

Which thing to haue I many time had sought
And when shee knew how much I did esteeme it
Shee vowde that none but I should thence redeeme it.

128 Lo here the cause of all this secrete sleight,
I sweare by loue that nothing els was ment,
The noble Prince (who sawe that no deceipt,
Was practised) gaue trust to mine entent:
And leaue to write from whence the same was sent,
But still the Bowgers (Burghers should I saye)
Encreast their doubtes and watcht me day by day.

129 At euery porte it was (forsoth) (a) belast, (a) forbidden.
That I (b) (*die groene Hopman*) might not go out, (b) the Greene captaine.
But when their foes came skirmishing full fast,
Then with the rest the Greene knight for them fought,
Then might he go without mistrust or doubt:
O drunken plompes, I playne without cause why,
For all cardes tolde there was no sole but I.

130 I was the sole to fight in your defence,
Which knew no frende, nor yet your selues full well,
Yet thus you see how pays proclaymde for pence,
Pulles needie soules in steade of heauen to hell,
And makes men hope to beare away the bell.
Whereas they hang in ropes that neuer rotte,
Yet warre seemes sweete to such as know it not.

131 Well thus I dwelt in *Delfe* a winters tyde,
In *Delfe* (I say) without one pennie pay:
My men and I did colde and hunger bide,
To shew our truth, and yet was neuer day,
Wherein the Spanyard came to make vs play,
But that the Greene knight was amongst the rest,
Like (c) Iohn Greyes birde that vented with the best. (c) a prouerbe.

At

132 At laſt the Prince to Zeland came himſelfe,
To hunger *Middleburgh*, or make it yéeld,
And I that neuer yet was ſet on ſhelf,
When any ſayld, or winde, or waues could wéeld,
Went after him to ſhew my ſelfe in field.
The ſelfe ſame man which earſt I vowed to be,
A truſtie man to ſuch a Prince as he.

133 The force of *Flaunders, Brabant, Geldres, Fryze, Henault, Artoys, Lyegeland,* and *Luxembrough,*
Were all ybent, to bring in new ſupplies
To *Myddleburgh*: and little all enough,
(a) proteſtants For why the (a) *Gaulx* would neyther bend nor bough.
But one of force muſt breake and come to nought,
(b) The Iland wherein Fluſhing doth ſtand. All (b) *Walkers* theirs, or *Fluſhyng* dearly bought.

134 There once agayne I ſerued vpon ſeas,
And for to tell the cauſe and how it fell,
It did one day the Prince (my chiefe tayne) pleaſe,
To aſke me thus: Gaſcoigne (quoth he) you dwell
Amongſt vs ſtill: and thereby ſéemeth well,
That to our ſide you beare a faithfull harte,
For elſe long ſince we ſhould haue ſéene you ſtarte.

135 But are (ſayde he) your Souldiours by your ſide?
O Prince (quoth I) full many dayes be paſt,
Since that my charge did with my Cronell glyde:
Yet byde I here, and meane to be with laſt:
And for full proofe that this is not a blaſt
Of glorious talke: I craue ſome fiſher boate,
To ſhew my force among this furious floate.

136 The Prince gan like my fayth and forward will, I
(c) Rigged vp and fully furniſhed. (c) Equyppt a Hoye and ſet hir vnder ſayle,
Wherein I ſerued according to my ſkill,
My minde was ſuch, my cunning could not quayle,
Withouten

Withouten bragge of thoſe that did aſſayle
The foemens fléete which came in good aray,
I put my ſelfe in formoſt ranke alway.

137 Three dayes wée fought, as long as water ſerued,
And came to anchor neyghbourlike yfére,
The Prince himſelfe to ſée who beſt deſerued,
Stoode euery day attending on the pére,
And might behold what barke went formoſt there:
Ill barte had he that would not fiercely fight,
When as his Prince is preſent ſtill in ſight.

138 At laſt our foes had tidings ouer lande,
That neare to (d) *Bergh* their fellowes went to wracke,
On (e) *Scheld* they mette by *Rymerſwaell* a bande
Of (f) *Edellbloets*, who put their force abacke,
(g) *Lewes de Boyzott* did put them there to ſacke,
And loſt an eye, bicauſe he would reſemble
(h) *Dan Iuliane*, whome (there) he made to tremble.

(d) a Towne.
(e) a Riuer.
(f) Luſty gallants.
(g) The admiral of Fluſhing.
(h) *Iulian de Romero.*

139 When this was knowen (i) *Sancio de Auila*,
Who had the charge of thoſe that fought with vs,
Went vp the (k) *Hont* and toke the ready way,
To *Anwerpe* towne: leauing in daunger thus,
Poore *Myddelburgh* which now wart doloʒous,
To ſée all hope of ſuccour ſhrinke away,
Whiles they lackt bread and had done many a day.

(i) The caſtellane of Anwerp.
(k) A Riuer.

140 And when *Mountdragon* might no more endure,
He came to talke and rendred all at laſt,
With whome I was within the Cittie ſure,
Before he went, and on his promiſſe paſt,
Such truſt I had to thinke his fayth was faſt:
I dinde, and ſupt, and laye within the towne,
A daye before he was from thence yborne.

141 Thus

141 Thus *Middleburgh*, *Armew*, and all the reſt,
Of *Walkers Ile* became the Princes pray,
Who gaue to me becauſe I was ſo preſt,
At ſuch a pinche, and on a diſmall day,
Three hundreth gilderns good aboue my pay.
And bad me bide till his abilitie,
Might better gwerdon my fidelitie.

142 I will not lie, theſe Gilderns pleaſd me well,
And much the more becauſe they came vncraued,
Though not vnneded as my fortune fell.
But yet thereby my credite ſtill was ſaued,
My ſkores were payde, and with the beſt I braued,
Till (lo) at laſt, an Engliſh newe reliefe,
Came ouer ſeas, and Cheſter was their chiefe.

143 Of theſe the Prince perſwaded me to take,
A band in charge with Coronels conſent,
At whoſe requeſts I there did vndertake,
To make mine enſigne once againe full bent,
And ſoth to ſay, it was my full entent,
To loſe the ſadle or the horſe to winne,
Such hapleſſe hope the Prince had brought me in.

Hope is the hervenger of miſhappe.

144 Souldiours behold and Captaynes marke it well,
How hope is harbenger of all miſhappe,
Some hope in honour for to beare the bell.
Some hope for gaine and venture many a clappe,
Some hope for truſt and light in treaſons lappe.
Hope leades the way our lodging to prepare,
Where high miſhap (ofte) kepes an Inne of care.

145 I hoapt to ſhew ſuch force againſt our foes,
That thoſe of *Delf* might ſee how true I was,
I hopt in deede for to be one of thoſe
Whome fame ſhould follow, where my feete ſhould paſſe,

I hoapt for gaynes and founde great loſſe alas:
I hoapt to winne a worthy Souldiours name,
And light on lucke which brought me ſtill to blame.

146 In *Valkenburgh* (a fort but newe begonne)
With others moe I was ordeynde to be,
And farre before the worke were half way done,
Our foes ſet forth our ſorie ſeate to ſee,
They came in time, but curſed time for mee,
They came before the courtine rayſed were,
One onely foote aboue the trenches there.

147 What ſhould we do, foure enſignes lately preſt,
Fiue hundreth men were all the bulke we bare,
Our enimies three thouſand at the leaſt,
And ſomuch more they might alwayes prepare:
But that moſt was, the truth for to declare,
We had no more of pouder, nor of pence,
Nor meate to eate, nor meane to make defence.

148 Here ſome may ſay that we were much to blame,
Which would preſume in ſuch a place to byde,
And not foreſee (how euer went the game)
Of meate and ſhotte our ſouldiours to prouide:
Who ſo do ſay haue reaſon on their ſide,
Yet proues it ſtill (though ours may be the blot)
That warre ſeemes ſweete to ſuch as know it not.

149 For had our forte bene fully fortified,
Two thouſand men had bene but few enow,
To man it once, and had the truth bene tried,
We could not ſee by any reaſon how,
The Prince could ſend vs any ſuccour now,
Which was conſtreynd in townes himſelf to ſhield,
And had no power to ſhew his force in field.

150 Here

150 Herewith we had [illegible] powder packt in ſtore,
Nor fleſh, nor fiſhe, in powdring tubbes vput,
Nor meale, nor malt, nor meane (what would you more?)
To get ſuch geare if once we ſhould be ſhut.
And God he knowes, the Engliſh Souldiours gut,
Muſt haue his fill of victualles once a day,
Or els he will but homely earne his pay.

151 To ſcuſe ourſelues, and Cozonell withall,
We did foretell the Prince of all theſe nædes,
Who promiſed alwayes to be our wall,
And badde vs truſt as truely as our crædes,
That all good wordes ſhould be performd with dædes,
And that before our foes could come ſo neare,
He would both ſend vs men and merrie cheare.

152 Yea Robyn Hoode, our foes came downe apace,
And firſt they chargde another Forte likewiſe,
Alphen I meane, which was a ſtronger place,
And yet to weake to kæpe in warlike wiſe:
* footemen. Fiue other bandes of Engliſh * Fanteries,
Were therein ſet for to defend the ſame,
And them they chargde for to beginne the game.

153 This Forte fro ours was diſtant ten good miles,
I meane ſuch myles as Engliſh meaſure makes,
Betweene vs both ſtode *Leyden* towne therewhiles,
Which euerie day with fayre wordes vndertakes,
To fæde vs fat and cramme vs vp with cakes:
It made vs hope it would ſupplie our næde,
For we (to it) two Bulwarkes were in dæde.

154 But when it came vnto the very pinche,
Leyden fare well, we might for *Leyden* ſterue,
I like him well that promiſeth an inche,
And payes an ell, but what may be deſerue

That

That flatters much and can no layth obſerue?
And old ſayd ſawe, that fayre wordes make fooles fayne,
Which prouerbe true we proued to our payne.

155 A conference among our ſelues we cald,
Of Officers and Captaynes all yfære,
For truth (to tell) the Souldiours were apald,
And when we aſkt, nowe mates what merie chære?
Their aunſwere was: it is no bidyng here.
So that perforce we muſt from thence be gone,
Unleſſe we ment to kæpe the place alone.

156 Herewith we thought that if in time we went,
Before all ſtreights were ſtopt and taken vp,
We might (perhaps) our enimies preuent,
And teach them eke to taſte of ſorowes cuppe:
At *Maeſland Sluyſe*, wæ hoped for to ſuppe,
A place whereas we might good ſeruice do,
To kæpe them out which tooke it after to.

157 Whiles thus we talke, a meſſenger behold,
From *Alphen* came, and told vs heauy newes,
Captaynes (quoth he) hereof you may be bolde,
Not one poore ſoule of all your fellowes crewes,
Can ſcape aliue, they haue no choyſe to chuſe:
They ſent me thus to bidde you ſhifte in time,
Els looke (like them) to ſticke in Spaniſh lime.

158 This tale once tolde, none other ſpæch prevayled,
But packe and trudge, al leyſure was to long,
To mende the marte, our watche (which neuer fayled)
Deſcried our foes which marched all along,
And towards vs began in haſt to throng,
So that before our laſte could paſſe the porte,
The foremoſt foes were now within the Forte.

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So that before our laſte could paſſe the porte,
The foremoſt foes were now within the Forte.

159 I promest once an[illegible] did performe it too,
To bide therein as long as any would,
What booted that? or what could Captaynes doo,
When common sorte would tarie for no gould?
To speake a troth, the good did what they could,
To kéepe the badde in rankes and good araye,
But labour lost to hold that will away.

160 It néedelesse were to tell what déedes were donne,
Nor who did best, nor who did worst that day,
Nor who made head, nor who began to runne,
Nor in retreate what chief was last alway,
But Souldiour like we helo our enimies play:
And euery Captayne straue to do his best,
To stay his owne and so to stay the rest.

161 In this retyre thrée English miles we trodde,
With face to foes and shot as thicke as hayle,
Of whose choyce men full fiftie soules and odde,
We layed on ground, this is withouten fayle,
Yet of our owne, we lost but thrée by tale:
Our foes themselues confest they bought full déere,
The hote pursute whiche they attempted there.

162 Thus came we late at last to *Leyden* walles,
Too late, too soone, and so may we well say,
For notwithstanding all our cries and calles,
They shut their gates and turnd their eares away:
In fine they did forsake vs euery way,
And badde vs shifte to saue ourselues apace,
For vnto them were fonde to trust for grace.

163 They neither gaue vs meate to féede vpon,
Nor drinke, nor powder, pickax, toole nor spade,
So might we sterue, like misers woe begone,
And fend our foes, with blowes of English blade,

For

For shotte was shronke, and slift could none be made:
Yea more than this, wée stoode in open fielde,
Without defense from shotte our selues to shielde.

164 This thus wel weyed, whē weary night was past,
And day gan péepe, wée heard the Spainish drommes,
Which stroke a marche about vs round to cast,
And forth withall their Ensignes quickly cōmes,
At sight whereof, our Souldiours bitte their thōmes:
For well they wist it was no boote to flie,
And biding there, there was no boote but die.

165 So that we sent a drumme to summone talke,
And came to *Parlee* middle way betwéene,
Monsieur de Licques, and *Mario* did walke,
From foemens side, and from our side were séene,
My self, that matche for *Mario* might bene:
And Captayne *Sheffeld* borne of noble race,
To matche *de Licques*, which there was chief in place.

166 Thus met we talkt, and stoode vpon our foes,
With great demaundes whome little might content,
We craued not onely frédome from our foes,
But shippyng eke with sayles and all full bent,
To come againe from whence we first were went:
I meane to come, into our English coast,
Which soyle was sure, and might content vs most.

167 An old sayde sawe, (and ofte séene) that whereas,
Thou comste to craue, and doubtst for to obtayne,
Iniquum pete (then) *vt æquum feras*,
This had I heard, and sure I was full fayne,
To proue what profite we thereby might gayne:
But at the last when time was stolen away,
We were full gladde to play another play.

168 We rendred then w'th safetie for our liues,
Our Ensignes splayed, and manyging our armes,
With surder fayth, that from all kinde of giues,
Our souldiours should remayne withouten harmes:
And sooth to say, these were no false allarmes,
For why: they were within twelue dayes discharged,
And sent away from pryson quite enlarged.

169 They were sent home, and we remayned still,
In pryson pent, but yet right gently vsed,
To take our liues, it was not *Licques* will,
(That noble blood, which neuer man abused.)
Nor euer yet was for his faith accused,
Would God I had the skill to write his prayse,
Which lent me comfort in my dolefull dayes.

170 We bode behind, foure moneths or little lesse,
But wherevpon that God he knowes not I,
Yet if I might be bolde to giue a gesse,
Then would I say it was for to espie,
What raunsome we would pay contentedly:
Or els to know how much we were esteemde,
In England here, and for what men ydeemde.

171 How so it were, at last we were dispatcht,
And home we came as children come from schoole,
As gladde, as fishe which were but lately catcht,
And straight againe were cast into the poole:
For by my fay I coumpt him but a foole,
Which would not rather poorely liue at large,
Than rest in pryson fedde with costly charge.

172 Now haue I tolde a tedious tale in rime,
Of my mishappes, and what ill lucke I had,
Yet some may say, that all to lowde I chime,
Since that in warres my fortune was not badde,

And

And many a man in pryson would be gladde,
To fare no worse, and lodge no worse than wee,
And eke at last to scape and go so free.

173 I must confesse that both we were well vsed,
And promise kept according to contract,
And that nor wee, nor Souldiours were abused,
No rigour shewed, nor louely dealing lackt:
I must confesse that we were neuer rackt,
Nor forst to do, nor speake agaynst our will,
And yet I coumpt it froward fortune still.

174 A truth it is (since warres are ledde by chaunce,
And none so stoute but that sometimes may fall,)
No man on earth his honour might aduaunce,
To render better (if he once were thrall)
Why who could wishe more comforte at his call,
Than for to yeeld with ensigne full displayde,
And all armes borne in warlike wise for ayde?

175 Or who could wishe dispatche with greater speede,
Than souldiours had which taried so few dayes?
Or who could wishe, more succour at his neede,
Than vsed was to them at all assayes?
Bread, meate, and drinke, yea wagons in their wayes,
To ease the sicke and hurte which could not go,
All tane in warres, are seldome vsed so.

176 Or who could wishe (to ease his captiue dayes)
More libertie than on his fayth to rest?
To eate and drinke at Barons borde alwayes,
To lie on downe, to banquet with the best,
To haue all things, at euery iust request,
To borowe coyne, when any seemde to lacke,
To haue his owne, away with him to packe?

177 All this and moze I muſt confeſſe we had,
God ſaue (ſay I) our noble Quæne therfoze,
Hinc illæ lachrymæ, there laye the padde,
Which made the ſtrawe ſuſpected be the moze,
Foz truſt me true, they coueted full foze,
To kæpe our Quæne and countrie faſt their friendes,
Till all their warres might growe to luckie endes.

178 But were that once to happy ende ybzought,
And all ſtray ſhæpe come home agayne to folde,
Then loke to doze: and thinke the cat is nought,
Although ſhe let the mouſe from out hir holde:
Beleue me now, me thinkes I dare be bolde,
To thinke that if they once were frændes againe,
We might ſone ſell, all frændſhip found in Spaine.

179 Well theſe are woꝛdes and farre beyõd my reach,
Yet by the way receyue them well in woꝛth,
And by the way, let neuer *Lieques* appeach
My rayling penne, foz thoughe my minde abhoꝛrth,
All Spainiſh pꝛankes: yet muſt I thunder foꝛth
His woꝛthy pꝛayſe, who held his fayth vnſtayned,
And euermoꝛe to vs a frænd remayned.

180 Why ſayed I then, that warre is full of woes?
Oꝛ ſoꝛꝛe of taſte, to them that knoꝛ it beſt:
Who ſo demaundes, I will my minde diſcloſe,
And then iudge you the burdens of my bꝛeſt:
Marke well my woꝛdes and you ſhall finde him bleſt,
That medleth leaſt with warres in any wiſe,
But quiet liues, and all debate deſpiſes.

181 Foꝛ though we did with truth and honour yæld,
Yet yælding is alwayes a great diſgrace,
And though we made a bꝛaue retyꝛe in field,
Yet who retyꝛes, doth alwayes yæld his place:

And

And though we neuer did our liues embaſe,
But were alwayes at Barons table feede,
Yet better were at home with Barlie bꝛeade.

182 I leaue to tell what loſſe we did ſuſtaine,
In pens, in pay, in wares, and ready wealth,
Since all ſuch traſh may gotten be againe,
Oꝛ walked well at home by pꝛiuie ſtelth:
Small loſſe hath he which all his liuing ſelth,
To ſaue his life, when other helpe is none,
Caſt vp the ſaddle when the hoꝛſe is gone.

183 But what I ſayde, I ſay and ſweare againe,
Foꝛ firſt we were in Hollande foꝛe ſuſpect,
The ſtates did thinke, that with ſome filthie gaine
The Spainiſh peeres vs Captaines had infect,
They thought we ment our enſignes to erect
In Kings behalfe: and eke the common ſoꝛte,
Thought pꝛiuy pay had made vs leaue our foꝛte.

184 Againe, the Kings men (onely Licques except,
And good * Verdugo) thought we were to well,
And that we were but playde with in reſpect,
When as their men in great diſtreſſe did dwell:
So that with hate their burning hartes did ſwell,
And bad hang vp oꝛ doꝛowne vs euerychone,
Theſe bones we had alway to byte vpon.

* A coꝛonell of the kings ſide.

185 This ſauſe we had vnto our coſtly fare,
And euery day we thꝛeatned were in dæde,
So that on both ſides we muſt byde the care,
And be miſtruſt of euery wicked dæde,
And be reuilde, and muſt our ſelues yet fæde
With lingring Hope, to get away at laſt,
That ſelfe ſame Hope whiche tyed vs there ſo faſt.

186 To make vp all, our owne men playde their parte,
And rang a peale to make vs more myſtruſt,
For when they ſhould away from vs departe,
And ſawe vs byde, they thought we ſtayed for luſt,
And ſent them ſo in ſecrete to be truſt:
They thought and ſayde, thus haue our Captaines ſolde
Vs ſilly ſoules, for groates and gliſtring golde.

187 Yea, when they were to England ſafely brought,
Yet talkte they ſtill euen as they did before:
For ſlaunderous tongues, if once they tattle ought,
With mickell payne will chaunge their wicked lore:
It hath bene proued full many dayes of yore,
That he which once in ſlander takes delight,
Will ſeldome frame his wordes to ſounde aright.

188 Straunge tale to tell, we that had ſet them free,
And ſet ourſelues on ſandes for their expence,
We that remayned in daunger of the tree,
When they were ſafe, we that were their defence,
With armes, with coſt, with deedes, with eloquence:
We that ſaued ſuch, as knew not where to flie,
Were now by them accuſde of trecherie.

189 Theſe fruits (I ſay) in wicked warres I founde,
Which make me wryte much more than elſe I would,
For loſſe of life, or dread of deadly wounde,
Shall neuer make me blame it though I could,
Since death doth dwell on euerie kinde of moulde
And who in warre hath caught a fatall clappe,
Might chaunce at home to haue no better happe.

190 So loſſe of goodes ſhall neuer trouble me,
Since God which gaue can take when pleaſeth him,
But loſſe of fame or ſlaundred ſo to be,
That makes my wittes to breake aboue their brimme,

And frettes my harte, and iarres me euery limme:
For Noble minds their honour more eſteeme,
Than worldly wights, or wealth, or life can deeme.

191 And yet in warres, ſuch graffes of grudge do growe,
Such lewdneſſe lurkes, ſuch malice makes miſchiefe,
Such enuie boyles, ſuch falſhood fire doth blowe,
That Bountie burnes, and truth is called thiefe,
And good deſertes are brought into ſuch briefe,
That Saunder ſnuffe which ſweares the matter out,
Brings oftentimes the nobleſt names in doubt.

192 Then whether I be one of Haughty harte,
Or Greedy minde, or Miſer in decay,
I ſayde and ſay that for mine owne poore parte,
I may confeſſe that Bellum euery way,
Is Sweete: but howe (beare well my wordes away)
Forſoth, to ſuch as neuer did it trie,
This is my Theame I cannot chaunge it I.

Peroratio.

193 O noble Quéene, whoſe high foreſight prouides,
That waſt of warre, your realmes doth not deſtroye, Prince,
But pleaſaunt peace, and quiet concord glydes,
In euery coaſt, to driue out darke anoye,
O dertuous dame, I ſay *Pardonez moy*,
That I preſume in worthieſt verſe to warne,
Thambitious Prince, his dueties to deſcerne.

194 Your ſkilfull minde (O Quéene without compare)
Can ſone conceyue that cauſe conſtraynes me ſo,
Since wicked warres haue breedde ſuch cruell care,
In Flaunders, Fraunce, in Spaine and many mo,
Which reape thereby none other worth but woe:
Whiles you (meane while) enioy the fruites of peace,
Still prayſing God, whoſe bountie neuer ceaſe.

195 If you (my liege) vouchſafe in grations wiſe,
To pardon that which paſſeth from my Muſe,
When care I not what other kings deuiſe,
In warres defenſe: nor though they me accuſe,
And ſay that I their bloudie dædes abuſe:
Your onely grace my ſoueraigne Lady be,
Let other kings thinke what they liſt of me.

196 And you my Lordes to whome I dueties owe,
And beare ſuch loue as beſt becommeth me,
Nobilitie. Firſt Earle of Bedford, whome I right well know,
To honour armes: and worthie VVarwyke he,
In whoſe good grace I couet ſore to be:
When Leyſter next, (Suſſex not ſet behinde)
And worthy Eſſex men of noble minde.

197 Yong Oxenford as toward as the beſt,
Northumberland, and Ormount worthy prayſe,
Lyncolne, Kildare, and VVorſter with the reſt
Of noble Earles, which hold your happy dayes
In high renowme, as men of warre alwayes:
With others mo to many to recite,
Vouchſafe my Lordes to pardone that I write.

198 M. VVilton Grey (to whome theſe rimes I wrote)
With all the Barons bold of Engliſh ſoyle,
I humbly craue that it may be forgotte,
Although my Muze haue ſeemde to keepe a coyle
With mighty men which put the weake to foyle:
I ment not you ſince, by your dædes appeares,
You rule with right, like wiſe and worthy peares.

199 Right reuerend, of Canterbury chiefe,
Pelacie. London, and Lincoln, Biſhoppes by your name,
Good Deane of Pawles (which lend a great reliefe,
To naked nede) and all the reſt of fame,

In paſtors place: with whom I were to blame,
If Neuynſone my maiſter were not plaſte,
Since by his helpe I learning firſt embrake.

200 Beare with my verſe, and thinke I ment not you,
Whereas I ſpake of pride in Prelacie,
But let it bide euen there where firſt it grew,
Till God vouchſafe to quench hipocriſie,
Which by pretence to puniſh hereſie,
Doth conquere realmes, and common concords breake,
You know my mind, I nede no playner ſpeake.

201 You gemmes of Juſtice, chiefe of either bench,
And he that kepes his Maieſties great ſeale,
Good Quenes attorney, he whoſe pitties quench
(I ſay ſometimes) the rigour of his zeale,
When miſerie, to mercy muſt apeale,
And Sergeant Louelace, many ways my friend,
As I haue found (yet let me there not end,)

Lawyers.

203 But hold my tale to Rugge and all the reſt
Of good Grayes Inne, where honeſt Yeluerton,
And I *Perſe* ſometimes yfere did reſt,
When amitie firſt in our breſts begonne,
Which ſhall endure as long as any Sunne
May ſhine on earth, or water ſwimme in Seas,
Let not my verſe your lawlike minds diſpleaſe,

203 For well wot you, our maſter Chriſt himſelfe,
Which had but twelue Apoſtles in his trayne,
Had Iudas yet, which ſolde for worldly pelfe
Our Sauiour: this text is true and playne:
And where ſo many Lawyers do remayne,
There may be ſome although that you be none,
Which breede debate and loue to caſt a bone.

204 In Chancerie I nẽ de no man ſuſpect,
Since conſcience, in that court beareth ſway,
Yet in the ſame I may no wayes neglect,
Nor worthy Powle, nor Cordell by the way,
Of whome that one, is of my kẽpe the keye,
That other once did lende me ſuch aduiſe,
As was both ſounde and good, had I bene wiſe.

205 Ye tolde me once, (I beare it well in minde,
And ſhall it nay forget whyles lyfe doth laſt)
That harde it is a noble name to finde,
In ſuch attempts as then in ſeruice paſt:
Beleue me now I founde his wordes no blaſt,
Wherfore I pray both him and his compẽre,
To beare with that which I haue written hẽre.

206 And as for Merchants, though I finde ſthe moſt
Hard harted men and compting cunningly,
Yet Albany ſhalt thinke I do not boaſt
In rayling wiſe: for ſure his curteſie,
Merchaunts. Conſtreynes me now to prayſe him worthely.
And gentle Rowe with Luntley make me ſay,
That many Merchaunts beare euen what they may.

207 But to conclude, I meane no more but thus,
In all eſtates ſome one may treade awrye,
And he that lift my verſes to diſcuſſe,
Shall ſee I ment no more, but modeſtly
To warne the wiſe, that they ſuch faults do flie
As put downe peace by couine or debate,
Since warre and ſtrife bryng wo to euery ſtate.

FINIS.

L'enuoie.

GO little Booke, God graunt thou none offende,
For ſo meant hẽ which ſought to ſet thee forth,
And when thou commeſt where Soldiers ſẽme to wend,
Submit thy ſelfe as writte but little worth:
Confeſſe withall, that thou haſt bene to bolde,
To ſpeake ſo plaine of Haughtie hartes in place,
And ſay that he which wrote thee coulde haue tolde
Full many a tale, of blouds that were not baſe:
Ye coulde haue writte Dan Dudleyes noble dẽdes,
Whoſe like hath ſince bene harde on earth to finde,
Although his Vertue ſhewes it ſelfe in Sẽdes,
Which treade his tracks, and come not farre behinde.
Ye might haue ſung of Grey the worthie prayſe,
Whoſe offſpring holdes the honor of his fire:
Ye coulde declare what VVallop was alwayes,
What Awdeley ſẽmde, what Randell did require.
Ye coulde ſay what deſertes in Drewrie be,
In Reade, in Bryckwell, and a meany moe:
But baſhfulneſſe did make him bluſh, leaſt he
Should but eclypſe their fames by ſinging ſo.
Suffiſeth this, that ſtill he honors thoſe
Which wade in warres to get a worthie name,
And leaſt eſtẽmes the grẽdie ſnudge, which goes
To gayne good golde, without reſpecte of fame.
And for the thirde ſorte, thoſe that in dyſtreſſe
Do driue their dayes, till drummes do drawe them out,
Ye countes him ſelfe to bẽ nor more nor leſſe,
But euen the ſame: for ſure without doubt,
If drummes once ſounde a luſtie martch in dẽde,
Then farewell bookes, for he will trudge with ſpẽde.

FINIS.

Tam Marti quàm Mercurio.

Corected, perfected, and finiſhed.

WHo ſoeuer is deſirous to reade this propoſicion more at large and cunningly handled, let him but peruſe the Prouerbe or adage it ſelf in the firſt Centurian of the fourth *Chyllyade* of that famouſe Clarke *Eraſmus Roterodamus*: the vvhiche is there alſo Entituled: *Dulce bellum inexpertis.*

HEARBES.

Tam Marti quàm Mercurio.

¶ In this diuiſion are conteyned:

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SVPPOSES:

A Comedie vvritten in the Italian tongue by Ariosto, Englished by George Gascoygne of Grayes Inne Esquire, and there presented. 1566.

The names of the Actors.

BAlia, the Nurse.
Polyneſta, the yong woman.
Cleander, the Doctor, suter to Polyneſta.
Pasyphilo, the Parasite.
Carion, the Doctors man.
Dulypo, fayned seruant and louer of Polyneſta.
Eroſtrato, fayned master and suter to Polyneſta.
Dalio & Crapyno } seruantes to fayned Eroſtrato.
Scenæſe, a gentleman stranger.
Paquetto & Petrucio } his seruantes.
Damon, father to Polineſta.
Neuola, and two other his seruants.
Pſyteria, an olde hag in his house.
Phylogano, a Scycilian gentleman, father to Eroſtrato.
Lytio, his seruant.
Ferrareſe, an Inkeeper of Ferrara.

The Comedie pzesented as it were in Ferrara.

The Prologue or argument.

I Suppoſe you are aſſembled here, ſuppoſing to reape the fruite of my trauayles: and to be playne, I meane preſently to preſente you vvith a Comedie called Suppoſes: the verye name vvherof may peradnenture drive into euery of your heades a ſundry Suppoſe, to ſuppoſe, the meaning of our ſuppoſes. Some percaſe vvill ſuppoſe vve meane to occupie your eares vvith ſophiſticall handling of ſubtill Suppoſitions. Some other vvil ſuppoſe vve go about to diſcipher vnto you ſome queint conceiptes, vvhich hitherto haue bene onely ſuppoſed as it vvere in shadovves: and ſome I ſee smyling as though they ſuppoſed vve vvould trouble you vvith the vaine ſuppoſe of ſome vvanton Suppoſe. But vnderſtand, this our Suppoſe is nothing elſe but a myſtaking or imagination of one thing for an other. For you ſhall ſee the maſter ſuppoſed for the ſeruant, the ſeruant for the maſter: the freeman for a ſlaue, and the bondſlaue for a freeman: the ſtranger for a vvell knovven friend, and the familiar for a ſtranger. But vvhat? I ſuppoſe that euen already you ſuppoſe me very fonde, that haue ſo ſimply diſcloſed vnto you the ſubtilties of theſe our Suppoſes: vvhere othervviſe in deede I ſuppoſe you ſhoulde haue hearde almoſte the laſte of our Suppoſes, before you coulde haue ſuppoſed anye of them arighte. Let this then ſuffiſe.

Actus primus. Scena 1.

BALIA, the Nurſe. POLYNESTA, the yong vvoman.

THere is no body, come forth Polyneſta, let vs loke about, to be ſure leaſt any man heare our talke: for I thinke within the houſe the tables, the plankes, the beds, the poſtais, yea and the cupbords them ſelues haue eares.

Pol. You might as well haue ſayde, the windowes and the doores: do you not ſee howe they harken?

Ba. Well you ieſt faire, but I would aduiſe you take heede, I haue bidden you a thouſande times beware: you will be ſpied one day talking with Dulippo.

Po. And why ſhould I not talke with Dulippo, as well as with any other, I pray you?

Ba. I haue giuen you a wherfore for this why many times: but go to, followe your owne aduiſe till you ouerwhelme vs all with ſoden miſhappe.

Po. A great miſhappe I promiſe you: marie Gods bleſſing on their heart that ſette ſuche a brouche on my cappe.

Ba. Well, loke well about you: a man would thinke it were inough for you ſecretly to reioyce, that by my helpe you haue paſſed ſo many pleaſant nightes togither: and yet by my trouth I do it more than halfe agaynſt my will, for I would rather you had ſetled your fanſie in ſome noble familie yea and it is no ſmall griefe vnto me, that (reiecting the ſuites of ſo many nobles and gentlemen) you haue choſen for your darling a poore ſeruaunt of your fathers, by whome ſhame and infamie is the beſt dower you can loke for to attayne.

Po. And I pray you whome may I thanke but gentle nourſe? that continually prayſing him, what for his perſonage, his curteſie, and aboue all, the extreme paſſions of

his minde, in fine you would neuer ceaſe till I accepted him, delighted in him, and at length deſired him with no leſſe affection, than he earſt deſired me.

Ba. I can not denie, but at the beginning I did recommende him vnto you (as in dede I may ſay that for my ſelfe I haue a pitiful heart) ſeeing the depth of his vnbridled affection, and that continually he neuer ceaſſed to fill mine eares with lamentable complaynts.

Po. May rather that he filled your purſſe with bribes and rewards, Nourſe.

Ba. Well you may iudge of Nourſe as you liſte. In dede I haue thought it alwayes a dede of charitie to helpe the miſerable yong men, whoſe tender youth conſumeth with the furious flames of loue. But be you ſure if I had thought you would haue paſſed to the termes you nowe ſtand in, pitie nor pencion, peny nor pater noſter ſhoulde euer haue made Nurſe once to open hir mouth in the cauſe.

Po. No of honeſtie, I pray you, who firſt brought him into my chamber? who firſt taught him the way to my bed but you? fie Nourſe fie, neuer ſpeake of it for ſhame, you will make me tell a wiſe tale anone.

Ba. And haue I theſe thanks for my good wil? why then I ſee wel I ſhall be counted the cauſe of all miſhappe.

Po. May rather the author of my good happe (gentle Nourſe) for I would thou kneweſt I loue not Dulipo, nor any of ſo meane eſtate, but haue beſtowed my loue more worthily than thou deemeſt: but I will ſay no more at this time.

Ba. Then I am glad you haue changed your minde yet.

Po. Nay I neither haue changed, nor will change it.

Ba. Then I vnderſtande you not, how ſayde you?

Po. Mary I ſay that I loue not Dulipo, nor any ſuche as he, and yet I neither haue changed nor wil change my minde.

Ba. I can not tell, you loue to lye with Dulipo very well,

well: this geare is Greeke to me: either it hangs not well togither, or I am very dull of vnderſtanding: ſpeake plaine I pray you.

Po. I can ſpeake no plainer, I haue ſworne to ỹ contrary.

Ba. Howe? make you ſo dayntie to tell it Nourſe, leaſt ſhe ſhoulde reueale it? you haue truſted me as farre as may be, (I may ſhewe to you) in things that touche your honor if they were knowne: and make you ſtrange to tell me this? I am ſure it is but a trifle in compariſon of thoſe things wherof heretofore you haue made me priuie.

Po. Well, it is of greater importance than you thinke Nourſe: yet would I tell it you vnder condition and promiſe that you ſhall not tell it agayne, nor giue any ſigne or token to be ſuſpected that you know it.

Ba. I promiſe you of my honeſtie, ſay on.

Po. Well heare you me then: this yong man whome you haue alwayes taken for Dulipo, is a noble borne *Sicilian*, his right name Eroſtrato, ſonne to Philogano, one of the worthieſt men in that countrey.

Ba. How Eroſtrato? is it not our neighbour, whiche?

Po. Holde thy talking nourſe, and harken to me, that I may explane the whole caſe vnto thee. The man whome to this day you haue ſuppoſed to be Dulipo, is (as I ſay) Eroſtrato, a gentleman that came from *Sicilia* to ſtudie in this Citie, & euen at his firſt arriuall met me in the ſtreet, fel enamored of me, & of ſuche vehement force were the paſſions he ſuffred, that immediatly he caſt aſide both long gowne and bookes, & determined on me only to apply his ſtudy. And to the end he might the more cõmodiouſly bothe ſee me and talke with me, he exchanged both name, habite, clothes and credite with his ſeruãt Dulipo (whom only he brought with him out of *Sicilia*) and ſo with the turning of a hand, of Eroſtrato a gentleman, he became Dulipo a ſeruing man, and ſone after ſought ſeruice of my father, and obteyned it.

The firſt ſuppoſe & grownd of all the ſuppoſes

Ba. Are you ſure of this?

 Po. Yes

Po. Yea out of doubt: on the other ſide Dulippo toke vppon him the name of Eroſtrato his maiſter, the habite, the credite, bookes, and all things needefull to a ſtudente, and in ſhorte ſpace profited very muche, and is nowe eſtéemed as you ſée.

Ba. Are there no other *Sicylians* héere: nor none that paſſe this way, which may diſcouer them?

Po. Very fewe that paſſe this way, and fewe or none that tarrie héere any time.

Ba. This hath béen a ſtraunge aduenture: but I pray you howe hang theſe thinges togither? that the ſtudente whome you ſay to be the ſeruant, and not the maiſter, is become an earneſt ſuter to you, and requireth you of your father in mariage?

Po. That is a pollicie deuiſed betwéene them, to put Doctor Dotipole out of conceite: the olde dotarde, he that ſo inſtantly dothe lye vpon my father for me. But loke where he comes, as God helpe me it is he, out vpon him, what a luſkie yonker is this? yet I had rather be a Nonne a thouſande times, than be combred with ſuche a Coyſtrell.

Ba. Daughter you haue reaſon, but let vs go in before he come any nérer.

Polyneſta goeth in, and Balya ſtayeth a little vvhyle after, ſpeaking a vvorde or tvvo to the doctor, and then departeth.

Scena. 2.

CLEANDER, Doctor. PASIPHILO, Paraſite. BALYA, Nourſe.

WEre theſe dames héere, or did mine eyes dazil?

Pa. May ſir héere were Polyneſta and hir nourſe.

Cle. Was my Polyneſta héere? alas I knewe hir not.

Ba. Ye muſte haue better eyeſight that ſhoulde marry your

your Polyneſta, or elſe he may chaunce to ouerſée the beſt poynt in his tables ſometimes.

Pa. Sir it is no maruell, the ayre is very miſtie to day: I my ſelfe knew hir better by hir apparell than by hir face.

Cle. In good ſayth and I thanke God I haue mine eye ſighte good and perfit, little worſe than when I was but twentie yeres olde.

Pa. How can it be otherwiſe? you are but yong.

Cle. I am fiftie yeres olde.

Pa. He telles ten leſſe than he is.

Cle. What ſayſt thou of ten leſſe?

Pa. I ſay I woulde haue thoughte you tenne leſſe, you loke like one of fiue and thirtie, or ſeuen and thirtie at the moſte.

Cle. I am no leſſe than I tell.

Pa. You are like inough to liue fiftie more: ſhewe me your hande.

Cle. Why is Paſiphilo a Chiromancer?

Pa. What is not Paſiphilo? I pray you ſhewe mée it a little.

Cle Here it is.

Pa. O how ſtraight and infrace is this line of life? you will liue to the yéres of Melchiſedech.

Cle. Thou wouldeſt ſay, Methuſalem.

Pa. Why is it not all one?

Cle. I perceiue you are no very good Bibler Paſiphilo.

Pa. Yes ſir an excellent good Bibbeler, ſpecially in a bottle: Oh what a mounte of Venus here is? but this lighte ſerueth not very well, I will beholde it an other day, when the ayre is clearer, and tell you ſomewhat, peraduenture to your contentation.

Cle. You ſhal do me great pleaſure: but tell me, I pray thée Paſiphilo, whome doſte thou thinke Polyneſta liketh better, Eroſtrato or me?

Pa. Why? you out of doubt: She is a gentlewoman of a noble minde, and maketh greater accompte of the reputation ſhe ſhall haue in marrying your worſhip, than that poore ſcholer, whoſe birthe and parentage God knoweth, and very fewe elſe.

Cle. Yet he taketh it vpon him bravely in this countrey.

Pa. Yea, where no man knoweth the contrarie: but let him braue it, boſt his birth, and do what he can, the vertue and knowledge that is within this body of yours, is worth more than all the countrey he came from.

Cle. It becommeth not a man to praiſe him ſelfe: but in dede I may ſay, (and ſay truely,) that my knowledge hath ſtode me in better ſteade at a pinche, than coulde all the goodes in the worlde. I came out of *Otrante* when the Turkes wonne it, and firſt I came to *Padua*, after hither, where by reading, counſailing, and pleading, within twentie yeares I haue gathered and gayned as good as ten thouſande Ducats.

Pa. Yea mary, this is the righte knowledge: Philoſophie, Poetrie, Logike, and all the reſt, are but pickling ſciences in compariſon to this.

Cle. But pickling in dede, whereof we haue a verſe:

The trade of Lavve doth fill the boyſtrous bagges,
They ſvvimme in ſilke, vvhen others royſt in ragges.

Pa. O excellent verſe, who made it? Virgil?

Cle. Virgil? tuſhe it is written in one of our gloſes.

Pa. Sure who ſoeuer wrote it, the morall is excellent, and worthy to be written in letters of golde. But to the purpoſe: I thinke you ſhall neuer recouer the wealth that you loſte at *Otranto*.

In other ſupoſe,

Cle. I thinke I haue dubled it, or rather made it foure times as muche: but in dede, I loſt mine only ſonne there, a childe of fiue yeres olde.

Pa. O great pitie.

Cle. Yea, I had rather haue loſt al the goods in ye world.

Pa. Alas

Pa. Alas, alas: by God and grafts of ſuche a ſtocke are very gayſon in theſe dayes.

Cle. I know not whether he were ſlayne, or the Turke toke him and kept him as a bond ſlaue.

Pa. Alas, I could weepe for compaſſion, but there is no remedy but patience, you ſhall get many by this yong damſell with the grace of God.

Cle. Yea, if I get hir.

Pa. Get hir? why doubt you of that?

Cle. Why? hir father holds me off with delayes, ſo that I muſt nedes doubt.

Pa. Content your ſelfe ſir, he is a wiſe man, and deſirous to place his Daughter well; he will not be too raſhe in his determination, he will thinke well of the matter: and lette him thinke, for the longer he thinketh, the more good of you ſhall he thinke: whoſe welth? whoſe vertue? whoſe ſkill? or whoſe eſtimation can be compare to yours in this Citie?

Cle. And haſt thou not tolde him that I would make his Daughter a dower of two thouſand Ducates?

Pa. Why, euen now, I came but from thence ſince.

Cle. What ſaid he?

Pa. Nothing, but that Eroſtrato had proffered the like.

Cle. Eroſtrato? how can he make any dower, and his father yet aliue?

Pa. Thinke you I did not tell him ſo? yes I warrãt you, I forgot nothing that may further your cauſe: & doubte you not, Eroſtrato ſhal neuer haue hir vnleſſe it be in a dreame.

Cle. Well gentle Paſiphilo, go thy wayes and tell Damon I require nothing but his daughter: I wil none of his goods: I ſhal enrich hir of mine owne: & if this dower of two thouſand Ducates ſeem not ſufficiẽt, I wil make it fiue hundreth more, yea a thouſand, or what ſo euer he wil demãd rather thẽ faile: go to Paſiphilo, ſhew thy ſelfe frẽdly in working this feate for me: ſpare for no coſt, ſince I haue gone thus farre, I wilbe loth to be out bidden. Go.

Pa. Where ſhall I come to you againe?
Cle. At my houſe.
Pa. When?
Cle. When thou wilte.
Pa. Shall I come at dinner time?
Cle. I would byd thee to dinner, but it is a Saincts euen which I haue euer faſted.
Pa. Faſte till thou famiſhe.
Cle. Harke.
Pa. He ſpeaketh of a dead mans faſte.
Cle. Thou heareſt me not.
Pa. Nor thou vnderſtandeſt me not.
Cle. I dare ſay thou art angrie I byd the not to dinner: but come if thou wilte, thou ſhalt take ſuch as thou findeſt.
Pa. What? thinke you I know not where to dine?
Cle. Yes Paſiphilo thou art not to ſeeke.
Pa. No be you ſure, there are enowe will pray me.
Cle. That I knowe well enough Paſiphilo, but thou canſt not be better welcome in any place than to me, I will tarrie for thee.
Pa. Well, ſince you will needes, I will come.
Cle. Diſpatche then, and bring no newes but good.
Pa. Better than my reward be by the rood.

Cleander exit, Paſiphilo reſtat.

Scena. iij.

PASIPHILO. DVLIPO.

O Miſerable couetous wretche, he findeth an excuſe by S. Nicolas faſt, becauſe I ſhould not dine with him, as though I ſhould dine at his owne diſhe: he maketh goodly feaſts I promiſe you, it is no wonder though hee thinke me bounde vnto him for my fare: for ouer and beſides that his proviſion is as ſkant as may be, yet there is great difference

rence betweene his diet and mine. I neuer ſo much as ſippe of the wine that he taſteth, I feede at the bordes ende with browne bread: Marie I reach always to his owne diſhe, for there are no more but that only on the table. Yet he thinks that for one ſuch dinner I am bound to do him al the ſeruice that I can, and thinks me ſufficiently rewarded for all my trauell, with one ſuche feſtiuall promotion. And yet peraduenture ſome men thinke I haue great gaines vnder him: but I may ſay and ſweare, that this doſen yeere I haue not gayned ſo muche in value as the points at my hoſe (whiche are but three with codpeece poynt and al): he thinkes that I may feede vpon his fauour and faire wordes: but if I could not otherwiſe prouide for one, Paſiphilo were in a wyſe caſe. Paſiphilo hath mo paſtures to paſſe in than one, I warrant you: I am of houſholde with this ſcholer Eroſtrato, (his riuale) as well as with Domine Cleander: nowe with the one, and then with the other, according as I ſee their Caters prouide good cheere at the market: and I finde the meanes ſo to handle the matter, that I am welcome to bothe. If the one ſee me talke with the other, I make him beleeue it is to harken newes in the furtherance of his cauſe: and thus I become a broker on bothe ſides. Well, lette them bothe apply the matter as well as they can, for in deede I will trauell for none of them bothe: yet will I ſeeme to worke wonders on eche hande. But is not this one of Damons ſeruants that commeth forth? it is: of him I ſhall vnderſtand where his maſter is. Whither goeth this ioyly gallant?

Du. I come to ſeeke ſome body that may accompany my Maſter at dinner, he is alone, and would fayne haue good company.

Pa. Seeke no further, you could neuer haue found one better than me.

Du. I haue no commiſſion to bring ſo many.

Pa. How many? I will come alone.

Du. How canſt thou com alone, that haſt continually a legion of rauening wolues within thee?

Pa. Thou doeſt (as ſeruants commonly doe) hate al that loue to viſite their maiſters.

Du. And why?

Pa. Becauſe they haue too many teth as you thinke.

Du. Nay becauſe they haue to many tongues. (you?

Pa. Tōgues? I pray you what did my tōgue euer hurt

Du. I ſpeake but merily with you Paſiphilo, goe in, my maiſter is ready to dine.

Pa. What? dineth he ſo earely?

Du. He that riſeth early, dineth early.

Pa. I would I were his man, maiſter doctor neuer dineth till noone, and how delicately then God knoweth. I will be bolde to goe in, for I count my ſelfe bidden.

Paſiphilo intrat. Dul. reſtat.

Du. You were beſt ſo.

Hard hap had I when I firſt began this vnfortunate enterpriſe: for I ſuppoſed the readieſt medicine to my miſerable affects had bene to change name, clothes, & credite with my ſeruant, & to place my ſelfe in Damons ſeruice: thinking that as ſhevering colde by glowing fire, thurſt by drinke, hunger by pleaſant repaſts, and a thouſande ſuche like paſſions finde remedie by their contraries, ſo my reſtleſſe deſire might haue founde quiet by continuall contemplation. But alas, I find that only loue is vnſaciable: for as the fire playeth with the flame till at laſt ſhe is cauſe of hir owne decay, ſo the louer that thinketh with killing and colling to content his vnbrideled apetite, is cōmonly ſene the only cauſe of his owne conſumption. Two yeres are nowe paſt ſince (vnder the colour of Damons ſeruice) I haue bene a ſworne ſeruant to Cupid: of whom I haue receiued as much fauour & grace as euer man founde in his ſeruice. I haue free libertie at al times to behold my deſired, to talke with hir, to embrace hir, yea (be it ſpoken in ſecrete) to lie with hir. I reape the fruites of my deſire: yet as my ioyes abounde, euen ſo my

my paines encreaſe. I fare like the couetous man, that hauing all the world at will, is neuer yet content: the more I haue, the more I deſire. Alas, what wretched eſtate haue I brought my ſelfe vnto, if in the ende of all my farre fetches, ſhe be giuen by hir father to this olde doting doctor, this buzard, this bribing villaine, that by ſo many meanes ſeketh to obtain hir at hir fathers hāds? I know ſhe loueth me beſt of all others, but what may that preuaile when perforce ſhe ſhalbe cōſtrained to marie another? Alas, the pleaſant taſt of my ſugred ioyes doth yet remaine ſo perfect in my remēbrance, that the leaſt ſoppe of ſorow ſeemeth more ſoure thā gal in my mouth. If I had neuer known delight, with better contentatiō might I haue paſſed theſe dreadful dolours. And if this olde Mumpſimus (whom the pockes conſume) ſhould win hir, then may I ſay, farewell the pleaſant talke, the kind embracings, yea farewel the ſight of my Polynéſta: for he like a ielouſe wretch will pen hir vp, that I thinke the birdes of the aire ſhall not winne the ſighte of hir. I hoped to haue caſte a blocke in his waie, by the meanes that my ſeruaunt (who is ſuppoſed to be Eroſtrato, and with my habite and credite is wel eſtēmed) ſhould proffer himſelf a ſuter, at the leaſt to counteruaile the doctors proffers. But my maiſter knowing the wealth of the one, and doubting the ſtate of the other, is determined to be fed no longer with faire wordes, but to accept the doctor, (whom he right well knoweth) for his ſonne in law. Wel, my ſeruant promiſed me yeſterday to deuiſe yet againe ſome newe conſpiracie to driue maiſter doctor out of conceite, and to laye a ſnare that the fore himſelfe might be caughte in: what it is, I knowe not, nor I ſaw him not ſince he went about it: I will goe ſee if he be within, that at leaſt if he helpe me not, he maye yet prolong my life for this once. But here commeth his lackie: ho Jack pack, where is Eroſtrato?

Here muſt Crapine be comming in with a basket and a ſticke in his hand.

Scena. iiij.

CRAPINO the Lackie. DVLIPO.

ERostrato? mary he is in his skinne.

Du. Ah horeson boy, I say, howe shall I finde Erostrato?

Cra. Finde him? howe meane you, by the wéke or by the yéere?

Du. You cracke halter, if I catche you by the eares, I shall make you answere me directly.

Cra. In déde?

Du. Tarry me a little.

Cra. In faith sir I haue no leisure.

Du. Shall we trie who can runne fastest?

Cra. Your legges be longer than mine, you should haue giuen me the aduauntage.

Du. Go to, tell me where is Erostrato?

Cra. I left him in the stréete, where he gaue me this Casket, (this basket I would haue sayde) and bad me beare it to Dalio, and returne to him at the Dukes Palace.

Du. If thou sée him, tell him I must nedes speake with him immediatly: or abide awhyle, I will go séeke him my selfe, rather than be suspected by going to his house.

Crapino departeth, and Dulipo also: after Dulipo commeth in agayne seeking Erostrato.

Finis Actus. i.

Actus. ij. Scena. j.

DVLIPO. EROSTRATO.

I Thinke if I had as many eyes as Argus, I coulde not haue sought a man more narrowly in euery stréete and euery by lane, there are not many Gentlemen, scholers, nor

nor Marchauntes in the Citie of *Ferara*, but I haue mette with them, excepte him: peraduenture hée is come home another way: but looke where he commeth at the last.

Ero. In good time haue I spied my good maister.

Du. For the loue of God call me Dulipo (not master,) maintayne the credite that thou haste hitherto kepte, and let me alone.

Ero. Yet sir let me sometimes do my duetie vnto you, especially where no body heareth.

Du. Yea, but so long the Parat vseth to crie knappe in sporte, that at the last she calleth hir maister knaue in earnest: so long you will vse to call me master, that at the last we shall be heard. What newes?

Ero. Good.

Du. In déde?

Ero. Yea excellent, we haue as good as won the wager.

Du. Oh, how happie were I if this were true?

Ero. Heare you me, yesternight in the euening I walked out, and founde Pasiphilo, and with small entreating I had him home to supper, where by suche meanes as I vsed, he became my great friend, and tolde me the whole order of our aduersaries determination: yea and what Damon doth intende to do also, and hath promised me that frō time to time, what he can espie he will bring me word of it.

Du. I can not tel whether you know him or no, he is not to trust vnto, a very flattering and a lying knaue.

Ero. I know him very well, he can not deceiue me: and this that he hath told me I know must nedes be true.

Du. And what was it in effect?

Ero. That Damon had purposed to giue his daughter in mariage to this doctor, vpō the dower that he hath profered. Another purpose.

Du. Are these your good newes? your excellent newes?

Ero. Stay a whyle, you will vnderstande me before you heare me.

Du. Well, say on.

Ero. I anſwered to that, I was ready to make hir the lyke dower.

Du. Well ſayde.

Ero. Abide, you heare not the worſt yet.

Du. O God, is there any worſſe behinde?

Ero. Worſſe? why what aſſurance coulde you ſuppoſe that I might make without ſome ſpeciall conſent from Philogano my father?

Du. May you can tell, you are better ſcholer than I.

Ero. In deede you haue loſt your time: for the bookes that you toſſe now a dayes, treate of ſmal ſcience.

Du. Leaue thy ieſting, and proceede.

Ero. I ſayd further, that I receyued letters lately from my father, whereby I vnderſtode that he woulde be here very ſhortly to perfourme all that I had profered: therefore I required him to requeſt Damon on my behalf, that he would ſtay his promiſe to the doctor for a fourtnight or more.

Du. This is somewhat yet, for by this meanes I ſhal be ſure to linger and liue in hope one fourtnight longer: but, at the fourthnights ende when Philogano commeth not, how ſhall I then do? yea and though he came, howe may I any way hope of his conſent, when he ſhall ſee, that to follow this amorous enterpriſe, I haue ſet aſide all ſtudie, all remembraunce of my duetie, and all dread of ſhame. Alas, alas, I may go hang my ſelfe.

Ero. Comforte your ſelfe man, and truſt in me: there is a ſalue for euery ſore, and doubt you not, to this miſchefe we ſhall finde a remedie.

Du. O friend reuiue me, that hitherto ſince I firſt attempted this matter haue bene continually dying.

Ero. Well harken a while then: this morning I ſoke my horſe and rode into the fieldes to ſolace my ſelf, and as I paſſed the forde beyonde S. Anthonies gate, I met at the foote of the hill a gentleman riding with two or three men: and as me thought by his habite and his lookes, he ſhould be none

none of the wiſeſt. He ſaluted me, and I him: I aſked him from whence he came, and whither he would: he anſwered that he had come from *Venice*, then from *Padua*, where he was going to *Ferrara*, and ſo to his countrey, for he is *Scienna*: As ſoone as I knewe him to be a *Scenese*, ſodenly lifting vp mine eyes, (as it were with an admiration) I ſayd vnto him, are you a *Scenese*, and come to *Ferrara*? why not, ſayde he: quoth I (, halfe and more with a trembling voyce), know you the daunger that ſhould enſue if you be knowne in *Ferrara* to be a *Scenese*? he more than halfe amazed, deſired me earneſtly to tell him what I ment.

Du. I vnderſtande not whereto this tendeth.

Ero. I beleeue you: but harken to me.

Du. Go to then.

Ero. I anſwered him in this ſorte: Gentleman, becauſe I haue heretofore founde very curteous entertaynement in your countrey, (being a ſtudent there,) I accompt my ſelf as it were bounde to a *Scenese*: and therefore if I knewe of any miſhappe towards any of that countrey, God forbid but I ſhould diſcloſe it: and I marueil that you knewe not of the iniurie that your countreymen offered this other day to the Embaſſadours of Counte Hercules.

Du. What tales he telleth me: what appertayne theſe to me?

Ero. If you will harken a whyle, you ſhall finde them no tales, but that they appertayne to you more than you thinke for.

Du. Forth.

Ero. I tolde him further, theſe Embaſſadoures of Counte Hercules had diuers Mules, Waggons, and Charettes, lade with diuers coſtly iewels, gorgeous furniture, & other things which they caried as preſents, (paſſing that way) to the king of *Naples*: the which were not only ſayd in *Scienne* by the officers whom you cal Cuſtomers, but ſerched, ranſacked, tolled & turned, & in the end eraced for tribute, as

if

if they had bene the gods of a meane marchaunt.

Du. Whither the diuell wil he? is it poſſible that this geare appertaine any thing to my cauſe? I finde neither head nor foote in it.

Ero. O how impaciẽt you are: I pray you ſtay a while.

Du. Go to yet a while then.

Ero. I proceeded, that vpon theſe cauſes the Duke ſent his Chauncelor to declare the caſe vnto the Senate there, of whome he had the moſte vncurteous anſwere that euer was heard: wherupon he was ſo enraged with all of that countrey, that for reuenge he had ſworne to ſpoyle as many of them as euer ſhould come to *Ferara*, and to ſende them home in their dublet and their hoſe.

Du. And I pray thee how couldeſt thou vpon the ſudden deuiſe or imagine ſuche a lye? and to what purpoſe?

Ero. You ſhall heare by and by a thing as fitte for our purpoſe, as any could haue happened.

Du. I would fayne heare you conclude.

Ero. You would fayne leape ouer the ſtile, before you come at the hedge: I woulde you had heard me, and ſeene the geſtures that I enforced to make him beleeue this.

Du. I beleeue you, for I knowe you can counterfet wel.

Ero. Farther I ſayde, the duke had charged vpon great penalties, that the Inholders and vitlers ſhoulde bring worde dayly of as many Scȩneſes as came to their houſes. The gentleman beeing (as I geſſed at the firſt) a mã of ſmal *ſapientia*, when he heard theſe newes, would haue turned his horſe an other way.

Du. By likelyhode he was not very wiſe when he would beleeue that of his countrey, which if it had bene true euery man muſt needes haue knowen it.

Ero. Why not? when he had not bene in his countrey for a moneth paſte, and I tolde him this had happied within theſe ſeuen dayes.

Du. Belike he was of ſmall experience.

Ero. I

Ero. I thinke, of as litle as may be: but beſte of all for our purpoſe, and good aduenture it was, that I mette with ſuch an one. Now harken I pray you.

Du. Make an ende I pray thee.

Ero. Ye, as I ſay, when he hard theſe woords, would haue turned the bridle: and I fayning a countenance as though I were ſomewhat penſiue and carefull for him, paused a while, & after with a great ſighe ſaide to him: Gentleman, for the curteſie that (as I ſaid) I haue found in your countrey, & bicauſe your affaires ſhall be the better diſpatched, I will finde the meanes to lodge you in my houſe, and you ſhal ſay to euery mã, that you are a *Sicilian* of *Cathanea*, your name Philogano, father to me that am in deede of that countrey and citie, called here Eroſtrato. And I (to pleaſure you) will (during your abode here) do you reuerence as you were my father.

Du. Out vpon me, what a groſſe hedded foole am I: now I perceiue whereto this tale tendeth.

Ero. Well, and how like you of it?

Du. Indifferently, but one thing I doubt.

Ero. What is that?

Du. Marie, that when he hath bene here two or three dayes, he ſhal heare of euery man that there is no ſuch thing betweene the Duke and the Towne of *Scȩne*.

Ero. As for that let me alone, I doe entertaine and will entertaine him ſo well, that within theſe two or three daies I will diſcloſe vnto him all the whole matter, and doubte not but to bring him in for performance of as muche as I haue promiſed to Damon: for what hurte can it be to him, when he ſhall binde a ſtrange name and not his owne?

Du. What, thinke you he will be entreated to ſtande bounde for a dower of two thouſand Ducates by the yeere?

Ero. Yea why not, (if it were ten thouſande) as long as he is not in deede the man that is bound?

Du. Well, if it be ſo, what ſhall we be the nerer to our purpoſe?

purpoſe?

Ero. Why? when we haue done as muche as we can, how can we doe any moze?

Du. And where haue you left him?

Ero. At the Inne, bicauſe of his hozſes: he and his men ſhall lie in my houſe.

Du. Why brought you him not with you?

Ero. I thought better to vſe your aduiſe firſt.

Du. Well, goe take him home, make him all the chére you can, ſpare foz no coſt, I will alowe it.

Ero. Content, loke where he commeth.

Du. Is this he? goe méete him, by my trouthe he lokes euen lyke a good ſoule, he that ſicheth foz him, might bée ſure to catche a cods heade: I will reſt here a while to diſcipher him.

Eroſtrato eſpieth the Sceneſe and goeth towards him: Dulipo ſtandeth aſide.

Scena. ij.

The SCENESE. PAQVETTO & PETRVCIO his ſeruãts. EROSTRATO.

HE that trauaileth in this wozlde palleth by many perilles.

An other ſuppoſe. Pa. You ſaye true ſir, if the boate had bene a little moze laden this mozning at the ferrie, wée had bene all dzowned, foz I thinke, there are none of vs that could haue ſwomme.

Sc. I ſpeake not of that.

Pa. O you meane the ſoule waye that we had ſince wée came from this *Padua*, I promiſe you, I was afraide twice oz thzice, that your mule would haue lien fall in the mire.

Sc. Jeſu, what a blockehead thou art, I ſpeake of the perill we are in preſently ſince we came into this citie.

Pa. A great peril I promiſe you, that we' ere no ſoner ariued

ariued, but you founde a frende that brought you from the Inne, and lodged you in his owne houſe.

Sc. Yea marie, God reward the gentle yong man that we mette, foz elſe we had bene in a wiſe caſe by this time. But haue done with theſe tales, and take you héede, & you alſo ſirra, take héede that none of you ſaie we be *Sceneſes*, and remember that you call me Philogano of *Cathanea*.

A doltiſh ſuppoſe.

Pa. Sure I ſhal neuer remember theſe outlãdiſh wozds, I could well remember *Haccanea*.

Sc. I ſay, *Cathanea*, and not *Haccanea*, with a vengeance.

Pa. Let another name it then when néede is, foz I ſhall neuer remember it.

Sc. Then holde thy peace, and take héede thou name not *Scene*.

Pa. Howe ſay you, if I faine my ſelfe dum as I did once in the houſe of Criſobolus?

Sc. Doe as thou thinkeſt beſt: but loke where commeth the gentleman whom we are ſo much bounde vnto.

Ero. Welcome, my deare father Philogano.

Sc. Gramercie my good ſonne Eroſtrato.

Ero. That is well ſaide, be mindefull of your toung, foz theſe *Ferareſes* be as craftie as the Deuill of hell.

Sc. No, no, be you ſure we will doe as you haue bidden vs.

Ero. Foz if you ſhould name *Scene* they would ſpoile you immediatly, and turne you out of the towne, with moze ſhame, than I woulde ſhoulde befall you foz a thouſande Crownes.

Sc. I warant you, I was giuing thē warning as I came to you, and I doubt not but they will take good héede.

Ero. Yea and truſt not the ſeruauntes of my houſholde to far, foz they are *Ferareſes* all, and neuer knew my father, noz came neuer in *Sicilia*: this is my houſe, will it pleaſe you to goe in? I will follow.

They goe in.

Dulipo

Dulipo tarieth and eſpieth the Doctor comming in with his man,

Scena. iij.

DVLIPO alone.

THis geare hath had no euill beginning, if it continue ſo and fall to happie ende. But is not this the ſilly Doctor with the ſide bonet, the doting fole, that dare preſume to become a ſuter to ſuch a perleſſe Paragone? O how couetouſneſſe doth blind the common ſort of men. Damon more deſirous of the dower, than mindfull of his gentle & gallant daughter, hath determined to make him his Sonne in law, who for his age may be his father in law: and hath greater reſpect to the abundance of goods, than to his owne naturall childe. He beareth well in minde to fill his owne purſe, but he litle remembreth that his daughters purſe ſhalbe continually emptie, vnleſſe Maiſter Doctour fill it with double ducke egges. Alas: I ieſt and haue no ioy, I will ſtand here aſide and laugh a litle at this lobcocke.

Dulippo eſpieth the Doctor and his man comming.

Scena. iiij.

CARION the doctors man. CLEANDER. DVLIPO.

MAiſter, what the Diuel meane you to goe ſeeke gueſtes at this time of the day? the Maiors officers haue dined ere this time, which are alway the laſt in the market.

Cle. I come to ſeeke Paſiphilo, to the ende he may dine with mee.

Ca. As though ſixe mouthes and the cat for the ſeuenth, bee not ſufficient to eate an harlotrie ſhotterell, a pennie worth of cheeſe, and halfe a ſcore ſpurlings: this is all the daintie you haue dreſſed for you and your familie.

Cle. Ah

Cle. Ah greedie gut, art thou afearde thou ſhalt want?

Ca. I am afearde in deede, it is not the firſt time I haue founde it ſo.

Du. Shall I make ſome ſporte with this gallant: what ſhall I ſay to him?

Cle. Thou arte afearde belike that he will eate thee and the reſt.

Ca. May, rather that he will eate your mule, both heare and hyde.

Cle. Heare and hyde: and why not fleſh and all?

Ca. Bicauſe ſhe hath none. If ſhe had any fleſh, I thinke you had eaten hir your ſelfe by this time.

Cle. She may thanke you then, for your good attendãce.

Ca. Nay ſhe may thanke you for your ſmall allowance.

Du. In faith now let me alone.

Cle. Holde thy peace drunken knaue, and eſpie me Paſiphilo.

Du. Since I can doe no better, I will ſet ſuch a ſtaunce betweene him and Paſiphilo, that all this towne ſhall not make them friendes.

Ca. Could you not haue ſent to ſeeke him, but you muſt come your ſelfe: ſurely you come for ſome other purpoſe, for if you would haue had Paſiphilo to dinner, I warant you he would haue taried here an houre ſince.

Cle. Holde thy peace, here is one of Damons ſeruaunts, of him I ſhall vnderſtand where he is: good fellow art not thou one of Damons ſeruaunts? In other ſuch poſe.

Du. Yes ſir, at your knamandement.

Cle. Gramercie, tell me then, hath Paſiphilo bene there this day or no?

Du. Yes ſir, and I thinke he be there ſtill, ah, ah, ah.

Cle. What laugheſt thou?

Du. At a thing, that euery man may not laugh at.

Cle. What?

Du. Talke, that Paſiphilo had with my maſter this day.

Cle. What talke I pray thée?

Du. I may not tell it.

Cle. Doth it concerne me?

Du. May I will ſay nothing.

Cle. Tell me.

Du. I can ſay no more.

Cle. I woulde but knowe if it concerne mée, I pray thée tell mée.

Du. I would tell you, if I were ſure you would not tell it againe.

Cle. Beleue me I will kepe it cloſe: Carion giue vs leaue a litle, goe aſide.

Du. If my maiſter ſhoulde know that it came by me, I were better die a thouſand deaths.

Cle. He ſhall neuer know it, ſay on.

Du. Yea, but what aſſurance ſhall I haue?

Cle. I lay thée my faith and honeſtie in pawne.

Du. A pretie pawne, the fulkers will not lend you a farthing on it.

Cle. Yea, but amongſt honeſt mẽ it is more worth than golde.

Du. Yea marie ſir, but where be they? but will you néedes haue me tell it vnto you?

Cle. Yea I pray thée if it any thing appertaine to me.

Du. Yes it is of you, and I would gladly tell it you, becauſe I would not haue ſuche a man of worſhip ſo ſcorned by a villaine ribaulde.

Cle. I pray thée tell me then.

Du. I will tell you ſo that you will ſweare neuer to tell it to Paſiphilo, to my maiſter, nor to any other bodie.

Ca. Surely it is ſome toye deuiſed to get ſome money of him.

Cle. I thinke I haue a booke here.

Ca. If he knew him as well as I, he woulde neuer goe aboute it, for he may as ſone get one of his téeth from his iawes

iawes with a paire of pinchers, as a pennie out of his purſe with ſuch a conceite.

Cle. Here is a letter will ſerue the turne: I ſweare to thée by the contents hereof neuer to diſcloſe it to any man.

Du. I will tell you, I am ſorie to ſée how Paſiphilo doth abuſe you, perſwading you that alwayes he laboureth for you, where in déede, he lieth on my maiſter continually, as it were with toth and naile for a ſtraunger, a ſcholer, borne in *Sicilia* they call him Roſcus or arſkille, he hathe a madde name I can neuer hit vpon it.

Cle. And thou reckneſt it as madly: is it not Eroſtrato?

Du. That ſame I ſhould neuer haue remembred it: and the villany ſpeaketh al the euill of you that can be deuiſed.

Cle. To whom?

Du. To my maiſter, yea and to Polyneſta hirſelfe ſometimes.

Cle. Is it poſſible, Ah ſlaue, and what ſaith he?

Du. More euill than I can imagine: that you are the miſerableſt and moſt nigardly man that euer was.

Cle. Sayeth Paſiphilo ſo by me?

Du. And that as often as he commeth to your houſe, he is like to die for hunger, you fare ſo well.

Cle. That the Deuill take him elſe.

Du. And that you are the teſtieſt man, & moſte diuers to pleaſe in the whole worlde, ſo that he cannot pleaſe you vnleſſe he ſhould euen kill himſelfe with continuall paine.

Cle. O deuiliſh tong.

Du. Furthermore, that you cough continually and ſpit, ſo that a dogge cannot abide it.

Cle. I neuer ſpitte nor coughe more than thus, vho, vho, and that but ſince I caughte this murre, but who is frée from it?

Du. You ſaye true ſir, yet further he ſayth, your arme holes ſtincke, your féete worſe than they, and your breathe worſt of all.

Cle. If I quite him not for this geare.

Du. And that you are burſten in the cods.

Cle. O villaine, he lieth, and if I were not in the ſtréete thou ſhouldeſt ſée them.

Du. And he ſaith, that you deſire this yong gentlewoman, as much for other mens pleaſure as for your owne.

Cle. What meaneth he by that?

Du. Peraduenture that by hir beautie, you woulde entice many yong men to your houſe.

Cle. Yong men? to what purpoſe?

Du. Nay, geſſe you that.

Cle. Is it poſſible that Paſiphilo ſpeaketh thus of me?

Du. Yea, and much more.

Cle. And doth Damon beléeue him?

Du. Yea, more than you would thinke: in ſuch ſort, that long ere this, he woulde haue giuen you a flat repulſe, but Paſiphilo intreated him to continue you a ſuter for his aduantage.

Cle. How for his aduantage?

Du. Marie, that during your ſute he might ſtill haue ſome reward for his great paines.

Cle. He ſhall haue a rope, and yet that is more than he deſerueth: I had thought to haue giuen him theſe hoſe when I had worne them a litle nearer, but he ſhall haue a.&c.

Du. In good faith ſir, they were but loſte on him. Will you any thing elſe with me ſir?

Cle. Nay, I haue beard to much of thée already.

Du. Then I will take my leaue of you.

Cle. Farewell, but tell me, may I not know thy name?

Du. Sir, they call me Foule fall you.

Cle. An ill fauored name by my trouthe: arte thou this countrey man?

Du. No ſir, I was borne by a caſtle mē cal Scabbe, cateb you: fare you well ſir.

Cle. Farewel. Oh God how haue I bene abuſed: what a ſpokeſ-

ſpokeſman? what a meſſanger had I prouided?

Car. Why ſir, will you tarie for Paſiphilo till we die for hunger?

Cle. Trouble me not, that the Deuill take you both.

Car. Theſe newes what ſo euer they be, like him not.

Cle. Art thou ſo hungrie yet? I pray to God thou be neuer ſatiſfied.

Car. By the maſſe no more I ſhal as long as I am your ſeruaunt.

Cle. Goe with miſchaunce.

Car. Yea, and a miſchiefe to you, and to al ſuch couetous wretches.

Finis Actus. 2.

Actus. iij. Scena. j.

DALIO the cooke. CRAPINE the lackie. EROSTRATO, DVLIPO.

By that time we come to the houſe, I truſte that of theſe xx. egges in the baſket we ſhall find but very few whole. But it is a folly to talke to him. What the deuill, wilt thou neuer lay that ſticke out of thy hande? he fighteth with the dogges, beateth the beares, at euery thing in the ſtreate he findeth occaſion to tarie: if he ſpie a ſlipſtring by the waye ſuch another as himſelf, a Page, a Lackie or a dwarfe, the deuill of hell cannot holde him in chaynes, but he will be doing with him: I cannot goe two ſteppes, but I muſte looke backe for my yonker: goe to halter ſicke, if you breake one egge I may chance breake, &c.

Cra. What will you breake? your noſe in mine &c?

Da. Ah beaſt.

Cra. If I be a beaſt, yet I am no horned beaſt.

Da. Is it euen ſo? is the winde in that doore? If I were vnloden I would tel you whether I be a horned beaſt or no.

Cra. You are alway lauen either with wine or with ale.

Dal. Ah ſpitefull boy, ſhall I ſuffer him?

Cra. Ah cowardely beaſt, dareſt thou ſtrike and ſay neuer a worde?

Dal. Well, my maiſter ſhall know of this geare, either he ſhall redreſſe it, or he ſhall loſe one of vs.

Eroſtra. & Du. ex improuiſo.

Cra. Tel him the worſt thou canſt by me.

Ero. What noiſe, what a rule is this? (ſwearing.

Cra. Marie ſir, he ſtriketh me bicauſe I tell him of his

Dal. The villaine lieth deadly, he reuiles me bicauſe I bid him make haſt.

Ero. Holla: no more of this. Dalio, doe you make in a readineſſe thoſe Pigeons, ſtock Doues, and alſo the breaſt of Veale: and let your veſſell be as cleare as glaſſe againſt I returne, that I may tell you which I will haue roaſted, & which boyled. Crapine, lay downe that baſket and followe me. Oh that I coulde tell where to finde Paſiphilo, but loke where he commeth that can tell me of him.

Dulipo is eſpied by Eroſtrato.

Dul. What haue you done with Philogano your father?

Ero. I haue left him within, I would faine ſpeake with Paſiphilo, can you tell me where he is?

Du. He dined this day with my maiſter, but whether he went from thence I know not, what would you with him?

Ero. I woulde haue him goe tell Damon that Philogano my father is come and ready to make aſſurance of as much as he wil require. Now ſhall I teach maiſter doctor a ſchole point, he trauaileth to none other end but to catche *Cornua*, and he ſhall haue them, for as old as he is, and as many ſubtilties as he hath learned in the law, he can not goe beyond me one ace.

Du. Deere friend, goe thy wayes ſeeke Paſiphilo, finde him out, and conclude ſomewhat to our contentation.

Ero. But where ſhall I finde him?

Du. At the feaſts if there be any, or elſe in the market with the poulters or the fiſhmongers.

Ero. What

Ero. What ſhould he doe with them?

Du. Mary he watcheth whoſe Caters bie the beſt meat. If any bie a fat Capon, a good breaſt of Veale, freſh Samon or any ſuche good diſhe, he followeth to the houſe, and either with ſome newes, or ſome ſtale teſt he will be ſure to make himſelfe a geaſt.

Ero. In faith, and I will ſeeke there for him.

Du. Then muſte you needes finde him, and when you haue done I will make you laughe.

Ero. Whereat?

Du. At certaine ſport I made to day with maiſter doctor.

Ero. And why not now?

Du. No it aſketh further leyſure, I pray thee diſpatche, and finde out Paſiphilo that honeſt man.

Dulipo tarieth. Eroſtrato goeth out.

Scena. ij.

DVLIPO alone.

THis amorous cauſe that hãgeth in cõtrouerſie betwene Domine doctor & me, may be compared to the that play at primero: of whõ ſome one peraduẽture ſhal leeſe a great ſum of money before he win one ſtake, & at laſt halſe in anger ſhal ſet vp his reſt: win it: & after that another, another, & another, till at laſt he draw the moſt part of the money to his heape: ỹ other by litle & litle ſtil diminiſhing his reſt, til at laſt he be come as neere the brinke, as earſt ỹ other was: yet again peraduẽture fortune ſmiling on him, he ſhal as it were by peece meale, pull out the guts of his fellows bags, & bring him barer than he himſelfe was tofore, & ſo in play continue ſtil, (fortune fauoring now this way now ỹ way) til at laſt the one of thẽ is left with as many croſſes as God hath bleſſed men. O how often haue I thoughte my ſelfe ſure of the vpper hande herein? but I triumphed before the victorie. And then how ofte againe haue I thoughte the fielde loſte? Thus haue I beene toſſed nowe ouer, nowe vnder,

euen as fortune liſt to whirle the whéele, neither ſure to winne nor certayne to loſe the wager. And this practiſe that nowe my ſeruaunte hath deuiſed, although hitherto it hath not ſucceéded amiſſe, yet can I not count my ſelfe aſſured of it: for I feare ſtill that one miſchance or other wyll come and turne it topſie turuie. But loke where my mayſter commeth.

Damon comming in, eſpieth Dulipo and calleth him.

Scena. iij.

DAMON. DVLIPO. NEVOLA, and two mo ſeruants.

DVlipo.

Du. Here ſir.

Da. Go in and bid Neuola and his fellowes come hither that I may tell them what they ſhall goe about, and go you into my ſtudie: there vpon the ſhelfe you ſhall find a roule of writings which John of the Deane made to my Father, when he ſolde him the Grange ferme, endorced with bothe their names: bring it hither to me.

Du. It ſhall be done ſir.

Da. Go, I wil prepare other maner of writings for you thã you are aware of. O fooles that truſt any mã but themſelues now adaies: oh ſpiteful fortune, thou doeſt me wrong I thinke, that from the depth of Hell pitte thou haſte ſente mée this ſeruaunt to be the ſubuerſion of me and all mine. Come hither ſirs, and heare what I ſhal ſay vnto you: go in to my ſtudie, where you ſhall finde Dulipo, ſtep to him all at once, take him and (with a corde that I haue laide on the table for the nonce) bind him hande and foote, carie him into the dungeon vnder the ſtayres, make faſte the doore & bring me the key, it hangeth by vpon a pin on the wall. Diſpatche and doe this geare as priuily as you can: and thou Neuola come hither to me againe with ſpéede.

(The ſeruants come in.)

Ne. Well

Ne. Well I ſhall.

Da. Alas how ſhall I be reuenged of this extreme deſpite? if I puniſhe my ſeruant according to his diueliſhe deſerts, I ſhall heape further cares vpon mine owne head: for to ſuche deteſtable offences no puniſhment can ſéeme ſufficient, but onely death, and in ſuch caſes it is not lawful for a man to be his owne caruer. The lawes are ordeyned, and officers appoynted to miniſter iuſtice for the redreſſe of wrongs: and if to the poteſtates I complayne me, I ſhall publiſhe mine owne reproche to the worlde. Yea, what ſhould it preuayle me to vſe all the puniſhments that can be deuiſed? the thing once done can not be vndone. My daughter is defloured, and I vtterly diſhoneſted: how can I then wype that blot off my browe? and on whome ſhall I ſéeke reuenge? Alas, alas I my ſelfe haue bene the cauſe of all theſe cares, and haue deſerued to beare the puniſhment of all theſe miſhappes. Alas, I ſhould not haue committed my deareſt darling in cuſtodie to ſo careleſſe a creature as this olde Nurſe: for we ſée by common proofe, that theſe olde women be either péeuiſhe, or pitifull: either eaſily enclined to euill, or quickly corrupted with bribes and rewards. O wife, my good wife (that nowe lyeſt colde in the graue) now may I well bewayle the wante of thée, and mourning nowe may I bemone that I miſſe thée: if thou hadſt liued (ſuche was thy gouernement of the leaſt things) that thou wouldeſt prudently haue prouided for the preſeruation of this pearle. A coſtly iewell may I well accompte hir, that hath bẽn my chéefe comforte in youth, and is nowe become the corſiue of mine age. O Polyneſta, full euill haſt thou requited the clemencie of thy carefull father: and yet to excuſe thée giltleſſe before God, and to condemne thée giltie before the worlde, I can count none other but my wretched ſelfe the caytife and cauſer of all my cares. For of all the dueties that are requiſite in humane lyfe, onely obedience is by the parents to be required of the childe: where on ẏ other

ſide the parents are bound, firſt to beget them, then to bring thē forth, after to nourish them, to preserue them from bodily perils in the cradle, from daunger of soule by godly education, to matche them in consort, enclined to vertue, to banish them all vile and wanton companie, to allow them sufficiente for their sustentation, to cut off excesse the open gate of sinne, seldome or neuer to smile on them vnlesse it be to their encouragement in vertue, and finally, to prouide them mariages in time cōuenient, lest (neglected of vs) they learne to sette either to much or to litle by thēselues. Fiue yeares are past since I might haue maried hir, when by cōtinuall excuses I haue prolonged it to my owne perdition. Alas, I shoulde haue considered, she is a collop of my owne flesh: what shold I think to make hir a princesse? Alas alas, a poore kingdome haue I now caught to endowe hir with: It is too true, that of all sorowes this is the head source and chiefe fountaine of all furies: the goods of the world are incertaine, the gaines to be reioyced at, and the losse not greatly to be lamented: only the children cast away, cutteth the parents throate with the knife of inward care, which knife will kill me surely, I make none other accompte.

Damons seruants come to him againe.

Scena. iiij.

NEVOLA. DAMON. PASIPHILO.

SIr, we haue done as you badde vs, and here is the key.

Da. Well, go then Neuela and seeke maister Casteling the iayler, he dwelleth by S. Antonies gate, desire him to lend me a paire of the fetters he vseth for his prisoners, and come againe quickly.

Ne. Well sir.

Da. Heare you, if he aske what I would do with them, say you cā not tell, and tell neither him nor any other, what is be-

is become of Dulipo. Damon goeth out.

I warant you sir. Fye vpon the Deuill, it is a thing almost impossible for a man nowe a dayes to handle money, but the mettal will sticke on his fingers: I marueled alway at this fellowe of mine Dulipo, that of the wages he receiued, he could maintaine himselfe so brauely apparelled, but nowe I perceiue the cause, he had the disbursing and receit of all my maisters affaires, the keys of the granair, Dulippo here, Dulippo there, fauoure with my maister, in fauoure with his daughter, what woulde you more, he was *Magiſter factotum*: he was as fine as the Crusadoe, and wee silly wretches as course as canuas: wel, behold what it is come to in the ende, he had bin better to haue done lesse. In other supose.

Pa. Thou saist true Neuola, he hath done to much in déed. Pasi. subitò & improuiſo venit.

Ne. From whence commest thou in the deuiles name?

Pa. Out of the same house thou camest from, but not out of the same doze.

Ne. We had thought thou hadst bene gone long since.

Pa. When I arose from the table, I felte a rumbling in my belly, whiche made me runne to the stable, and there I fell on slæpe vppon the strawe, and haue line there euer since: And thou whether goest thou?

Ne. My maister hath sent me on an errand in great hast.

Pa. Whether I pray thée?

Ne. May I may not tell: Farewell.

Pa. As though I nede any further instructions: O God what newes I heard euē now, as I lay in the stable: O god Erostrato and poore Cleander, that haue so earnestly strouen for this damsel, happie is he that can get hir I promise you, he shall be sure of mo than one at a clap that catcheth hir, eyther Adam or Eue within hir belie. Oh God, how men may be deceiued in a woman? who wold haue beléeued the contrary but that she had bin a virgin? aske the neighbours and you shall heare very good report of hir: marke hir behauiors & you would haue iudged hir very maydenly: seldome seene abroad In other supose.

abroade but in place of prayer, and there very deuout, and no gaſer at outwarde ſightes, no blaſer of hir beautie aboue in the windowes, no ſtale at the doore for the bypaſſers: you would haue thought hir a holy yong woman. But muche good do: it Domine Doctor, hée ſhall be ſure to lacke no CORNE in a deare yere, whatſoeuer he haue with hir elſe: I beſhrewe me if I let the mariage any way. But is not this the old ſcabbed queane that I heard diſcloſing all this géere to hir maſter, as I ſtode in the ſtable ere nowe? it is ſhée. Whither goeth Pſiteria?

Paſiphilo eſpieth Pſiteria comming.

Scena. v.

PSITERIA, PASIPHILO.

TO a Goſſip of myne héereby.

Pa. What? to tattle of the goodly ſtirre that thou kepteſt concerning Polyneſta.

Pſ. No no: but how knew you of that géere?

Pa. You tolde me.

Pſ. I? when did I tell you?

Pa. Euen now when you tolde it to Damon, I both ſawe you and heard you, though you ſaw not me: a good parte I promiſe you, to accuſe the poore wenche, kill the olde man with care, ouer and beſides the daunger you haue brought Dulipo and the Nurſe vnto, and many moe, ſie, ſie.

Pſ. In déed I was to blame, but not ſo much as you think.

Pa. And how not ſo muche? did I not heare you tell?

Pſ. Yes, But I will tell you how it came to paſſe: I haue knowen for a great while, that this Dulipo and Polyneſta haue lyen togither, and all by the meanes of the nurſe: yet I held my peace, and neuer tolde it. Now this other day the Nurſe fell on ſcolding with me, and twyce or thryce called me dronken olde whore, and ſuche names that it was too badde: and I called hir baude, and tolde hir that I knewe

knew well enoughe howe often ſhe had brought Dulipo to Polyneſtas bed: yet all this while I thought not that anye body had heard me, but it befell cleane contrarye: for my maiſter was on the other ſide of the wall, and heard all our talke, whereupon he ſent for me, and forced me to confeſſe all that you heard.

Paſ. And why wouldeſt thou tell him? I woulde not for, &c.

Pſ. Well, if I had thought my maiſter would haue taken it ſo, he ſhould rather haue killed me.

Paſ. Why: how could he take it?

Pſ. Alas, it pitieth me to ſée the poore yong woman how ſhe wéepes, wailes, and teares hir heare: not eſteeming hir owne life halfe ſo deare as ſhe doth poore Dulipos: and hir father, he wéepes on the other ſide, that it would pearce an hart of ſtone with pitie: but I muſt be gone.

Paſ. Go that the gunne pouder conſume thée olde trotte.

Finis Actus. 3.

Actus. iiij. Scena. j.

EROSTRATO ſained.

WHat ſhall I doe? Alas what remedie ſhall I finde for my ruefull eſtate? what eſcape, or what extule may I now deuiſe to ſhifte ouer our ſubtile ſuppoſes? for though to this day I haue vſurped the name of my maiſter, and that without checke or controll of any man, now ſhal I be openly diſcyphred, and that in the ſight of euery man: now ſhal it openly be knowen, whether I be Eroſtrato the gentleman, or Dulipo the ſeruaunt. We haue hitherto played our parts in abuſing others: but nowe commeth the man that wil not be abuſed, the right Philogano the right father of the right Eroſtrato: going to ſeke Paſiphilo, and hearing that he was at the water gate, beholde I eſpied my fellowe Litio, and

by

by and by my olde maiſter Philogano ſetting foꝛth his firſt ſtep on land: I to fuge and away hither as faſt as I could to bꝛing woꝛd to the right Eroſtrato, of his right father Philogano, that to ſo ſodaine a miſhap ſome ſubtile ſhift might be vpō the ſodaine deuiſed. But what can be imagined to ſerue the turne, although we had monethes reſpite to beate oure bꝛaines about it, ſince we are commōly knowen, at the leaſt ſuppoſed in this towne, he foꝛ Dulipo, a ſlaue & ſeruant to Damon, & I foꝛ Eroſtrato a gentleman & a ſtudent? But beholde, runne Crapine to yonder olde woman befoꝛe ſhe get within the dꝛoꝛes, & deſire hir to call out Dulipo: but heare you? if ſhe aſke who would ſpeake with him, ſaye thy ſelfe and none other.

Eroſtrato eſpieth Pſiteria comming, and ſendeth his lackey to hir.

Scena. ij.

CRAPINE. PSITERIA. EROSTRATO fained.

HOneſt woman, you gollip, thou rotten whoꝛe, heareſt thou not olde witche?

Pſ. A rope ſtretche your yong bones, either you muſte liue to be as old as I, oꝛ be hanged while you are yong.

Cra. I pꝛay thée loke if Dulipo be within.

Pſ. Yes that he is I warrant him.

Cra. Deſire him then to come hither and ſpeake a woꝛd with me, he ſhall not tarie.

Pſ. Content your ſelfe, he is otherwiſe occupied.

Cra. Yet tell him ſo gentle girle.

Pſ. I tell you he is buſie.

Cra. Why is it ſuch a matter to tell him ſo, thou crooked Crone?

Pſ. A rope ſtretche you marie.

Cra. A pockes eate you marie.

Pſ. Thou wilt be hanged I warãt thée, if thou liue to it.

Cra. And

Cra. And thou wilt be burnt I warant thée, if the canker conſume thée not.

Pſ. If I come nére you hempſtring, I will teache you to ſing ſol fa.

Cra. Come on, and if I get a ſtone I will ſtare crowes with you.

Pſ. Goe with a miſchiefe, I thinke thou be ſome deuill that woulde tempte me.

Ero. Crapine: heare you? come away, let hir goe with a vengeance, why come you not? Alas loke where my maiſter Philogano commeth: what ſhall I doe? where ſhall I hide me? he ſhall not ſée me in theſe clothes, noꝛ befoꝛe I haue ſpoken with the right Eroſtrato.

Eroſtrato eſpyeth Phylogano commming, and runneth about to hide him.

Scena. iij.

PHILOGANO. FERRARESE the Inne keper. LITIO a ſeruant.

HOneſt man it is euen ſo: be you ſure there is no loue to be compared like the loue of the parents towards their childꝛen. It is not long ſince I thought that a very waighttie matter ſhoulde not haue made me come out of *Sicilia*, and yet now I haue taken this tedious toyle and trauaile vpon me, only to ſée my ſonne, and to haue him home with me.

Fer. By my faith ſir, it hath ben a great trauaile in deede, and to much foꝛ one of your age.

Phi. Yea be you ſure: I came in companie with certaine gentlemen of my countrey, who had affaires to diſpatche as far as to *Aneona*, from thence by water to *Rauenna*, and from *Rauenna* hither, continually againſt the tide.

Fer. Yea & I think ẏ you had but homly lodging by ẏ way.

Phi. The woꝛſt ẏ euer man had: but that was nothing to the ſtirre that ẏ ſerchers kept with me when I came aboꝛde ẏ ſhip: Jeſus how often they vntruſſed my male, & ranſaked a litle

a litle capcaſe that I had, toſſed & turned al that was within it, ſerched my boſome, yea my breeches, ỹ I aſſure you I thought they would haue flayed me to ſearche betwene the fell and the fleſhe for farthings.

Fer. Sure I haue heard no leſſe, and that the marchants bobbe them ſomtimes, but they play the knaues ſtill.

Phi. Yea be you well aſſured, ſuche an office is the inheritance of a knaue, and an honeſt man will not meddle with it.

Fer. Wel, this paſſage ſhal ſeme pleaſant vnto you whē you ſhall finde your childe in health and well: but I praye you ſir why did you not rather ſend for him into *Sicilia*, than to come your ſelfe, ſpecially ſince you had none other buſineſſe? peraduenture you had rather endanger your ſelfe by this noyſome iourney, than hazard to drawe him from his ſtudie.

Phi. Nay, that was not the matter, for I had rather haue him giue ouer his ſtudie altogither and come home.

Fer. Why? if you minded not to make him learned, to what ende did you ſend him hither at the firſt?

Phi. I will tell you: when he was at home he did as moſt yong men doe, he played many mad prankes and did many things that liked me not very well: and I thinking, that by that time he had ſene the worlde, he would learne to know himſelfe better, exhorted him to ſtudie, and put in his electiō what place he would go to. At the laſt he came hither, and I thinke he was ſcarce here ſo ſone as I felt the want of him, in ſuche ſorte, as from that day to this I haue paſſed fewe nightes without teares. I haue written to him very often that he ſhoulde come home, but continually he refuſed ſtil, beſeching me to continue his ſtudie, wherein he doubted not (as he ſaid) but to profite greatly.

Fer. In dede he is very much commended of al men, and ſpecially of the beſt reputed ſcolentes.

Phi. I am glad he hath not loſt his time, but I care not greatly

greatly for ſo muche knowledge. I would not be without the ſighte of hym againe ſo long, for all the learning in the worlde. I am olde nowe, and if God ſhoulde call mee in his abſence, I promiſe you I thinke it woulde driue me into diſperation.

Fer. It is commendable in a man to loue his childrē, but to be ſo tender ouer them is more womanlike.

Phi. Well, I confeſſe it is my faulte: and yet I will tell you another cauſe of my comming hither, more waighty than this. Diuers of my countrey haue bene here ſince hee came hither, by whome I haue ſente vnto him, and ſome of thē haue bene thrice, ſome foure or fiue times at his houſe, and yet could neuer ſpeake with him. I feare he applies his ſtudie ſo, that he will not leeſe the minute of an houre from his booke. What, alas, he might yet talke with his countrymen for a while: he is a yong man, tenderly brought vp, and if he fare thus cōtinually night & day at his booke, it may be enough to driue him into a frenetie.

Fer. In dede, enough were as good as a feaſt. Loe you ſir here is your ſonne Eroſtratoes houſe, I will knocke.

Phi. Yea, I pray you knocke.

Fer. They heare not.

Phi. Knocke againe,

Fer. I thinke they be on ſlepe.

Ly. If this gate were your Grandefathers ſoule, you coulde not knocke more ſoftly, let me come: ho, ho, is there any body within?

Dalio commeth to the window, and there maketh them anſwere.

Scena. iiij.

DALIO the cooke. FERARESE the inholder.
PHILOGANO. LITIO his man.

What deuill of hell is there? I thinke hee will breake the gates in peeces.

Li. Marie ſir, we had thoughte you had béene on ſléepe within, and therefore we thought beſt to wake you: what doth Eroſtrato?

Da. He is not within.

Phi. Open the doore good fellow I pray thée.

Da. If you thinke to lodge here, you are deceiued I tell you, for here are gueſtes enowe already.

Phi. A good fellow, and much for thy maiſter honeſty by our Ladie: and what gueſtes I pray thée?

Another ſuppoſe. Da. Here is Philogano my maiſters father, lately come out of *Sicilia*.

Phi. Thou ſpeakeſt truer thã thou arte aware of, he will be, by that time thou haſt opened the doore: open I pray thée hartily.

Da. It is a ſmall matter for me to open the doore, but here is no lodging for you, I tell you plaine, the houſe is full.

Phi. Of whome?

Da. I tolde you: here is Philogano my maiſters father come from *Cathanea*.

Phi. And when came he?

Da. He came thrée houres ſince, or more, he alighted at the Aungell, and left his horſes there: after warde my maiſter brought him hither.

Phi. Good fellow, I thinke thou haſt good ſport to mocke mée.

Da. Nay, I thinke you haue good ſporet to make me tary here, as though I haue nothing elſe to doe: I am matched with an vnrulye mate in the kitchin. I will goe looke to him another while.

Phi. I thinke he be drunken.

Fer. Sure he ſemes ſo: ſée you not how redde he is about the gilles?

Phi. Abide fellow, what Philogano is it whome thou talkeſt of?

Da. An honeſt gentlemã, father to Eroſtrato my maiſter.

Phi. And

Phi. And where is he?

Da. Here within.

Phi. May we ſée him?

Da. I thinke you may if you be not blind.

Phi. Go to, go tel him here is one wold ſpeake with him.

Da. Mary that I will willingly doe.

Phi. I can not tell what I ſhoulde ſay to this géere. Litio, what thinkeſt thou of it?

Li. I cannot tell you what I ſhoulde ſay ſir, the worlde is large and long, there maye be moe Philoganos and moe Eroſtratos than one, yea and moe *Ferraras*, moe *Sicilias*, and moe *Cathaneas*: peradventure this is not that *Ferrara* whiche you ſent your ſonne vnto. Another ſuppoſe.

Phi. Peraduenture thou arte a fole, and he was another that anſwered vs euen now. But be you ſure honeſt man, that you miſtake not the houſe?

Fer. Nay, then god helpe, thinke you I knowe not Eroſtratos houſe? yes, and himſelfe alſo: I ſawe him here no longer ſince thã yeſterday. But here cõmes one that wil tell vs tydings of him, I like his countenaunce better than the others that anſwered at the windowe ere while.

Dalio draweth his hed in at the wyndowe, the Sceneſé commeth out.

Scena. v.

SCENESE. PHILOGANO. DALIO.

WOuld you ſpeake with me ſir?

Phi. Yea ſir, I would faine knowe whence you are.

Sce. Sir I am a *Sicilian*, at your commaundement.

Phi. What part of *Sicilia*?

Sce. Of *Cathanea*.

Phi. What ſhall I call your name?

Sce. My name is Philogano.

Phi. What trade doe you occupie?

Sce. Marchandiſe.

Phi. What marchandiſe brought you hither?

Sce. None, I came onely to ſee a ſonne that I haue here whom I ſawe not theſe two yeares.

Phi. What call they your ſonne?

Sce. Eroſtrato.

Phi. Is Eroſtrato your ſonne?

Sce. Yea verily.

Phi. And are you Philogano?

Sce. The ſame.

Phi. And a marchant of *Cathanea*?

Sce. What nede I tell you ſo often? I will not tell you a lye.

Phi. Yes, you haue told me a falſe lie, and thou arte a vilaine and no better.

Sce. Sir, you offer me great wrong with theſe iniurious wordes.

Phi. Nay, I will doe more than I haue yet proffered to doe, for I will proue thee a lyer, and a knaue to take vpon thee that thou art not.

A ſtoute ſuppoſe.

Sce. Sir I am Philogano of *Cathanea*, out of all doubte, if I were not I would be loth to tell you ſo.

Phi. Oh, ſee the boldneſſe of this brute beaſt, what a brazen face he ſetteth on it?

Sce. Well, you may beleue me if you liſte: what wonder you?

Phi. I wonder at thy impudencie, for thou, nor nature that framed thee, can euer counterfaite thee to be me, ribauld villaine, and lying wretch that thou arte.

A pleaſant ſuppoſe.

Da. Shall I ſuffer a knaue to abuſe my maiſters father thus? hence villaine, hence, or I will cheath this good fawchiō in your paūch: if my maiſter Eroſtrato find you prating here on this faſhiō to his father, I wold not be in your coate for mo conney ſkins thā I gat theſe twelue monethes: come you in againe ſir, and let this Curre barke here till he burſt.

Dalio pulleth the Sceneſe in at the dores.

Scena.

Scena. vj.

PHILOGANO. LITIO. FERARESE.

Litio, how liketh thou this geere?

Li. Sir, I like it as euill as may be: but haue you not often heard tell of the falſehood of *Ferara*, and now may you ſee, it falleth out accordingly.

Fer. Friend, you do not well to ſlaunder the Citie, theſe men are no *Ferrareſes* you may know by their tong.

Li. Well, there is neuer a barrell better herring, betwene you both: but in deed your officers are moſt to blame, that ſuffer ſuch faultes to eſcape vnpuniſhed.

Fer. What knowe the officers of this? thinke you they know of euery fault?

Li. Nay, I thinke they will knowe as little as may be, ſpecially when they haue no gaines, by it, but they ought to haue their eares as open to heare of ſuch offēces, as the Ingates be to receiue gueſts.

Phi. Holde thy peace fole.

Li. By the maſſe I am afearde that we ſhall be proued foles both two.

Phi. Well, what ſhall we doe?

Li. I would thinke beſt we ſhould go ſeeke Eroſtrato him ſelfe.

Fer. I will waite vpon you willingly, and either at the ſchooles, or at the conuocations, we ſhall find him.

Phi. By our Lady I am wery, I will run no longer about to ſeke him, I am ſure hither he will come at the laſt.

Li. Sure, my mind giues me that we ſhall find a new Eroſtrato ere it be long.

A true ſuppoſe.

Fe. Looke where he is, whether runnes he? ſtay you awhile, I will goe tell him that you are here: Eroſtrato, Eroſtraro, ho Eroſtrato, I would ſpeake with you.

Eroſtrato is eſpied vppon the ſtage running about.

Scena. vij.

Fained EROSTRATO. FERARESE.
PHILOGANO. LITIO. DALIO.

NOwe can I bide me no longer. Alas what ſhall I doe? I will ſet a good face on, to beare out the matter.

Fera. O Eroſtrato, Philogano your father is come out of *Sicilia*.

Ero. Tell me that I knowe not, I haue bene with him and ſeene him alredy.

Fera. Is it poſſible? and it ſeemeth by him that you know not of his comming.

Ero. Why, haue you ſpoken with him? when ſaw you him I pray you?

Fera. Loke you where he ſtandes, why go you not to him? Loke you Philogano, beholde your deare ſon Eroſtrato.

Phi. Eroſtrato? this is not Eroſtrato: thys ſeemeth rather to be Dulipo, and it is Dulipo in deede.

Li. Why, doubte you of that?

Ero. What ſaith this honeſt man?

Phi. Mary ſir, in deede you are ſo honorably clade, it is no maruell if you loke bigge.

Ero. To whome ſpeaketh he?

Phi. What, God helpe, do you not know me?

Ero. As farre as I remember Sir, I neuer ſawe you before.

Phi. Harke Litio, here is good geare, this honeſt man will not know me.

Ero. Gentleman, you take your markes amiſſe.

A ſhameleſſe ſuppoſe.

Li. Did I not tell you of the falſehod of *Ferrara* maſters? Dulipo hath learned to play the knaue indifferently well ſince he came hither.

Phi. Peace I ſay.

Ero. Friend, my name is not Dulipo, aſke you thorough out this towne of great and ſmall, they know me: aſke this honeſt man that is with you, if you wyll not beleeue me.

Fera. In

Fera. In deede, I neuer knewe him otherwiſe called than Eroſtrato: and ſo they call him, as many as knowe him.

Li. Maſter, nowe you may ſee the falſehood of theſe fellowes: this honeſt man your hoſte, is of counſaile with him, and would face vs down that it is Eroſtrato: beware of theſe mates.

A needeleſſe ſuppoſe.

Fera. Friende, thou doeſt me wrong to ſuſpect me, for ſure I neuer hearde hym otherwiſe called than Eroſtrato.

Ero. What name could you heare me called by, but by my right name? But I am wiſe enough to ſtand prating here with this old man, I thinke he be mad.

Phi. Ah runnagate, ah villaine traitour, doeſt thou vſe thy maſter thus? what haſt thou done with my ſon villain?

Da. Doth this dogge barke here ſtill? and will you ſuffer him maſter thus to reuile you?

Ero. Come in, come in, what wilt thou do with thys peſtil?

Da. I will rap the olde cackabed on the coſſerd.

Ero. Away with it, & you ſirra, lay downe theſe ſtones: come in at doore euery one of you, beare with him for his age, I paſſe not of his euill wordes.

Eroſtrato taketh all his ſeruantes in at the dores.

Scena. viij.

PHILOGANO. FERARESE. LITIO.

ALas, who ſhall relieue my miſerable eſtate? to whome ſhall I complaine? ſince he whome I brought vp of a childe, yea and cheriſhed him as if he had bene mine owne, doth nowe vtterly denie to knowe me: and you whome I toke for an honeſt man, and he that ſhould haue brought me to the ſighte of my ſonne, are compacte with this falſe wretch, and woulde face me downe that he is Eroſtrato. Alas, you might haue ſome compaſſion of mine age, to the miſerie I am now in, and that I am a ſtranger deſolate of all comforte in this countrey: or at the leaſt, you ſhoulde haue

Another ſuppoſe.

feared the vengeaunce of God the ſupreme iudge (whiche knoweth the ſecrets of all harts) in bearing this falſe witneſſe with him, whome heauen and earth doe knowe to be Dulipo and not Eroſtrato.

Li. If there be many ſuch witneſſes in this cõtrey, men may go about to proue what they wil in cõtrouerſies here.

Fer. Well ſir, you may iudge of me as it pleaſeth you: & how the matter commeth to paſſe I know not, but truly, euer ſince he came firſt hither, I haue knowen him by the name of Eroſtrato the ſonne of Philogano a *Cathaneſe*: nowe whether he be ſo in dede, or whether he be Dulipo, (as you alledge) let that be proued by them that knewe him before he came hether. But I proteſt before God, that whiche I haue ſaid, is neither a matter compact with him, nor any other, but euen as I haue hard him called & reputed of al mẽ.

I thynke I ſuppoſe. Phi. Out and alas, he whom I ſent hither with my ſon to be his ſeruaunt, and to giue attendance on him, hath eyther cut his throate, or by ſome euill meanes made him away: and hath not onely taken his garmentes, his bookes, his money, and that whiche he brought out of *Sicilia* with him, but vſurpeth his name alſo, and turneth to his owne commoditie the bills of exchaunge that I haue alwayes allowed for my ſonnes expences. Oh miſerable Philogano, oh vnhappie old man: oh eternall God, is there no iudge? no officer? no higher powers whom I may complaine vnto for redreſſe of theſe wrongs?

Fer. Yes ſir, we haue poteſtates, we haue Iudges, and aboue al, we haue a moſt iuſte prince: doubt you not, but you ſhall haue iuſtice if your cauſe be iuſt.

Phi. Bring me then to the Iudges, to the poteſtates, or to whome you thinke beſt: for I will diſcloſe a packe of the greateſt knauerie, a fardell of the fowleſt falſehode that euer was heard of.

Li. Sir, he that wil goe to the lawe, muſt be ſure of foure things: firſt, a right and a iuſt cauſe: thru a righteous aduocate

cate to pleade: nexte, fauour *coram Iudice*: and aboue all, a good purſe to procure it.

Fer. I haue not heard, that the law hath any reſpect to fauour: what you meane by it I cannot tell.

Phi. Haue you no regard to his wordes, he is but a fole.

Fer. I pray you ſir, let him tell me what is fauour.

Li. Fauour cal I, to haue a friend nere about the iudge, who may ſo ſollicite thy cauſe, as if it be right, ſpedie ſentence may enſue without any delayes: if it be not good, then to prolong it, till at the laſt, thine aduerſarie being wearie, ſhal be glad to compound with thee.

Fer. Of thus much (although I neuer heard thus muche in this cõtrey before) doubt you not Philogano, I will bring you to an aduocate that ſhall ſpede you accordingly.

Phi. Then ſhall I giue my ſelfe, as it were a pray to the Lawyers, whoſe inſatiable iawes I am not able to fede, although I had here all the goods and landes which I poſſeſſe in mine own countrey: much leſſe being a ſtraunger in this miſerie. I know their cautels of old: at the firſt time I come they wil ſo extoll my cauſe, as though it were already won: but within a ſeuẽnight or ten daies, if I do not continually fede them as the crow doth hir brattes, twẽtie times in an houre, they will begin to waxe colde, and to finde cauils in my cauſe, ſaying, that at the firſte I did not well inſtructe them, till at the laſt, they will not onely drawe the ſtuffing out of my purſe, but the marrow out of my bones.

Fer. Yea ſir, but this man that I tell you of, is halfe a Sainct.

Li. And the other halfe a Deuill, I hold a pennie.

Phi. Well ſayd Litio, in dede I haue but ſmal confidence in their ſmothe lokes.

Fer. Well ſir, I thinke this whom I meane, is no ſuche manner of man: but if he were, there is ſuch hatred and euil wil betwene him & this gentlemã (whether he be Eroſtrato or Dulipo, what ſo euer he be) that I warrant you, he will

In other ſuppoſe.

doe whatſoeuer he can do for you, were it but to ſpite him.

Phi. Why? what hatred is betwixt them?

Fer. They are both in loue and ſuters to one gentlewoman, the daughter of a welthie man in this citie.

Phi. Why? is the villeine become of ſuch eſtimatiõ that he dare preſume to be a ſuter to any gentlewomã of a good familie?

Fer. Yea ſir out of all doubt.

Phi. How call you his aduerſarie?

Fer. Cleander, one of the excellenteſt doctors in our citie.

Phi. For Gods loue let vs goe to him.

Fer. Goe we then.

Finis Actus. 4.

Actus. v. Scena. i.

Fayned EROSTRATO.

WHat a miſhappe was this? that before I could mẽte with Eroſtrato, I haue light euen ful in the lap of Philogano: where I was cõſtrained to denie my name, to denie my maſter, & to faine that I knew him not, to contend with him, & to reuile him, in ſuch ſort, that hap what hap can, I cã neuer hap well in fauour with him againe. Therefore if I could come to ſpeake with ỹ right Eroſtrato, I will renounce vnto him both habite and credite, and away as faſt as I can trudge into ſome ſtrange countrey, where I may neuer ſee Philogano againe. Alas, he that of a litle childe hath brought me vp vnto this day, and nouriſhed me as if I had bene his owne: & in dede (to confeſſe the trouth) I haue no father to truſt vnto but him. But loke where Paſiphilo commeth, the fitteſt man in the world to goe on me meſſage to Eroſtrato.

Another ſuppoſe.

Eroſtrato eſpieth Paſiphilo comming towards him.

Scena. ij.

PASIPHILO. EROSTRATO.

TWo good newes haue I heard to day alreadie: one that Eroſtrato prepared a great feaſt this night: the other, that he

he ſeeketh for me. And I to eaſe him of his trauaile, leaſt he ſhoulde runne vp and downe ſeeking me, and becauſe no man loueth better thã I to haue an erand where good chéere is, come in poſt haſt euen home to his owne houſe: and loke where he is.

Ero. Paſiphilo, thou muſte doe one thing for me if thou loue me.

Paſ. If I loue you not, who loues you? commaunde me.

Ero. Go then a litle there, to Damons houſe, aſke for Dulipo, and tell him.

Paſ. Wot you what? I cannot ſpeake with him, he is in priſon.

Ero. In priſon: how commeth that to paſſe: where is he in priſon?

Paſ. In a vile dungeon there within his maſters houſe.

Ero. Canſt thou tell wherefore?

Paſ. Be you content to know he is in priſon, I haue told you to muche.

Ero. If euer you will doe any thing for me, tell me.

Paſ. I pray you deſire me not, what were you the better if you knew?

Ero. More than thou thinkeſt Paſiphilo by God.

Paſ. Well, and yet it ſtandes me vpon more than you thinke, to keepe it ſecrete.

Ero. Why Paſiphilo, is this the truſt I haue had in you? are theſe the faire promiſes you haue alwayes made me?

Paſ. By the maſſe I would I had faſted this night with maiſter doctor, rather than haue come hither.

Ero. Wel Paſiphilo, eyther tel me, or at few wordes neuer thinke to be welcome to this houſe from hence forthe.

Paſ. Nay, yet I had rather leeſe all the Gentlemen in this towne. But if I tell you any thing that diſpleaſe you, blame no body but your ſelfe now.

Ero. There is nothing cã greue me more thã Dulipoes miſhappe, no not mine owne: and therfore I am ſure thou canſt

canſt tell me no woꝛſſe tidings.

Another plain and homely ſuppoſe.

Pa. Well, ſince you would nedes haue it, I wil tell you: he was taken a bed with your beloued Polyneſta.

Ero. Alas, and doth Damon knowe it?

Pa. An olde trotte in the houſe diſcloſed it to him, wherꝛupon he toke bothe Dulipo and the Nurſe which hath bene the bꝛoker of all this bargayne, and clapte them bothe in a cage, where I thinke they ſhall haue ſoꝛowe ſoppes to their ſwéte meates.

Ero. Paſiphilo, go thy wayes into the kitchin, commaund the cooke to boyle and roaſt what liketh thée beſt, I make thée ſupꝛa viſour of this ſupper.

Pa. By the maſſe if you ſhould haue ſtudied this ſeuennight, you could not haue appointed me an office to pleaſe me better. You ſhall ſée what diſhes I will deuiſe.

Paſiphilo goeth in, Eroſtrato tarieth.

Scena. iij.

Fayned EROSTRATO alone.

I Was glad to rid him out of the way, leaſt he ſhoulde ſée me burſt out of theſe ſwelling teares, which hitherto with great payne I haue pꝛiſoned in my bꝛeſt, & leaſt he ſhoulde heare the Eccho of my doubled ſighes, whiche bounce from the botome of my heuy heart. O curſed I, O cruell foꝛtune, that ſo many diſperſed griefes as were ſufficient to ſubuert a legion of Louers, haſt ſodenly aſſembled within my carefull carkaſe to freat this fearfull heart in ſunder with deſperation. Thou that haſt kepte my maſter all his youthe within the realme of *Sicilia*, reſeruing the wind and waues in a temperate calme (as it were at his commaunde) nowe to conuey his aged limmes hither, neither ſoner noꝛ later: but euen in the woꝛſt time that may be. If at any time beforꝛe thou hadſt conducted him, this enterpꝛiſe had bene cut off without care in the beginning: and if neuer ſo little longer thou hadſt lingred his ioꝛney, this happie day might then

then haue fully finiſhed our dꝛifts & deuiſes. But alas, thou haſt bꝛought him euen in the very woꝛſt time, to plunge vs al in the pit of perdition. Neither art thou content to entãgle me alone in thy ruinous ropes, but thou muſt alſo catch the right Eroſtrato in thy cꝛoked clawes, to reward vs both with open ſhame & rebuke. Two yéres haſt thou kept ſecrete our ſubtill Suppoſes, euen this day to diſcipher them with a ſoꝛowfull ſucceſſe. What ſhall I doꝛ Alas what ſhift ſhall I make? it is too late now to imagine any further deceite, foꝛ euery minute ſéemeth an houre til I find ſome ſuccour foꝛ the miſerable captiue Eroſtrato. Wel, ſince there is no other remedie, I wil go to my maſter Philogano, & to him will I tell the whole truth of the matter, that at the leaſt he may pꝛouide in time, beforꝛe his ſonne féele the ſmart of ſome ſharpe reuenge and puniſhment. This is the beſt, and thus wil I do. Yet I know, that foꝛ mine owne parte I ſhal do bitter penance foꝛ my faults foꝛepaſſed: but ſuche is the good will and ductie that I beare to Eroſtrato, as euen with the loſſe of my life I muſt not ſticke to aduenture any thing which may turne to his commoditie. But what ſhall I doꝛ ſhal I go ſéeke my maſter about the towne, oꝛ ſhall I tarrie his returne hither? If I méete him in the ſtréetes, he wil crie out vpon me, neither will he harken to any thing that I ſhall ſay, till he haue gathered all the people wondꝛing about me, as it were at an Owle. Therefoꝛe I were better to abide here, and yet if he tarrie long I will goe ſéeke him, rather than pꝛolong the time to Eroſtratos perill.

Paſiphilo returneth to Eroſtrato.

Scena. iiij.

PASIPHILO. Fayned EROSTRATO.

YEa dꝛeſſe them, but lay them not to the fire, till they will be ready to ſit downe. This gére goeth in oꝛder: but if I had not gone in, there had fallen a foule faulte.

Ero. And what fault I pꝛay thée?

Pa. Marie,

Pa. Marie, Dalio would haue layd the ſhoulder of mutton and the Capon bothe to the fire at once like a fole: he did not conſider, that the one woulde haue more roaſting than the other.

Ero. Alas, I would this were the greateſt fault.

Pa. Why? and either the one ſhould haue bene burned before the other had bene roaſted, or elſe he muſte haue drawne them off the ſpitte: and they would haue bene ſerued to the boorde either colde or rawe.

Ero. Thou haſt reaſon Paſiphilo.

Pa. Now ſir, if it pleaſe you I will goe into the towne and buye oranges, oliues, and caphers, for without ſuche ſauce the ſupper were more than halfe loſt.

Eroſtrato exit.

Ero. There are within already, doubt you not, there ſhal lacke nothing that is neceſſarie.

A knauiſhe ſuppoſe.

Pa. Since I told him theſe newes of Dulipo, he is cleane beſide himſelf: he hath ſo many hammers in his head, that his braynes are ready to burſt: and let them breake, ſo I may ſuppe with him to night, what care I? But is not this Dominus noſter Cleandrus that commeth before? well ſayde, by my truth we will teache maiſter Doctor to weare a corner cappe of a new faſhion. By God Polyneſta ſhal be his, he ſhall haue hir out of doubt, for I haue tolde Eroſtrato ſuch newes of hir, that he will none of hir.

Cleander and Philogano come in, talking of the matter in controuerſie.

Scena. V.

CLEANDER. PHILOGANO. LITIO. PASIPHILO.

YEa, but howe will ye proue that he is not Eroſtrato, hauing ſuch preſumptiõs to the cõtrarie? or how ſhall it be thought that you are Philogano, when another taketh vpon him this ſame name, and for proofe bringeth him for a witneſſe, which hath bene euer reputed here for Eroſtrato?

Phi. I will tel you ſir, let me be kept here faſt in priſon, & at

at my charges let there be ſome man ſent into *Sicilia*, that may bring hither with him two or three of the honeſteſt mẽ in *Cathania*, and by them let it be proued if I or this other be Philogano, and whether he be Eroſtrato or Dulipo my ſeruant: & if you finde me contrarie, let me ſuffer death for it.

Pa. I will go ſalute maſter Doctour.

Cle. It will aſke great labour & great expences to proue it this way, but it is the beſt remedie that I can ſee.

Pa. God ſaue you ſir.

Cle. And reward you as you haue deſerued.

Pa. Then ſhall he giue me your fauour continually.

Cle. He ſhall giue you a halter, knaue and villein that thou arte.

Pa. I knowe I am a knaue, but no villein. I am your ſeruaunt.

Cle. I neither take thee for my ſeruãt, nor for my friend.

Pa. Why? wherein haue I offended you ſir?

Cle. Hence to the gallowes knaue.

Pa. What ſofte and faire ſir, I pray you, *I præſequar*, you are mine elder.

Cle. I will be euen with you, be you ſure, honeſt man.

Pa. Why ſir? I neuer offended you.

Cle. Well, I will teach you: out of my ſight knaue.

Pa. What? I am no dogge, I would you wiſt.

Cle. Prateſt thou yet villein? I will make thee.

Pa. What will you make me? I ſee wel the more a man doth ſuffer you, the worſe you are.

Cle. Ah villein, if it were not for this gentleman, I wold tell you what I.

Pa. Villein? nay I am as honeſt a man as you.

Cle. Thou lieſt in thy throate knaue.

Phi. O ſir, ſtay your wiſedome.

Paſ. What will you fight? marie come on.

Cle. Well knaue, I will meete with you another time, goe your way.

Paſ. Euen

Paſ. Euen when you liſt ſir, I will be your man.

Cle. And if I be not euen with thee, call me cut.

Paſ. Nay by the Maſſe, all is one, I care not, for I haue nothing: if I had either landes or goods, peraduenture you would pull me into the lawe.

Phi. Sir, I perceiue your pacience is moued.

Cle. This villaine: but let him goe, I will ſee him puniſhed as he hath deſerued. Now to the matter, how ſaid you?

Lawyers are neuer weary to get money.

Phi. This fellow hath diſquieted you ſir, peraduenture you would be loth to be troubled any further.

Cle. Not a whit, ſay on, & let him go with a vengeance.

Phi. I ſay, let them ſend at my charge to *Cathanea*.

Cle. Yea I remember that wel, & it is the ſureſt way as this caſe requireth: but tel me, how is he your ſeruant? and how come you by him? enforme me fully in the matter.

Phi. I will tell you ſir: when the Turkes won *Otranto*.

Cle. Oh, you put me in remembrance of my miſhappes.

Phi. How ſir?

Cle. For I was driuen among the reſt out of the towne (it is my natiue countrey) and there I loſt more than euer I ſhall recouer againe while I liue.

Phi. Alas, a pitifull caſe by S. Anne.

Cle. Well, proceede.

Phi. At that time (as I ſaide) there were certaine of our countrey that ſcoured thoſe coſtes vpon the ſeas, with a good barke, well appointed for the purpoſe, and had eſpiall of a Turkey veſſell that came laden from thence with great aboundance of riches.

A gentle ſuppoſe.

Cle. And peraduenture moſt of mine.

Phi. So they boarded them, & in the end ouercame them, & brought the goods to *Palermo*, whō whence they came, and amōgſt other things that they had, was this villeine my ſeruaunt, a boy at that time, I thinke not paſt fiue yeares olde.

Cle. Alas, I loſt one of that ſame age there.

Phi. And I beyng there, and liking the Childes fauour well,

well, proffered them foure and twentie ducates for him, and had him.

Cle. What? was the childe a Turke? or had the Turkes brought him from *Otranto*?

Phi. They ſaide he was a Childe of *Otranto*, but what is that to the matter? once .xxiiij. Ducattes he coſt me, that I wot well.

Cle. Alas, I ſpeake it not for that ſir, I would it were he whome I meane.

Phi. Why, whom meane you ſir?

A crafty ſuppoſe.

Liti. Beware ſir, be not to lauiſh.

Cle. Was his name Dulipo then? or had he not another name?

Liti. Beware what you ſay ſir.

Phi. What the deuill haſt thou to doe? Dulipo? no ſir his name was Carino.

Liti. Yea, well ſaid, tell all and more to, doe.

Cle. O Lord, if it be as I thinke, how happie were I? & why did you change his name then?

Phi. We called him Dulipo, becauſe when he cryed as Children doe ſometimes, he would alwayes cry on that name Dulipo.

Cle. Well, then I ſee well it is my owne onely Childe, whome I loſte, when I loſte my countrie: he was named Carino after his grandfather, and this Dulipo whome he alwayes remembred in his lamenting, was his foſter father that nouriſhed him and brought him vp.

Li. Sir, haue I not told you enough of ỹ falſhood of *Ferarat*? this gentleman will not only picke your purſe, but beguile you of your ſeruaunt alſo, & make you beleue he is his ſon.

Cle. Well goodfellow, I haue not vſed to lie.

Liti. Sir no, but euery thing hath a beginning.

Cle. Fie, Philogano haue you not the leaſt ſuſpecte that may be of me.

Liti. No marie, but it were good he had the moſt ſuſpecte

that may be.

Cle. Well, hold thou thy peace a litle god ſollow. I pray you tell me Philogano had ẏ child any remembrance of his fathers name, his mothers name, or ẏ name of his familie?

Phi. He did remember them, and could name his mother alſo, but ſure I haue forgotten the name.

Liti. I remember it well enough.

Phi. Well it then.

Liti. Nay, that I will not marie, you haue tolde him to much al ready.

Phi. Well it I ſay, if thou can.

Liti. Cãſyes by ẏ maſſe I cã wel enough: but I wil haue my tong pulled out, rather thã tell it, vnleſſe he tell it firſt: doe you not perceiue ſir, what he goeth about?

Cle. Well, I will tell you then, my name you know alredy: my wife his mothers name was Sophronia, the houſe that I came of, they call *Spiagia*.

Liti. I neuer heard him ſpeake of *Spiagia* but in deede I haue heard him ſay, his mothers name was Sophronia: but what of ẏ? a great matter I promiſe you. It is like enoughe that you two haue compact together to deceiue my maiſter.

Cle. What needeth me more euident tokens? this is my ſonne out of doubt whom I loſt eightẽ yeares ſince, and a thouſand thouſand times haue I lamented for him: he ſhuld haue alſo a mould on his left ſhoulder.

Li. He hath a mouide there in deede: and an hole in an other place to, I would your noſe were in it.

Cle. Faire wordes fellow Litio: oh I pray you let vs goe talke with him, O fortune, howe much am I bounde to thee if I finde my ſonne?

Phi. Yea how litle am I beholdẽ to fortune, that know not where my ſonne is become, and you whome I choſe to be mine aduocate, will nowe (by the meanes of this Dulipo) become mine aduerſarie?

Wright ſuppoſe.

Cle. Sir, let vs firſt goe find mine: and I warrant you yours

yours will be founde alſo ere it be long.

Phi. God graunt: goe we then,

Cle. Since the doore is open, I will neuer knocke nor cal, but we will be bolde to goe in.

Li. Sir, take you heede, leaſt he leade you to ſome miſchiefe.

Phi. Alas Litio, if my ſonne be loſte what care I what become of me?

Li. Well, I haue tolde you my minde Sir, doe you as you pleaſe.

Exeunt: Damon and Pſiteria come in.

Scena ſexta.

DAMON. PSITERIA.

COme hither you olde kallat, you tatling huſwife, that the deuill cut oute your tong: tell me, howe could Paſiphilo know of this geere but by you?

Pſi. Sir, he neuer knewe it of me, he was the firſte that tolde me of it.

Da. Thou lieſt old drabbe, but I would aduiſe you tel me the truth, or I wil make thoſe old bones rattle in your ſkin.

Pſi. Sir, if you finde me contrarie, kill me.

Da. Why? where ſhould he talke with thee?

Pſi. He talked with me of it here in the ſtreete.

Da. What did you here?

Pſi. I was going to the weauers for a webbe of clothe you haue there.

Da. And what cauſe coulde Paſiphilo haue to talke of it, vnleſſe thou began the mater firſt?

Pſi. Nay, he began with me ſir, reuiling me, becauſe I had tolde you of it: I aſked him how he knewe of it, and he ſaid he was in the ſtable when you examined me erewhile.

Da. Alas, alas, what ſhall I doe then? in at doores olde whore, I wil plucke that tong of thine out by the rootes one day. Alas it greueth me more that Paſiphilo knoweth it,

than all the reſt. He that will haue a thing kept ſecrete, let him tell it to Paſiphilo: the people ſhall knowe it, and as many as haue eares and no mo. By this time he hath tolde it in a hundreth places. Cleander was the firſte, Eroſtrato the ſeconde, and ſo from one to another throughout the cittie. Alas, what dower, what mariage ſhall I nowe prepare for my daughter? O poore doloroꝰ Damon, more miſerable than miſerie it ſelfe, would God it were true that Polyneſta tolde me ere while: that he who hathe deflowred hir, is of no ſeruile eſtate, (as hitherto he hath bene ſuppoſed in my ſeruice) but that he is a gentleman borne of a good parentage in *Sicilia*. Alas, ſmall riches ſhoulde content me, if he be but of an honeſt familie: but I feare that he hathe deuiſed theſe toyes to allure my daughtres loue. Well I wil goe examine hir againe, my minde giueth me that I ſhall perceiue by hir tale whether it be true or not. But is not this Paſiphilo that cõmeth out of my neighbours houſe? what the deuill ayleth him to leape and laughe ſo like a fole in ẏ high way?

The firſt ſuppoſe brought to concluſion.

Paſiphilo commeth out of the towne laughing.

Scena ſeptima.

PHILOGANO. DAMON

O God, that I might finde Damon at home.

Da. What the diuill would he with me?

Paſ. That I may be the firſte that ſhall bring him theſe newes.

Da. What will he tell me, in the name of God?

Pas. O Lord, how happie am I? loke where he is.

Da. What newes Paſiphilo, that thou arte ſo merie?

Paſ. Sir I am mery to make you glad: I bring you ioyfull newes.

Da. And that I haue nede of Paſiphilo.

Paſ. I knowe ſir, that you are a ſorowfull man for this miſhap that hath chaunced in your houſe, peraduenture you thoughte I had not knowen of it. But let it paſſe, plucke vp your

your ſpirits, and reioyce: for he that hath done you this iniurie is ſo well borne, and hath ſo riche parents, that you may be glad to make him your ſonne in law.

Da. How knoweſt thou?

Paſ. His father Philogano one of the worthieſt men in all *Cathaneа*, is nowe come to the cittie, and is here in your neighbours houſe.

Da. What, in Eroſtratos houſe?

Paſ. Nay in Dulipos houſe: for where you haue alwayes ſuppoſed this gentlemã to be Eroſtrato, it is not ſo, but your ſeruaunt whom you haue empriſoned hitherto, ſuppoſed to be Dulipo, he is in dede Eroſtrato: and that other is Dulipo. And thus they haue alwayes, euen ſince their firſt arriual in this cittie, exchaunged names, to the ende that Eroſtrato the maiſter, vnder ẏ name of Dulipo a ſeruant, might be entertained in your houſe, & ſo winne the loue of your daughter.

Da. Wel, then I perceiue it is euẽ as Polineſta tolde me.

Paſ. Why, did ſhe tell you ſo?

Da. Yea: But I thought it but a tale.

Paſ. Well, it is a true tale: and here they will be with you by and by: both Philogano this worthie man, and maiſter doctor Cleander.

Da. Cleander? what to doe?

Paſ. Cleander? Why therby lies another tale, the moſte fortunate aduenture that euer you heard: wot you what? this other Dulipo, whome all this while we ſuppoſed to be Eroſtrato, is founde to be the ſonne of Cleander, whome he loſt at the loſſe of *Otranto*, and was after ſolde in *Sicilia* to this Philogano: the ſtrangeſt caſe that euer you heard: a mã might make a Comedie of it. They will come euen ſtraight, and tell you the whole circumſtance of it themſelues.

Da. Nay I will firſt goe heare the ſtorie of this Dulipo, be it Dulipo or Eroſtrato that I haue here within, before I ſpeake with Philogano.

Paſ. So ſhall you doe well ſir, I will goe tell them that

they may ſtay a while, but loke where they come.

Damon goeth in, Sceneſe, Cleander and Philogano come vpon the ſtage.

Scena. viij.

SCENESE. CLEANDER. PHILOGANO.

SIr, you ſhal not nede to excuſe ỹ matter any further, ſince I haue receiued no greater iniurie than by wordes, let thē paſſe like wind, I take them well in worthe: and am rather well pleaſed than offended: for it ſhall bothe be a good warning to me another time howe to truſt euery man at the firſt ſighte, yea, and I ſhall haue good game hereafter to tel this pleaſant ſtory another day in mine owne countrey.

Cle. Gentleman, you haue reaſon: and be you ſure, that as many as heare it, will take great pleaſure in it. And you Philogano may thinke, that god in heauen aboue, hath ordained your comming hither at this preſent, to the ende I might recouer my loſt ſonne, whom by no other meanes I coulde euer haue founde oute.

Phi. Surely ſir I thinke no leſſe, for I think that not ſo much as a leafe falleth from the tree, without the ordinance of god. But let vs goe ſeke Damon, for me thinketh euery day a yeare, euery houre a daye, and euery minute to much till I ſee my Eroſtrato.

Cle. I cannot blame you, goe we then. Carino take you that gentleman home in the meane time, the fewer the better to be preſent at ſuch affaires.

Paſiphilo ſtayeth their going in.

Scena. ix.

PHILOGANO. CLEANDER.

MAiſter doctor, will you not ſhew me this fauour, to tell me the cauſe of your diſpleaſure?

Cle. Gentle Paſiphilo, I muſte nedes confeſſe I haue done thee wrong, and that I beleued tales of thee, whiche in dede

dede I finde now contrary.

Paſ. I am glad then that it proceded rather of ignorance than of malice.

Cle. Yea beleue me Paſiphilo.

Paſ. O ſir, but yet you ſhoulde not haue giuen me ſuche foule wordes.

Cle. Well, content thy ſelfe Paſiphilo, I am thy frende as I haue alwayes bene: for proofe whereof, come ſuppe with me to night, & from day to day this ſeuen night be thou my gueſt. But beholde, here cōmeth Damō out of his houſe.

Here they come all togither

Scena decima.

CLEANDER. PHILOGANO. DAMON. EROSTRATO. PASIPHILO. POLINESTA. NEVOLA. and other ſeruaunts.

WE are come vnto you ſir, to turne your ſorowe into ioy and gladneſſe: the ſorow, we meane, that of force you haue ſuſtained ſince this miſhappe of late fallen in your houſe. But be you of good comforte ſir, and aſſure your ſelfe, that this yong man which youthfully and not maliciouſly hath committed this amorous offence, is verie well able (with conſent of this worthie man his father) to make you ſufficient amendes: being borne in *Cathanea* of *Sicilia*, of a noble houſe, no way inferiour vnto you, and of wealth (by ỹ reporte of ſuche as knowe it) farre exceding that of yours.

Phi. And I here in proper perſon, doe preſente vnto you ſir, not onely my aſſured frendſhip and brotherhode, but do earneſtly deſire you to accepte my poore childe (though vnworthy) as your ſonne in lawe: and for recompence of the iniurie he hath done you, I profer my whole lands in dower to your daughter: yea and more would, if more I might.

Cle. And I ſir, who haue hitherto ſo earneſtly deſired your daughter in mariage, doe now willingly yelde vp and quite claime to this yong man, who both for his yeares and

for the loue he beareth hir, is moſt meete to be hir huſbād. For wher I was deſirous of a wife by whom I might haue yſſue, to leaue that litle which god hath ſent me: now haue I litle nēde, that (thankes be to god) haue founde my deerely beloued ſonne, whō I loſte of a childe at ꝑ ſiege of *Otranto*.

Da. Worthy gentlemā, your friendſhip, your alliaunce, and the nobilitie of your birthe are ſuche, as I haue muche more cauſe to deſire them of you than you to requeſt of me that which is already graunted. Therfore I gladly, and willingly receiue the ſame, and thinke my ſelfe moſte happie now of all my life paſt, that I haue gotte ſo toward a ſonne in lawe to my ſelfe, and ſo worthye a father in lawe to my daughter: yea and muche the greater is my contentation, ſince this worthie gentleman maiſter Cleander, doth holde himſelfe ſatiſfied. And now behold your ſonne.

Ero. O father.

Paſ. Behold the naturall loue of the childe to the father: for inwarde ioye he cannot pronounce one worde, in ſteade wherof he ſendeth ſobbes and teares to tell the effect of his inward inuention. But why doe you abide here abrode? will it pleaſe you to goe into the houſe ſir?

Da. Paſiphilo hath ſaide well: will it pleaſe you to goe in ſir?

Ne. Here I haue brought you ſir, bothe fetters & boltes.

Da. Away with them now.

Ne. Yea, but what ſhal I doe with them?

Da. Marie I will tell thee Neuola: to make a right ende of our ſuppoſes, lay one of thoſe boltes in the fire, and make thee a ſuppoſitorie as long as mine arme. God ſaue the ſample. Nobles and gentlemen, if you ſuppoſe that our ſuppoſes haue giuen you ſufficient cauſe of delighte, ſhewe ſome token, whereby we may ſuppoſe you are content.

Et plauſerunt.

FINIS.

IOCASTA:

A Tragedie vvritten in Greeke by *Euripides*, tranſlated and digeſted into Acte by George Gaſcoygne, and Francis Kinvvelmerſhe of Grayes Inne, and there by them preſented, 1566.

The argument of the Tragedie.

To ſcourge the cryme of vvicked Laius,
And vvrecke the foule Inceſt of Oedipus,
The angry Gods ſtyrred vp theyr ſonnes, by ſtriſe
VVith blades embrevved to reaue eache others life:
The vvife, the mother, and the concubyne,
(VVhoſe fearefull hart foredrad theyr fatall fine,)
Hir ſonnes thus dead, diſdayneth longer lyfe,
And ſlayes hirſelf vvith ſelfſame bloudy knyfe:
The daughter ſhe, ſurpriſde vvith childiſh dreade
(That durſt not dye) a lothſome lyfe doth leade,
Yet rather choſe to guide hir baniſht ſire,
Than cruell Creon ſhould haue his deſire.
Creon is King, the * type of Tyranny, *Fygure.
And Oedipus, myrrour of miſery.

Fortunatus Infelix.

The names of the Interloquutors.

Iocasta, the Queene.
Seruus, a noble man of the Queenes traine.
Bailo, gouernour to the Queenes sonnes.
Antygone, daughter to the Queene.
Chorus, foure Thebane dames.
Pollynices & Eteocles. } sonnes to Oedipus & the Queene.
Creon, the Queenes brother.
Menoeceus, sonne to Creon.
Tyresias, the diuine priest.
Manto, the daughter of Tyresias.
Sacerdos, the sacrifyeing priest.
Nuntij, three messangers from the campe.
Oedipus, the olde king father to Eteocles and Pollynices, sonne and husbande to Iocasta the Queene.

The Tragedie presented as it were in Thebes.

¶ The order of the dumme shewes and Musickes before euery Acte.

FIrste, before the beginning of the first Acte, did sounde a dolefull & straunge noyse of hoilles, Cythren, Bandurion, and such like, during the whiche, there came in vppon the Stage a king with an Imperial crowne vppon his head, very richely apparelled: a Scepter in his righte hande, a Mounde with a Crosse in his lefte hande, sitting in a Chariote very richely furnished, drawne in by foure Kinges in their Dubbettes and Hosen, with Crownes also vpon their heades. Representing vnto vs Ambition, by the hystorie of Sesostres king of Egypt, who beeing in his time and reigne a mightie Conquerour, yet not content to haue subdued many princes, and taken from them their kingdomes and dominions, did in like maner cause those Kinges whome he had so ouercome, to drawe in his Chariote like Beasles and Oxen, thereby to content his vnbridled ambitious desire. After he had beene drawne twyce about the Stage, and retyred, the Musicke ceased, and Iocasta the Queene issued out of hir house, beginning the firste Acte, as followeth.

Iocasta.

Iocaſta the Queene iſſueth out of hir Pallace, before hir twelue Gentlemen, following after hir eight Gentlewomen, whereof foure be the Chorus that remayne on the Stage after hir departure. At hir entrance the Trumpettes ſounded, and after ſhe had gone once about the Stage, ſhe turneth to one of hir moſt truſtie and eſteemed ſeruaunts, and vnto him ſhe diſcloſeth hir griefe, as foloweth.

The firſt Acte. The firſt Scene.

IOCASTA. SERVVS.

O Faithfull ſeruaunt of mine auncient ſire,
Though vnto thée, ſufficiently be knowne
The whole diſcourſe of my recureleſſe griefe
By ſeing me from Princes royall ſtate
Thus baſely brought into ſo great cõtempt,
As mine own ſonnes repine to beare my plaint,
Now of a Quæne but barely bearing name,
Seyng this towne, ſeing my fleſhe and blonde,
Againſt it ſelfe to leuie threatning armes,
(Whereof to talke my heart it rendes in twaine)
Yet once againe, I muſt to thée recompte
The wailefull thing that is already ſped,
Bicauſe I knów, that pitie will compell
Thy tender hart, more than my naturall childe,
With ruthfull teares to mone my mourning caſe.
Ser. My gracious Quæne, as no man might ſurmount
The conſtant faith I beare my ſouraine Lorde,
So doe I thinke, for loue and truſtie zeale,
No Sonne you haue, doth owe you more than I:
For hereunto I am by dutie bounde,
With ſeruice mæke no leſſe to honor you,
Than that renoumed Prince your dœre father.
And as my duties be moſt infinite,
So infinite, muſt alſo be my loue:
Then if my life or ſpending of my blonde
May be employde to doe your highneſſe good,
Commaunde (O Quæne) commaund this carcaſſe here,
In ſpite of death to ſatiſfie thy will,
So, though I die, yet ſhall my willing ghoſt
Contentedly forſake this withered corps,

For

For ioy to thinke I neuer shewde my selfe
Ingratefull once to such a worthy Quæne.
Ioca. Thou knowst what care my carefull father toke,
In wedlockes sacred state to settle me
With Laius, king of this vnhappie *Thebs*,
That most vnhappie now our Citie is:
Thou knowst, how he, desirous still to searche
The hidden secrets of supernall powers,
Unto Diuines did make his ofte recourse,
Of them to learne when he should haue a sonne,
That in his Realme might after him succæde:
Of whom receiuing answere sharpe and sowre,
That his owne sonne should worke his wailfull ende,
The wretched king (though all in vayne) did take
For to eschew that could not be eschewed:
And so, forgetting lawes of natures loue,
No sooner had this paynfull-wombe brought forth
His eldest sonne to this desired light,
But straight he chargde a trustie man of his
To beare the childe into a desert wood,
And leaue it there, for Tigers to deuoure.
Ser. O luckliesse babe, begot in wofull houre.
Ioc. His seruant thus obedient to his heest,
Up by the heeles did hang this faultlesse Impe,
And percing with a knife his tender feete,
Through both the wounds did drawe the slender twigs,
Which being bound about his feeble limmes,
Were strong inough to holde the little seule.
Thus did he leaue this infant scarcely borne,
That in short time must needes haue lost his life,
If destenie (that for our greater greefes
Decræde before to keepe it still aliue)
Had not vnto this childe sent present helpe:
For so it chaunst, a shepheard passing by,
With pitie moude, did stay his guiltlesse death:

He

He toke him home, and gaue him to his wife,
With homelie fare to fæde and foster vp:
Now harken how the heauens haue wrought the way
To Laius death, and to mine owne decay.
„ Ser. Experience proues, and daily is it seene,
„ In vaine (to vaine) man striues against the heauens.
Ioca. Not farre fro thence, the mightie Polibus,
Of *Corinth* king, did keepe his princely court,
Unto whose wofull wife (lamenting muche
She had no offspring by hir noble phære)
The curteous shepherd gaue my little sonne:
Which gratefull gift, the Quæne did so accept,
As nothing sæmde more precious in hir sight:
Partly, for that, his faitures were so fine,
Partly, for that, he was so beautifull,
And partly, for bicause his comely grace
Gaue great suspicion of his royall bloude.
The infant grewe, and many yeares was dembe
Polibus sonne, till time, that Oedipus
(For so he named was) did vnderstande
That Polibus was not his sire in dæde,
Whereby forsaking frendes and countrie there,
He did returne to sæke his natiue flocke:
And being come into *Phocides* lande,
Toke notice of the cursed oracle,
How first he shoulde his father doe to death,
And then become his mothers wedded mate.
Ser. O fierce aspect of cruell planets all,
That can decrée such seas of heynous faultes.
Ioca. Then Oedipus, fraight full of chilling feare,
By all meanes sought t'auoyde this furious fate,
But whiles he wænde to shunne the shameful dæde,
Unluckly guided by his owne mishappe,
He fell into the snare that most he feared:
For loe, in *Phocides* did Laius lye,

To

To ende the broyles that ciuill discorde then
Had rayled vp in that vnquiet lande,
By meanes whereof my wofull Oedipus,
Affording ayde vnto the other syde,
With murdring blade vnwares his father slewe.
Thus heauenly dome, thus fate, thus powers diuine,
Thus wicked reade of Prophets toke effect:
Now onely restes to ende the bitter happe
Of me, of me his miserable mother.
Alas, how colde I feele the quaking bloud
Passe to and fro within my trembling brest:
Oedipus, when this bloudy deede was done,
Forth forth by fatall dome, to *Thebes* came,
Where as full sone with glory he atchieude
The crowne and scepter of this noble lande,
By conquering Sphinx that cruell monster loe,
That earst destroyde this goodly flouring soyle:
And thus did I (O hatefull thing to heare)
To my owne sonne become a wretched wife.

Ser. No meruayle, though the golden Sunne withdrew
His glittering beames from suche a sinfull face.

Ioca. And so by him that from this belly sprang,
I brought to light (O cursed that I am)
Aswell two sonnes, as daughters also twaine:
But when this monstrous mariage was disclosde,
So sore began the rage of boyling wrath
To swell within the furious brest of him,
As he him selfe by stresse of his owne nayles,
Out of his head did teare his griefull eyne,
Unworthy more to see the shining light.

Ser. How could it be, that knowing he had done
So foule a blot, he would remayne aliue?

,, Ioca. So deepely faulteth none, the which vnwares
,, Doth fall into the crime he can not shunne:
And he (alas) vnto his greater greefe,

Prolongs

Prolongs the date of his accursed dayes,
Knowing that life doth more and more increase
The cruell plages of his detected gilte,
,, Where stroke of grielly death dothe set an ende
,, Unto the pangs of mans increasing payne.

Ser. Of others all, mosse cause haue we to mone
Thy wofull smarte (O miserable Quene)
Such and so many are thy greuous harmes.

Ioca. Now to the ende this blinde outrageous sire.
Should reape no ioye of his vnnaturall fruite,
His wretched sons, prickt forth by furious spight,
Adiudge their father to perpetuall prison:
There buried in the depthe of dungeon darke,
(Alas) he leades his discontented life,
Accursing still his stony harted sonnes,
And wishing all th'infernall spirites of hell,
To breathe suche poysned hate into their brestes,
As eche with other fall to bloudy warres,
And so with pricking poynt of piercing blade,
To rippe their bowels out, that eche of them
With others bloud might straine his giltie hands,
And bothe at once by stroke of spædie death
Be forthwith throwne into the *Stigian* lake.

Ser. The mightie Gods preuent so fowle a dæde,

Ioca. They to auoyde the wicked blasphemies,
And sinfull prayer of their angrie sire,
Agreed thus, that of this noble realme,
Untill the course of one ful yere was runne,
Eteocles should sway the kingly mace,
And Polynice as erul should departe,
Till time expyred: and then to Polynice
Eteocles should yelde the scepter vp:
Thus yere by yere the one succeeding other,
This royall crowne should vnto bothe remayne.

Ser. Oh thunbridled mindes of ambicious men.
Ioca. Eteocles thus plact in princely ſeate,
Drunke with the ſuered taſte of kingly raigne,
Not onely chut his brother from the crowne,
But alſo from his natiue country ſoyle.
Alas poore Polynice, what might he doe,
Uniuſtly by his brother thus betrayed?
To *Argos* he, with ſad and heauie cheere
Forthwith conuayde him ſelfe, on whom at length
With fauning face good fortune ſmyled ſo,
As with Adraſtus king of *Argiues* there,
He founde ſuch fauour and affinitie,
As (to reſtore my ſonne vnto his raigne,)
He hath beſiedge this noble citie *Thebes*,
And hence proceedes my moſt extreme annoye:
For, of my ſonnes, who euer doe preuaile,
The victorie will turne vnto my griefe:
Alas, I feare (ſuch is the chaunce of warre)
That one, or both ſhall purchaſe death therby.
Wherfore, to ſhunne the worſt that may befall,
Thoughe comfortleſſe, yet as a pitifull mother
Whom nature binds to loue hir louing ſonnes,
And to prouide the beſt for their auaile,
I haue thought good by prayers to entreate
The two brethren (nay rather cruel foes)
A while to ſtaie their fierce and furious fight,
Till I haue tried by meanes for to apeaſe
The ſwelling wrath of their outraging willes,
And ſo with much to doe, at my requeſt
They haue forborne vnto this onely houre.
Ser. Small ſpace good wot, to ſtint ſo great a ſtrife.
Ioca. And euen right now, a truſtie man of mine,
Returned from the campe, enformeth me
That Polynice will ſtraight to *Thebes* come,
Thus of my woe, this is the wailefull ſume.

And

And for bycauſe, in vaine and boteleſſe plainte
I haue ſmall nede to ſpend this litle time,
Here will I ceaſe, in wordes more to bewray
The reſtleſſe ſtate of my afflicted minde,
Deſiring thee, thou goe to Eteocles,
Hartly on my behalfe beſeching him,
That out of hand according to his promiſe,
He will vouchſafe to come vnto my courte,
I know he loues thee well, and to thy wordes
I thinke thou knowſt he will giue willing eare.
Ser. (O noble Quéne) ſith vnto ſuch affayres
My ſpedie diligence is requiſite,
I will applie effectually to doe
What ſo your highneſſe hath commaunded me.
Ioca. I will goe in, and pray the Gods therwhile,
With tender pitie to appeaſe my griefe.

Iocaſta goeth off the ſtage into hir pallace, hir foure handmaides follow hir, the foure Chorus alſo follow hir to the gates of hir pallace, after comming on the ſtage, take their place, where they cõtinue to the end of the Tragedie.

SERVVS SOLVS.

„The ſimple man, whoſe meruaile is ſo great
„At ſtately courts, and princes regall ſeate,
„With gaſing eye but onely doth regarde
„The golden gloſſe that outwardly appeares,
„The crownes bedeckt with pearle and precious ſtones,
„The riche attire imboſt with beaten golde,
„The glittering mace, the pompe of ſwarming traine,
„The mightie halles heapt full of flattering frendes,
„The chambers huge, the goodly gorgeous beddes,
„The gilted roſes embowde with curious worke,
„The faces ſwéete of fine diſdayning dames,

The courte liuely painted.

,,The vaine ſuppoſe of wanton raigne at luſte:
,,But neuer viewes with eye of inward thought,
,,The painefull toile, the great and greuous cares,
,,The troubles ſtill, the newe increaſing feares,
,,That princes nouriſh in their iealous breſtes:
,,He wayeth not the charge that Ioue hath laid
,,On princes, how for themſelues they raigne not:
,,He wænes, the law muſt ſtope to princely will,
,,But princes frame their noble wills to lawe:
,,He knoweth not, that as the boyſtrous winde
,,Doth ſhake the toppes of higheſt reared towres,
,,So doth the force of frowarde fortune ſtrike
,,The wight that higheſt ſits in haughtie ſtate.
Lo Oedipus, that ſometime raigned king
Of *Thebane* ſoyle, that wonted to ſuppreſſe
The mighteſt Prince, and kepe him vnder checke,
That fearefull was vnto his forraine foes,
Now like a poore afflicted priſoner,
In dungeon darke, ſhut vp from chéerefull light,
In euery part ſo plagued with annoy,
As he abhorrs to leade a longer life,
By meanes wherof, the one againſt the other
His wrathfull ſonnes haue planted all their force,
And *Thebes* here, this auncient worthy towne,
With threatning ſiege girt in on euerie ſide,
In daunger lyes to be ſubuerted quite,
If helpe of heuenly Ioue vpholde it not,
But as darke night ſuccedes the ſhining day,
So lowring griefe comes after pleaſant ioy.
Well now the charge hir highneſſe did commaund
I muſt fulfill, though haply all in vaine.

Seruus goeth off the ſtage by the gates called *Electræ*. Antygone attended with .iij. gentlewomen and hir gouernour commeth out of the Queene hir mothers Pallace.

BAILO.

BAILO. ANTIGONE.

O Gentle daughter of king Oedipus,
Of ſiſter deare to that vnhappie wight
Whom brothers rage hath reaued of his right,
To whom, thou knowſt, in yong and tender yeares
I was a friend and faithfull gouenour,
Come forth, ſith that hir grace hath graunted leaue,
And let me knowe what cauſe hath moued nowe
So chaſte a maide to ſet hir daintie foote
Ouer the threſholde of hir ſecrete lodge:
Since that the towne is furniſhte euery where
With men of armes and warlike inſtrumentes,
Vnto our eares there cõmes no other noyſe,
But ſounde of trumpe, and neigh of trampling ſteedes,
Which running vp and downe from place to place,
With hideous cries betoken bloude and death:
The blaſing ſunne ne ſhineth halfe ſo bright,
As it was wont to doe at dawne of day:
The wretched dames throughout the wofull towne,
Together cluſtring to the temples goe,
Beſeching Ioue by way of humble plainte,
With tender ruthe to pitie their diſtreſſe.

An. The loue I beare to my ſweete Polynice,
My deare brother, is onely cauſe hereof.

Bai. Why daughter, knowſt thou any remedie
How to defend thy fathers citie here
From that outrage and fierce repyning wrathe,
Which he againſt it, iuſtly hath conceiued?

An. Oh gouernour might this my faultleſſe bloude
Suffiſe to ſtay my brethrens dyre debate,
With glad content I coulde afford my life
Betwixte them both to plant a perfect peace.
But ſince (alas) I cannot as I woulde,
A hote deſire enflames my feruent mind

To haue a sight of my swéete Polynice.
Wherfore (good guide) vouchsafe to guide me vp
Into some tower about this hugie court,
From whence I may behold our enmies campe,
Therby at least to fæde my hungry eyes
But with the sight of my beloued brother:
Then if I die, contented shall I die.
Bai. O princly dame, the tender care thou takste
Of thy deare brother, deserueth double praise:
Yet crau'st thou that, which cannot be obtainde,
By reason of the distance from the towne
Unto the plaine, where tharmie lies incampte:
And furthermore, besemeth not a maide
To shew hir selfe in such vnséemly place,
Whereas among such yong and lustie troupes
Of harebrainde souldiers marching to and fro,
Both honest name and honour is empairde:
But yet reioyce, sith this thy great desire,
Without long let, or yet without thy paine,
At wishe and will shortly may be fulfillde.
For Polynice forthwith will hither come,
Euen I my selfe was lately at the campe,
Commaunded by the Quéene to bid him come,
Who laboureth still to linke in frendly league,
Hir iarring sonnes (which happe so hoped for,
Eftsones I pray the gracious gods to graunt)
And sure I am, that ere this hour passe,
Thou shalt him here in person safely sée.
Anti. O louing frend, doest thou then warrant me,
That Polynice will come vnto this court?
Bai. Ere thou be ware thou shalt him here beholde.
Anti. And who (alas) doth warrant his aduenture,
That of Eteocles he take no harme?
Bai. For constant pledge, he hath his brothers faith,
He hath also the truce that yet endures.

An. I feare alas, alas I greatly feare,
Some trustlesse snare his cruell brother layes
To trappe him in.
Bai. Daughter, god knowes how willing I would be
With swéete reliefe to comforte thy distresse,
But I cannot impart to thée, the good
Which I my selfe doe not as yet enioye.
The wailefull cause that moues Eteocles
With Polynice to enter ciuil warres
Is ouergreat, and for this onely cause
Full many men haue broke the lawes of truth,
And topsie turuie turned many townes,
,,To gredie (daughter) too too gredie is
,,Desire to rule and raigne in kingly state.
Ne can he bide, that swaise a realme alone
To haue another ioynde with him therin:
Yet must we hope for helpe of heauenly powers,
Sith they be iuste, their mercy is at hand,
To helpe the weake when worldly force doth faile.
An. As both my brethren be, so both I beare
As much good will as any sister may,
But yet the wrong that vnto Polynice
This trothlesse tyrant hath vniustlie shewd,
Doth lead me more, to wishe the prosperous life
Of Polynice, than of that cruell wretch,
Besides that, Polynice whiles he remainde
In *Thebes* here, did euer loue me more,
Than did Eteocles, whose swelling hate
Is towards me increased more and more:
Wherof I partely may assure my selfe,
Considering he disdaynes to visite me,
Yea, happly he intends to reaue my life,
And hauing power he will not sticke to doe it.
This therefore makes me earnestly desire
Oft tymes to sée him: yet euer as I thinke

For to diſcharge the duetie of a ſiſter,
The feare I haue of hurt, doth chaunge as faſt
My doubtfull loue into diſdainefull ſpight.
Bai. Yet daughter, muſt ye truſt in mightie Ioue,
His will is not, that for thoffence of one
So many ſuffer vndeſerued ſmarte:
I meane of thee, I meane of Polynice,
Of Iocaſta thy wofull aged mother,
And of Iſmena thy beloued ſiſter.
Who though for this ſhe doth not outwardly
From drearie eyen diſtill lamenting teares,
Yet do I think, no leſſe afflicting griefe
Doth inwardly torment hir tender breſt.
An. Beſides all this, a certaine ielouſie,
Lately conceyude (I know not whence it ſpringes)
Of Creon, my mothers brother, appaules me much,
Him doubt I more than any danger elſe.
Bai. Deare daughter, leaue this fond ſhe ielouſie,
And ſeeing that thou ſhalt heere ſhortly finde
Thy brother Polynice, go in agayne.
An. O ioyfull would it be to me therwhile,
To vnderſtande the order of the hoſte,
Whether it be ſuch as haue ſufficient power
To ouerthrowe this mightie towne of *Thebes*.
What place ſupplies my brother Polynice?
Where founde ye him? what anſwere did he giue?
And though ſo great a care perteineth not
Vnto a mayde of my vnſkill yeres,
Yet, forbicauſe my ſelfe partaker am
Of good and euill with this my countreyſoyle,
I long to heare thee tell thoſe fearefull newes,
Which otherwiſe I cannot vnderſtand.
Bai. So noble a deſire (O worthy dame)
I much commende: and briefly as I can,
Will ſatiſfie thy hungry minde herein.

The power of men that Polynice hath brought,
(Wherof he, (being Adraſtus ſonne in lawe)
Takes chiefeſt charge) is euen the floure of *Greece*,
Whoſe hugie traine ſo mightie ſeemes to be,
As I ſee not, how this our drouping towne
Is able to withſtand ſo ſtrong a ſiege.
Entring the fielde their armie did I finde
So orderly in forme of battaile ſet,
As though they would forthwith haue giuen the charge:
In battailes ſeauen the hoſt deuided is,
To eche of which, by order of the king,
A valiant knight for captaine is aſſignde:
And as you know this citie hath ſeuen gates,
So euerie captaine hath his gate preſcribde,
With fierce aſſault to make his entrie at.
And further, paſſing through our frouning foes
(That gaue me countnaunce of a meſſanger)
Harde by the king I ſpied Polynice,
In golden gliſtring armes moſt richely cladde,
Whoſe perſon many a ſtately prince enpalde,
And many a comely crowned head encloſde:
At ſight of me his colour ſtraight he chaungde,
And like a louing childe, in claſped armes
Ye caught me vp, and frendly kiſt my cheke,
Then hearing what his mother did demaunde
With glad conſent according to hir beſt
Gaue me his hand, to come vnto the court,
Of mutuall truce deſirous ſo he ſeemde,
Ye aſkt me of Antygone and Iſmena,
But chiefelie vnto thee aboue the reſt
Ye gaue me charge moſt heartly to commend him.
An. The gods giue grace he may at length poſſeſſe
His kingly right, and I his wiſhed ſight.
Bai. Daughter no more, t'is time ye nowe returne:
It ſtandes not with the honor of your ſtate

Thus to be sæne suspiciously abrode:
,, For vulgar tongues are armed euermore
,, With slaunderous brute to bleamishe the renoume
,, Of vertues dames, which though at first it spring
,, Of slender cause, yet doth it swell so fast,
,, As in short space it filleth euerie eare
,, With swifte reporte of vndeserued blame:
,, You cannot be to curious of your name:
,, Fond shewe of euill (though still the minde be chast)
,, Decayes the credite oft, that Ladies had,
,, Sometimes the place presumes a wanton mynde:
,, Repayre sometymes of some, doth hurt their honor:
,, Sometimes the light and garishe proude attire
,, Persuades a yelding bent of pleasing youthes.
The voyce that goeth of your vnspotted fame,
Is like a tender floure, that with the blast
Of euerie litle winde doth fade away.
Goe in dēere childe, this way will I goe sēe
If I can mēete thy brother Polynice.

A glasse for yong women.

Antigone with hir maides returneth into hir mothers pallace, hir gouernour goeth out by the gates *Homoloydes*.

CHORVS.

If grēedie lust of mans ambitious eye
(That thristeth so for swaye of earthly things)
Would eke foresēe, what mischefes growe therby,
What carefull toyle to quiet state it brings,
What endlesse griefe from such a fountaine springs:
Then should he swimme in seas of swēete delight,
That nowe complaines of fortunes cruell spight.
For then he would so safely shielde himselfe
With sacred rules of wisdomes sage aduise,
As no alluring trayne of trustles pelfe,

To fonde affectes his fancie should entise,
Then warie hēede would quickly make him wise:
Where contrary (such is our skillesse kind)
We most doe sēeke, that most may hurt the minde.
Amid the troupe of these vnstable toyes,
Some fancies loe to beautie must be bent,
Some hunt for wealth, and some set all their ioyes,
In regall power of princely gouernement,
Yet none of these from care are cleane exempt:
For either they be got with grieuous toyle,
Or in the end forgone with shamefull foyle.
This flitting world doth firmely nought retaine,
Wherin a man may boldly rest his trust,
Such fickle chaunce in fortune doth remaine,
As when she lust, she threatneth whom she lust,
From high renoume to throwe him in the dust:
Thus may we sēe that eche triumphing ioye
By fortunes froune, is turned to annoye.
Those elder heades may well be thought to erre,
The which for easie life and quiet dayes,
The vulgar sorte would sēeme for to preferre,
If glorious *Phœbe* with-holde his glistring rayes,
From such a pēere as crowne and scepter swayes,
No meruaile though he hide his heauenly face,
From vs that come of lesse renoumed race.
Selde shall you sēe the ruine of a Prince,
But that the people eke like brunt doe beare,
And olde recordes of auncient time long since,
From age to age, yea almost euerie where,
With proofe herof hath glutted euery eare:
Thus by the follies of the princes hart,
The bounden subiect still receiueth smart.
Loe, how vnbrideled lust of priuat raigne,
Hath pricked both the brethren vnto warre:
Yet Polynice, with signe of lesse disdaine,

Argumentū à maiore.

Againſt this lande hath brought from countries farre,
A forraine power, to end this cruell iarre,
Forgetting quite the dutie, loue, and zeale,
Ye ought to beare vnto this common weale.
But whoſoeuer gets the victorie,
We wretched dames, and thou O noble towne,
Shall feele therof the wofull miſerie,
Thy gorgeous pompe, thy glorious high renoume,
Thy ſtately towers, and all ſhal fall a downe,
Sith raging Mars will eache of them aſſiſt
In others breſt to bathe his bloudie fiſt.
Bacchus. But thou (*) O ſonne of Semel, and of Ioue,
(That tamde the proude attempt of giaunts ſtrong)
Doe thou defende, euen of thy tender loue,
Thy humble thralls from this afflicting wrong,
Whom waſt of warre hath now tormented long:
So ſhall we neuer faile he day ne night
With reuerence due thy praiſes to reſight.

Finis Actus primi.

(*) Bacchus was the God whom they moſt honored in Thebes.

Done by F. Kinwelmarſhe.

The order of the ſecond dumbe ſhewe.

BEfore the beginning of this ſeconde Acte dyd ſoũd a very dolefull noiſe of flutes: during the which there came in vpon the ſtage two coffines couered with hearclothes, & brought in by. viij. in mourning weed: & accõpanied with. viij. other mourners: & after they had caried the coffins about the ſtage, there opened & appeared a Graue, wherin they buried ẏ coffins & put fire to them: but the flames did ſeuer & parte in twaine, ſignifying diſcord by the hiſtory of two brethrẽ, whoſe diſcord in their life was not onely to be wondred at, but being buried both in one Tombe (as ſome writers affirme) the flames of their funeralls did yet parte the one frõ the other in like maner, and would in no wiſe ioyne into one flame. After the Funerals were ended & the fire cõſumed, the graue was cloſed vp again, the mourners withdrew thẽ off the ſtage, & immediately by ẏ gates Homoloydes entred Pollinyces accompanied with vj. gentlemen and a page that carried his helmet and Target: he & his men vnarmed ſauing their gorgets, for that they were permitted to come into the towne in time of truce, to the end Iocaſta might bring the two brethrẽ to a parle: and Pollinyces after good regard takẽ round about him, ſpeake as foloweth.

Actus. 2. Scena. 1.

POLINICES. CHORVS. IOCASTA. ETEOCLES.

LOe here mine owne citie and native ſoyle,
Loe here the neſt I ought to neſtle in,
Yet being thus entrencht with mine owne fowres,
And that, from him the ſafeconduct is giuen
Which doth enioye as much as mine ſhould be,
My feete can treade no ſtep without ſuſpect:
For where my brother bides, euen there behoues
More warie ſcout than in an enmies campe.
Yet while I may within this right hand holde
This (*) bronde, this blade, (vnyeldē euer yet)
My life ſhall not be lefte without reuenge.
But here beholde the holy ſanctarie,
Of Baccus eke the worthie Image, loe
The aultars where the ſacred flames haue ſhone,
And where of yore theſe giltleſſe hands of mine
Full oft haue offered to our mightie gods:
I ſée alſo a worthie companie
Of *Thebane* dames, reſembling vnto me
The traine of Iocaſta my deare mother:
Beholde them clad in clothes of grieſly blacke,
That helliche hewe that (*) nay for other harmes
So well beſemed wretched wightes to weare:
For why, ere long their ſelues, themſelues ſhall ſée
(Gramercy to their princes tyrannie)
Some ſpoyled of their ſweete and ſucking babes,
Some leſe their husband, other ſome their ſire,
And ſome their friends that were to them full dere.
But now tis time to lay the ſworde aſide,
And eke of them to knowe where is the Quéene:

Neuer.

Sworde.

O worthie dames, beauie, vnhappie ye,
Where reſteth now the reſtleſſe quéne of *Thebes*?
Chor. O worthie impe ſprong out of worthie race,
Renoumed Prince, whom wée haue lokt for long,
And nowe in happie houre arte come to vs,
Some quiet bring to this vnquiet realme.
O quéne, O quéne, come forth and ſée thy ſonne,
The gentle frute of all thy ioyfull ſéede.
Iocaſt. My faithfull frends, my deare beloued maydes,
I come at call, and at your wordes I moue
My feebled féete with age and agonie:
Where is my ſonne? O tell me where is he,
For whome I ſighed haue ſo often ſyth,
For whom I ſpende both nightes and dayes in teares?
Poli. Here noble mother, here, not as the king,
Nor as a Citizen of ſtately *Thebes*,
But as a ſtraunger nowe, I thanke my brother.
Iocaſt. O ſonne, O ſweéte and my deſyred ſonne,
Theſe eyes they ſée, theſe handes of myne thée touche,
Yet ſcarſly can this mynde beléeue the ſame,
And ſcarſly can this bruſed breaſt ſuſteyne
The ſodeyne ioye that is incloſde therein:
O gladſome glaſſe, wherein I ſée my ſelfe.
Chor. So graunt the Gods, for our common good,
Pou frendly may your ſonnes both frendes beholde.
Iocaſt. At thy departe, O louely chylde, thou lefte
My houſe in teares, and mée thy wretched dame,
Pyrrour of martirdome, (*) waymenting ſtill
Th'vnworthie exile thy brother to thée gaue:
Ne was there euer ſonne or friende farre off,
Of his deare frendes or mother ſo deſyred,
As thy returne, in all the towne of *Thebes*.
And of my ſelfe more than the reſt to ſpeake,
I haue as thou mayſte ſée, cleane caſt aſyde
My princely roabes, and thus in wofull wéede,

Lamenting.

Bewrapped haue theſe luſtleſſe limmes of myne:
Naught elſe but teares haue trickled from myne eyes,
And eke thy wretched blynde and aged syre,
Since firſt he heard what warre twéene you there was,
As one that did his bitter curſſe repent,
Or that he prayed to Ioue for your decaye,
With ſtretching ſtring, or elſe with bloudie knyfe
Hath ſought full ofte to ende his loathed lyfe.
Thou this meane whyle my ſonne, haſt lingred long
In farre and forreyn coaſtes, and wedded eke,
By whome thou mayſte, (when heauens appoyntes it ſo)
Straunge iſſue haue by one a ſtranger borne,
Whiche gréeues me ſore, and much the more deare chylde,
Bicauſe I was not preſent at the ſame,
There to performe thy louing mothers due.
But for I fynde thy noble matche ſo méete,
And worthie bothe for thy degrée and byrthe,
I ſéeke to comforte thée by myne aduiſe,
That thou returne this citie to inhabite,
Whiche beſt of all may ſéeme to be the bowre,
Bothe for thy ſelfe and for thy noble ſpouſe.
Forget thou then thy brothers iniuries,
And knowe deare chylde, the harme of all miſſehap
That happes twixt you, muſt happe likewiſe to mée:
Ne can the cruell ſworde ſo ſlightly touche
Your tender fleſhe, but that the ſelfe ſame wounde
Shall dépely bruſe this aged breſt of myne.
„Cho. There is no loue may be compared to that,
„The tender mother beares vnto hir chyld:
„For euen ſomuche the more it dothe encreaſe,
„As their griefe growes, or contentations ceaſe.
Poli. I knowe not mother, if I prayſe deſerue,
(That you to pleaſe, whome I ought not diſpleaſe)
Haue traynde my ſelfe among my truſtleſſe foes:
But Nature drawes (whether he will or nill)

Eche

Eche man to loue his natiue countrey ſoyle:
And who ſhoulde ſay, that otherwiſe it were,
His toung ſhould neuer with his hearte agrée.
This hath me drawne beſyde my bounden due,
To ſet full light this luckleſſe lyfe of myne:
For of my brother, what may I elſe hope,
But traynes of treaſon, force and falſhode bothe?
Yet neyther perill preſent, nor to come,
Can holde me from my due obedience:
I graunte I can not grieſleſſe, wel beholde
My fathers pallace, the holie aultars,
Ne louely lodge wherin I foſtred was:
From whence driuen out, and chaſte vnworthily,
I haue to long aboade in forreyn coaſtes:
And as the growing gréene and pleaſant plante,
Dothe beare freſhe braunches one aboue another,
Euen ſo amidde the huge heape of my woes,
Doth growe one grudge more gréeuous than the reſt,
To ſée my deare and dolefull mother, clayde
In mourning tyre, to tyre hir mourning minde,
Wretched alonely for my wretchedneſſe,
So lykes that enimie my brother beſt:
Sone ſhall you ſée that in this wandring worlde,
No enmitie is equall vnto that
That dark diſdayne (the cauſe of euery euill)
Doth bréede full ofte in conſanguinitie.
But Ioue, he knowes what dole I doe endure,
For you and for my fathers wretched woe,
And eke how dépely I deſire to knowe
What wearie lyfe my louing ſiſters leade,
And what anoye myne abſence them hath giuen.
Iocaſt. Alas, alas, howe wrekefull wrath of Gods
Doth ſtill afflicte Oedipus progenie:
The fyrſte cauſe was thy fathers wicked bedde,
And then (oh why doe I my plagues recompte?)

My burden borne, and your vnhappie birth:
„But needes we muſt with pacient heartes abyde,
„What ſo from high the heauens doe prouide.
With thee my childe, fayne would I queſtion yet
Of certaine things: ne woulde I that my wordes
Might thee anoye, ne yet renewe thy griefe.
Poli. Saye on, deare mother, ſay what ſo you pleaſe:
What pleaſeth you, ſhall neuer mée diſeaſe.
Iocaſt. And ſeemes it not a heauie happe my ſonne,
To be depriued of thy countrey coaſtes?
Poly. So heauie happe as young can not expreſſe.
Exile an exceding griefe to an honeſt mynde. Iocaſt. And what may moſte moleſt the mynde of man
This is exiled from his natiue ſoyle?
Poli. The libertie hée with his countrey loſte,
„And that he lacketh frédome for to ſpeake,
„What ſéemeth beſt, without controll or checke.
Iocaſt. Why ſo: eche ſeruant lacketh libertie
To ſpeake his minde, without his maiſters leaue.
All exyles are like bondmen. „ Poli. In exile, euery man, or bonde or free,
„Of noble race, or meaner parentage,
„Is not in this vnlike vnto the ſlaue,
„That muſte of force obey to eche mans will,
„And prayſe the pœuiſhneſſe of eche mans pryde.
Iocaſt. And ſéemed this ſo grieuous vnto thée?
Poli. What griefe can greater be, than ſo conſtraynde
Slauelike to ſerue gaynſt right and reaſon bothe,
Yea muche the more, to him that noble is,
By ſtately lyne, or yet by vertuous lyfe,
And hath a heart lyke to his noble mynde.
Hope the help in miſerye. Iocaſt. What helpeth moſte in ſuche aduerſitie?
Poli. Hope helpeth moſte to comfort miſerie.
Ioca. Hope to returne from whence he fyrſt was driuen?
Poli. Yea, hope that happeneth oftentymes to late,
And many die before ſuch hap may fall.
Iocaſt. And howe didſt thou before thy mariage ſonne,

Main-

Mainteyne thy lyfe, a ſtraunger ſo beſtad?
Poli. Sometyme I founde (though ſeldome ſo it were)
Some gentle heart, that coulde for curteſye,
Contente himſelfe to ſuccour myne eſtate.
Iocaſt. Thy fathers friends and thyne, did they not helpe
For to releeue that naked néede of thyne?
Few frends in miſerye. „ Poli. Mother, he hath a ſolithe fantaſie,
„That thinkes to fynd a frende in miſerie.
Iocaſt. Thou mighteſt haue helpe by thy nobilitie.
„ Poli. Couered alas, in cloake of pouertie?
„ Iocaſt. Wel ought we then that are but mortall héere,
„A bone all treaſure counte our countrey deare:
Yea let me knowe my ſonne, what cauſe thée moued
To goe to *Greece*?
Poli. The flying fame that thundred in myne eares,
How king Adraſtus, gouernour of *Greece*,
Was anſwered by Oracle, that he
Shoulde knitte in linkes of lawfull mariage,
His two faire daughters, and his onely heires,
One to a Lyon, th'other to a Boare:
An anſwere ſuche as eche man wondred at.
Iocaſt. And howe belongs this anſwere now to thée
Poli. I toke my geſſe euen by this enſigne héere,
A Lyon loe, which I did alwayes beare:
Yet thinke I not, but Ioue alonely brought
Theſe handes of myne to ſuche an high exploite.
Iocaſt. And howe yet came it to this ſtraunge effect?
Poli. The ſhining day had runne his haſted courſe,
And dearke night beſpread hir mantell darke,
When I that wandred after wearie toyle,
To ſeke ſome harbrough for myne irked limmes,
Gan fynde at laſt a little cabbin, cloſe
Adioyned faſte vnto the ſtately walles,
Where king Adraſtus held his royall towres.
Scarce was I there in quiet well ycought,

Small cauſes may moue the needy to contend.

But thither came another exile eke,
Named Tydeus, who ſtraue perforce to driue
Mée from this forie ſeate, and ſo at laſte,
We ſettled vs to fell and bloudie fight,
Whereof the rumour grewe ſo great forthwith,
That ſtraight the king enformed was therof,
Who ſéing then the enſignes that wée bare,
To be euen ſuch as were to him foreſayde,
Choſe eche of vs to be his ſonne by lawe,
And ſithens did ſolemnize eke the ſame.
Iocaſt. Yet woulde I know, if that thy wyfe be ſuche
As thou canſt ioy in hir: or what ſhe is?
Pyli. O mother deare, fayrer ne wyſer dame
Is none in *Greece*, Argia is hir name.
Iocaſt. Howe couldſt thou to this doubtfull enterpriſe,
So many bring, thus armed all at once?
Poli. Adraſtus ſware, that he woulde ſone reſtore
Unto our right both Tydeus, and me:
And firſt for mée, that had the greater néede,
Whereby the beſt and boldeſt bloods in *Greece*,
Haue followed me vnto this enterpryſe.
A thing both iuſt and grieuous vnto me,
Gréeuous I ſaye, for that I doe lament
To be conſtrayned by ſuch open wrong,
To warre againſt myne owne deare countrey féres.
But vnto you (O mother) dothe pertain
To ſtinte this ſtryfe, and both deliuer mée
From exile now, and eke the towne from ſiege:
For otherwiſe, I ſweare you here by heauens,
Eteocles, who now doth me diſdayne
For brother, ſhortly ſhall ſée me his lorde.
I aſke the ſeate, wherof I ought of right
Poſſeſſe the halfe, I am Oedipus ſonne,
And yours, ſo am I true ſonne to you both.
Wherfore I hope that as in my defence,

The

The worlde will weygh, ſo Ioue wil me aſſiſte.

Eteocles commeth in here by the gates Electræ, himſelf armed, and before him .xx. gentlemen in armour, his two pages, wherof the one beareth his Target, the other his helme.

The dames did loue Polynice and hate Eteocles.

Chor. Beholde O quéene, beholde O worthie quéne,
Unworthie he, Eteocles here cõmes,
So, woulde the Gods, that in this noble realme
Shoulde neuer long vnnoble tyrant reigne,
Or that with wrong the right and doutleſſe heire,
Shoulde baniſht be out of his princely ſeate.
Yet thou O quéene, ſo fyle thy fugred toung.
And with ſuch counſell decke thy mothers tale,
That peace may both the brothers hartes inflame,
And rancour yelde, that erſt poſſeſſe the ſame.
Eteocl. Mother, beholde, your heſtes for to obey,
In perſon nowe am I reſorted hither:
In haſte therefore, fayne woulde I knowe what cauſe
With haſtie ſpéde, ſo moued hath your minde
To call me nowe ſo cauſeleſſe out of time,
When common wealth moſte craues my onely ayde:
Fayne woulde I knowe what quent commoditie
Perſwades you thus to take a truce for tyme,
And yelo the gates wide open to my foe,
The gates that myght our ſtately ſtate defende,
And now are made the path of our decay.
„Ioca. Repreſſe deare ſon, thoſe raging ſtormes of wrath,
„That ſo bedimme the eyes of thine intent,
„As when the tongue (a redy inſtrument)
„Would fayne pronounce the meaning of the minde,
„It cannot ſpeake one honeſt ſémely worde.
„But when diſdayne is ſhrunke, or ſette aſyde,
„And mynde of man with leyſure can diſcourſe
„What ſémely wordes his tale may beſt beſéeme,
„And that the toung vnfoldes without affectes

„Then may procéde an answere sage and graue,
„And euery sentence sawst with soberneſſe:
Wherefore vnbende thine angrie browes deare childe,
And caste thy rolling eyes none other waye,
One of the furies. That here doest not Meduſaes (a) face beholde,
But him, euen him, thy bloud and brother deare.
And thou behold, my Polinices eke,
Thy brothers face, wherein when thou mayst sée
Thine owne image, remember therewithall,
That what offence thou wouldst to him were done,
The blowes thereof rebounde vnto thy selfe.
And hereof eke, I would you both forewarne,
When frendes or brethren, kinſfolke or allies,
(Whose hastie hearts some angrie mode had moued)
Be face to face by some of pitie brought,
Who sékes to ende their diſcorde and debate:
Reherſall of olde grudges dot. hinder al reconciliation. They onely ought conſider well the cauſe
For which they come, and cast out of their minde
For euermore the olde offences past:
So shall swéete peace driue pleading out of place.
Wherefore the first shall Polinices be,
To tell what reason first his minde did rule,
That thus our walles with forrein foes encloſde
In sharpe reuenge of cauſeleſſe wrongs receiu'd,
As he allegeth by his brothers dome:
(b) Cruell or vengeable. And of this wicked woe and dire (b) debate,
Some God of pitie be the equall iudge,
Whome I beſéche, to breath in both your breaſts
A yelding heart to deepe deſire of peace.
Truth pleadeth ſimply when falſe hood vſeth eloquence. „ Poli. My worthie dame, I finde that tried truthe
„Doth beſte beſéeme a ſimple naked taie,
„Ne nédes to be with painted proces prickt,
„That in hir ſelfe hath no diuerſitie,
„But alwayes ſhewes one vndiſguiſed face,
„Where deepe deceipt and lies muſt ſéeke the ſhade,

„And

„And wrap their wordes in guileſull eloquence,
„As euer fraught with contrarietie:
So haue I often sayde, and say againe,
That to auoide our fathers foule reproche
And bitter curſe, I parted from this lande
With right good will, yet thus with him agréed,
That while the whirling wings of flying time
Might roll one yeare aboute the heauenly ſpheare,
So long alone he might with peace poſſeſſe
Our fathers seate in princely (c) Diademe,
(c) Crown or ſceptre. And when the yeare ſhould eke his courſe renue,
Might I ſuccéde to rule againe as long.
And that this lawe might ſtill be kept for aye,
He bound him ſelfe by wowe of ſolemne othe
By Gods, by men, by heauen, and eke by earth:
Yet that forgot, without all reuerence
Vnto the Gods, without reſpect to right,
Without reſpect that reaſon ought to rule,
His faith and troth both troden vnder foote,
He ſtill vſurps moſt tyrantlike with wrong
The right that doth of right to me belong.
But if he can with equall dome conſent,
That I retourne into my native ſoyle
To ſway with him alike the kingly ſeate
And euenly beare the bridle both in hand,
Deare mother mine I ſweare by all the Gods
To raiſe with ſpéede the ſiege from theſe our walles,
And ſend the ſouldiers home from whence they came:
Which if he graunt me not, then muſt I do
(Though loth) as much as right and reaſon would,
To venge my cauſe that is both good and iuſt.
Yet this in heauen the Gods my records be,
And here in earth each mortall man may know,
That neuer yet my giltleſſe heart did fayle
Brotherly duetie to Eteocles.

And that cauſleſſe he holdes me from mine owne.
Thus haue I ſaid O mother, euen as much
As néedefull is, wherein I me aſſure:
That in the iudgement both of good and badde,
My woꝛds may ſæme of reaſon to pꝛocéede,
Conſtrained thus in my defence to ſpeake.
Chor. None may denie, O pere of pꝛincely race,
But that thy woꝛds, are honeſt, good and iuſt,
And ſuch as well beſæme that tong of thine.
„Eteo. If what to ſome ſæmes honeſt good and iuſt,
Sundꝛye men ſundꝛy minds. „Could ſæme euen ſo in euery doubtfull mind.
„No darke debate noꝛ quarell could ariſe:
„But loke, how many men ſo many minds,
„And that, that one man iudgeth good and iuſt,
„Some other dæmes as dæpely to be wꝛong.
To ſay the truth (mother) this minde of mine
Doth flæte full farre from that farfetch of his,
Ne will I longer couer my conceit:
If I could rule oꝛ reigne in heauen aboue,
And eke commaund in depth of darkſome hell,
No toile ne trauell ſhould my ſpꝛites abaſhe,
To take the way vnto my reſtleſſe will,
To climbe aloft, noꝛ downe foꝛ to deſcend.
Then thinke you not, that I can giue conſent
To yeld a part of my poſſeſſion,
Onely rule. Wherin I liue and lead the (*) monarchie.
„A witleſſe ſole may euery man him geſſe,
„That leaues the moꝛe and takes him to the leſſe.
With this, repꝛoch might to my name redound,
If he, that hath with foꝛren power ſpoilde
Our pleaſaunt fields, might reaue from me perfoꝛce,
What ſo he liſt by foꝛce of armes demand.
No leſſe repꝛoue the citizens enfewes,
If I, foꝛ dꝛead of Gꝛæciſh hoſts, ſhould graunt
That he might climbe to heigth of his deſire.

In

In fine, he ought not thus of me to cꝛaue
Accoꝛd, oꝛ peace, with bloudy ſwoꝛd in hand,
But with humilitie and pꝛayer both.
Foꝛ often is it ſæne, and pꝛoffe doth teach,
„Swete woꝛds pꝛeuaile, where ſwoꝛd and fire do faile.
Yet this, if here within theſe ſtately walles
He liſt to liue, the ſonne of Oedipus,
And not as king of *Thebes*, I ſtand content.
But let him thinke, ſince now I can commaunde,
This necke of mine ſhall neuer yeld to yoke
Of ſeruitude: let bꝛing his banners ſplaide,
Let ſpeare and ſhield, ſharpe ſwoꝛde, and cyndꝛing flames
Pꝛocure the parte that he ſo vainely claimes:
Foꝛ long as life within this bꝛeſt doth laſt,
I will (*) conſent that he ſhould reigne with me. Will not.
If lawe of right may any way be bꝛoke,
„Deſire of rule within a climbing bꝛeſt
„To bꝛeake a vow may beare the buckler beſt.
„Cho. Who once hath paſt the bounds of honeſtie Tullyes opinyon.
„In eꝛneſt dædes, may paſſe it well in woꝛds.
Ioca. O ſonne, amongſt ſo many miſeries
This benefite hath croked age, I find,
That as the tracke of truſtleſſe time hath taught,
„It ſæth much, and many things diſcernes, Youth ſeeth not ſo much as age.
„Which reckleſſe youth can neuer rightly iudge,
Oh, caſt aſſide that vaine ambition,
That coꝛoſiue, that cruell peſtilence,
That moſt infects the minds of moꝛtall men:
„In pꝛincely palace and in ſtately townes Ambition doth deſtroye al: equalytie doth mayntayne al things.
„It cꝛepeth ofte, and cloſe with it conuayes,
„(To leaue behind it) damage and decayes:
„By it be loue and amitie deſtroyde,
„It bꝛeakes the lawes and commou concoꝛd bꝛeakes,
„Kingdomes and realmes it topſie tuꝛuie tuꝛnes,
And now, euen thée, bir gall ſo poiſoned hath,

That the weake eies of thine affection
Are blinded quite, and ſée not to them ſelfe
But worthy childe, driue from thy doubtfull breſt
This monſtrous mate, in ſteade wherof embrace
„Equalitie, which ſtately ſtates defends
„And binds the minde with true and traſtie knots
„Of frendly faith which neuer can be broke,
„This man, of right ſhould properly poſſeſſe,
And who that other doth the more embrace,
Shall purchaſe paine to be his iuſt reward
By wrathfull wo, or elſe by cruell death.
„This, firſt deuided all by equall bonds
„What ſo the earth did yeld for our auaile:
„This, did deuide the nightes and dayes alike,
„And that the vaile of darke and dreadfull night)
„(Which throwds in milky clouds the pleaſaunt light,
„Ne yet the golden beames of Phœbus rayes
„(Which cleares the dimmed ayre with gladſome gleams)
„Can yet beape hate in either of them both.
If then the dayes and nightes to ſerue our turne
Content themſelues to yeld each other place,
Well oughteſt thou with waighty dome to graunt
Thy brothers right to rule the reigne with thée,
Which heauens ordeyned common to you both:
If ſo thou will O ſonne, O cruell ſonne,
„In whoſe high breſt may iuſtice builde hir boure
„When princes harts wide open lye to wrong?
Why likes thee ſo the tipe of tyrannie
With others loſſe to gather greedy gaine?
„Alas how farre he wanders from the truth
„That compts a pompe, all other to command,
„Yet can not rule his owne vnbridled will,
„A vaine deſire much riches to poſſeſſe
„Whereby the breſt is bruſde and battered ſtill,
„With dread, with daunger, care and cold ſuſpecte.

If the head be euill the body cannot be good.

„Who

„Who ſeekes to haue the thing we call inough,
„Acquainte him firſt with contentation,
„For plenteouſneſſe is but a naked name.
„And what ſuffiſeth vſe of mortall men,
„Shall beſt apay the meane and modeſt hearts.
„Theſe howrded heapes of golde and worldly wealth
„Are not the proper goods of any one,
„But pawnes which loue powres out abundantly
„That we likewiſe might vſe them equally,
„And as he ſeemes to lend them for a time,
„Euen ſo in time he takes them home agayne,
„And would that we acknowledge euery houre,
„That from his handes we did the ſame receiue:
„There nothing is ſo firme and ſtayde to man,
„But whyrles about with wheeles of reſtleſſe time.
Now if I ſhould this one thing thee demaunde,
Which of theſe two thou wouldeſt chuſe to keepe,
The towne quiet or vnquiet tyrannie?
And wouldeſt thou ſay I chuſe my kingly chayre?
O witleſſe anſwere ſent from wicked heart,
For if ſo fall (which mightie God defende)
Thine enimies hand ſhould ouercome thy might,
And thou ſhouldeſt ſée them ſacke the towne of *Thebes*,
The chaſteſt virgins raviſhed for wrecke,
The worthy children in captiuitie,
„Then ſhouldeſt thou feele that ſceptor, crowne, & wealth
„Yelde deeper care to ſée them tane away,
„Than to poſſeſſe them yeldeth deepe content.
Now to conclude my ſonne, Ambition
Is it that moſt offends thy blynded thought,
Blame not thy brother, blame ambition.
From whome if ſo thou not redéeme thy ſelfe,
I feare to ſée thee buy repentance deare.
Cho. Yea deare, too deare when it ſhal come too late.
Ioc. And now to thée my Polinices deare,

Content is riche

Riches are but borowed ſware.

More care to looſe than pleaſure to poſſes.

I ſay that fillie was Adraſtus reade,
And thou God knowes a ſimple fillie ſoule,
Ye to be ruled by thy heady wil,
And thou, to warre againſt the *Thebane* walls,
Theſe walls I ſay whoſe gates thy ſelfe ſhould garde:
Tell me I pray thée, if the Citie yéelde,
Or thou it take by force in bloudie fight,
(Which neuer graunt the Gods I them beſéeke)
What ſpoyles: what Palmes: what ſigne of victorie
Canſt thou ſet vp to haue thy countrie wonne:
What title worthie of immortall fame,
Shall blaſed be in honor of thy name:
O ſonne, deare ſonne, beléeue thy truſtie dame,
The name of glorie ſhall thy name refuſe,
And flie full farre from all thy fonde attemptes.
But if ſo fall thou ſhouldſt be ouercome,
Then with what face canſt thou returne to *Greece*,
That here haſt left ſo many *Greekes* on grounde:
Eache one ſhall curſe and blame thée to thy face,
As him that onely cauſed their decaye,
And eke condemne Adraſtus ſimple heade,
That ſuch a phéere had choſen for his childe.
So may it fall, in one accurſed houre,
That thou mayſt loſe thy wife and countrie both,
Both which thou mayſt with little toyle attaine,
If thou canſt leaue high minde and darke diſdaine.

Small glory for Arcbel to ſee his owne countrey ſpoyled.

Cho. O mightie Gods of goodneſſe, neuer graunt
Unto theſe euilles, but ſet deſired peace
Betwéene the hearts of theſe two friendly foes.

Ete. The queſtion that betwixt vs two is growen,
Beléeue me mother, can not ende with words:
You waſte your breath, and I but loſe my time,
And all your trauell loſt and ſpent in vaine:
For this I ſweare, that peace you neuer get
Betwéene vs two, but with condition,

That

That whilſt I liue, I will be Lord of *Thebes*.
Then ſet aſide theſe vaine forwalked words,
And yéelde me leaue to go where néede doth preſſe:
And now good ſir, get you out of theſe walles,
Unleſſe you meane to buy abode with bloude.

Po. And who is he that ſéekes to haue my bloude,
And ſhall not ſhed his owne as faſt as myne?

Ete. By thée he ſtandes, and thou ſtandſt him before:
Loe here the ſworde that ſhall perfourme his worde.

Po. And this ſhall eke mainteine my rightfull cauſe.

Ioc. O ſonnes, dear ſonnes, away with glittring armes:
And firſt, before you touch eache others fleſh,
With doubled blowes come pierce this breſt of mine.

Po. Ah wretch, thou art both vile and cowarde like,
Thy high eſtate eſtéemes thy life to deare.

Ete. If with a wretch or coward ſhouldſt thou fighte,
Oh daſtard villaine, what firſt moued thée
With ſwarmes of Gréekes to take this enterpriſe?

Po. For well I wiſt, that cankred heart of thine
Coulde ſafely kepe thy heade within theſe walles,
And flée the fielde when combate ſhould be calde.

Ete. This truce aſſureth thée Polynices,
And makes thée bolde to giue ſuch boſting wordes:
So be thou ſure, that had this truce not bene,
Then long ere this, theſe handes had bene embrude,
And eke this ſoyle beſprinkled with thy bloude.

Po. Not one ſmall drop of my bloude ſhalt thou ſpill,
But buy it deare againſt thy cankred will.

Ioc. O ſonnes, my ſonnes, for pittie yet refrayne.

Ch. Good Gods, who euer ſawe ſo ſtrange a ſight:
True loue and frindſhip both be put to flight.

Po. Yelde villein, yelde my right which thou withholdſt.

Ete. Out of thy hope to reigne in *Thebane* walles,
Nought haſt thou here, nor nought ſhal euer haue,
Away. Po. O aultars of my countrie ſoyle.

Ete. Whom

Ete. Whome thou art come to ſpoyle and to deface.
Po. O Gods, giue eare vnto my honeſt cauſe.
Ete. With forreine power his countrie to inuade.
Po. O holy temples of the heauenly Gods.
Ete. That for thy wicked déedes do hate thy name
Po. Out of my kingdome am I driuen by force.
Ete. Out of the which thou camſt me for to driue.
Po. Puniſh O Gods this wicked tyrant here.
Ete. Pray to the Gods in *Greece* and not in *Thebes*.
Po. No ſauage beaſt ſo cruell nor vniuſt.
Ete. Not cruel to my countrie like to thee.
Po. Since from my right I am with wrong depriued.
Ete. Eke from thy life if long thou tarie here.
Po. O father heare what iniuries I take.
Ete. As though thy diuelliſhe déedes were hid from him.
Po. And you mother. Eteo. Haue done thou not deſerueſt
With that falſe tong thy mother once to name.
Po. O deare Citie. Eteo. When thou ariueſt in *Greece*,
Chuſe out thy dwelling in ſome muſkie Mores.
Po. I muſt departe, and parting muſt I prayſe
Oh deare mother the depth of your good will.
Ioc. O ſonne. Eteo. Away I ſay out of theſe walls.
Po. I can not chuſe but muſt thy will obey,
Yet graunt me once my father for to ſée.
Ete. I heare no prayers of my enemie.
Po. Where be my ſwéete ſiſters? Eteo. And canſt thou yet
With chameleſſe tong once name thy noble race
That art become a common foe to *Thebes*?
Be ſure thou ſhalt them neuer ſée againe,
Nor other friend that in theſe walls remaine.
Po. Reſt you in peace, O worthy mother myne.
Ioc. Howe can that be and thou my ioye in warre?
Po. Hence forth n'am I your ioy ne yet your ſonne.
Ioc. Alas the heauens me whelme with all miſhap.
Po. Lo here the cauſe that ſtirreth me by wrong.

Ete. Much

Ete. Much more is that he profereth vnto me.
Po. Well, ſpeake, dareſt thou come armed to the fielde?
Ete. So dare I come, wherfore doſt thou demaunde?
Po. For néeds or thou muſt ende this life of mine,
Or quenche my thirſt with pouring out thy bloud.
Eteo. Ah wretch, my thirſt is all as drie as thine.
Ioc. Alas and welaway, what heare I ſonnes?
Howe can it be deare children can it be
That brethrens heartes ſuch rancour ſhould enrage?
Eteo. And that right ſone the proofe ſhall playnely ſhew.
Io. Oh ſay not ſo, yet ſay not ſo deare ſonnes.
Po. O royall race of *Thebes* now take thine ende.
Cho. God ſhield. Eteo. O ſlow & ſluggiſh heart of mine,
Why do I ſtay t'embrew theſe ſlothfull hands?
But for his greater griefe I will departe,
And at returne if here I finde my foe,
This haſtie hande ſhall ende our hote debate.

Eteocles here goeth out by the gates Electræ.

Po. Deare Citizens, and you eternall Gods,
Beare witneſſe with me here before the worlde,
Howe this my fierce and cruell enimie,
Whom cauſeleſſe now my brother I do call,
With threates of death my lingring ſteps doth drive
Both from my right and from my countrey ſoyle,
Not as beſéemes the ſonne of Oedipus,
But as a ſlaue, an abiect, or a wretche:
And ſince you be both pitifull and iuſte,
Vouchſafe O Gods, that as I part with griefe,
So may I yet returne with ioyfull ſpoyle
Of this accurſed tyrant and (be ſkayne)
I may recouer quietly mine owne.

Polynice goeth out by the gates Homoloides.

Io. O wretched wretch Iocaſta, wher is founde
The miſerie that may compare to thine?
O would I had nor gaſing eyes to ſée,

Nor

Nor liſtning eares to heare that now I dread:
But what remaines, ſaue onely to entreate
That cruell dole wold yet ſo curteous be
To reaue the breath out of this wofull breſt,
Before I harken to ſome wofull newes.
Reſt you here dames, and pray vnto the Gods
For our redreſſe, and I in that meane while
Will ſhut my ſelfe from ſight of lothſome light.

Iocaſta goeth into hir Pallace.

Cho. O mightie God, the gouernour of *Thebes*
Pitie with ſpeede the payne Iocaſta bydes,
And eke our needes O mightie Bacchus helpe,
Bende willing eare vnto our iuſt complaint:
Leaue them not comfortleſſe that truſt in thee,
We haue no golde nor ſiluer thee to giue,
Ne ſacrifice to thoſe thine aultars due,
In ſteede wherof we conſecrate our harts
To ſerue thy will, and heſtes for to obey.

VVhyles the Chorus is thus praying to Bacchus, Eteocles returneth by the gates called Electræ.

Scena.2. Actus.2.

ETEOCLES. CREON.

SInce I haue ridde mine enmie out of ſight,
The beſt ſhall be for Creon now to ſende,
(My mothers brother) that with him I may
Reaſon, conſulte, conferre, and counſell bothe,
What ſhall be beſt to vſe in our defence,
Before we venter forth into the fielde.
But of this trauayle, loe, he me acquites
That comes in haſte towards theſe royall towres.

Here Creon attended by foure gentlemen, commeth in by the gates Homoloydes.

Cre. O mightie king, not cauſeleſſe nowe I come,
To finde, that long haue ſought your maieſtie.

So

So to diſcharge the duetie that I owe
To you, by comforte and by counſell bothe.

Ete. No leſſe deſire this harte of mine did preſſe,
To ſend for thee Creon, ſince that in vaine
My mother hath hir words and trauayle ſpent,
To reconcile Polynices and me:
For he (ſo dull was his capacitie)
Did thinke, he could by dread of daunger, winne
My princely heart to yeld to him his realme.

Cre. I vnderſtande, the armie that he brings
Againſt theſe walles, is ſuch, that I me doubte
Our cities force may ſcarce the ſame reſiſt.
Yet true it is, that right and reaſon both
Are on our ſide, which bring the victorie
Oftetimes: for we our countrey to defend,
They to ſubdue the ſame in armes are come.
But what I would vnto your highneſſe ſhewe,
Is of more weight, and more behoues to know.

Ete. And what is that? oh quickly tell it me.

Cre. A Græke priſoner is come vnto my hands,

Ete. And what ſayth he that doth ſo much importe?

Cre. That euen alreay by their ranks in raye,
And ſtreight will giue aſſault to theſe our walles.

Ete. Then muſt I ſtreight prepare our Citizens
In glittring armes to march into the fielde.

Cre. O Prince (and pardon me) thy youthfull yers
Nor ſee them ſelfe, ne let thee once diſcerne,
What beſt behoueth in this doubtfull caſe.
„For Prudence, ſhe that is the mightie quéne
„Of all good workes, growes by experience,
„Which is not founde with fewe dayes ſéeking for,

Ete. And were not this both founde and wiſe aduiſe,
Boldly to looke our foemen in the face,
Before they ſpred our fields with bugie hoſte,
And all the towne beſet by ſiege at once?

Cre. We be but few, and they in number great.
Ete. Our men haue yet more courage farre than they.
Cre. That know I not, nor am I ſure to ſay.
Ete. Thoſe eyes of thine in lyttle ſpace ſhall ſée
How many I my ſelfe can bring to grounde.
Cre. That would I like, but harde it is to doe.
Eto. I nill penne vp our men within the walles.
Cre. In counſell yet the victorie conſiſtes.
Ete. And wilt thou then I vſe ſome other reade?
Cre. What elſe? be ſtill a while, for haſt makes waſt.
Ete. By night I will the Cammiſado giue.
Cre. So may you do and take the ouerthrowe.
Ete. The vauntage is to him that doth aſſaulte.
Cre. Yet ſkirmiſhe giuen by night is perillous.
Ete. Let ſet vpon them as they ſit at meat.
Cre. Sodayne aſſaults affray the minde no doubt,
But we had nède to ouercome. Ete. So ſhall we do.
Cre. No ſure, vnleſſe ſome other counſell helpe.
Ete. Amid their trenches ſhall we them inuade?
Cre. As who ſhould ſay, were none to make defence.
Ete. Should I then yéld the Citie to my foes?
Cre. No, but aduiſe you well if you be wiſe.
Ete. That were thy parte, that knoweſt more than I.
Cre. Then ſhall I ſay that beſt doth ſéeme to me?
Ete. Yea Creon yea, thy counſell holde I deare.
Cre. Seuen men of courage haue they choſen out.
Ete. A ſlender number for ſo great emprize.
Cre. But they them choſe for guides and capitaynes.
Ete. To ſuch an hoſte? why they may not ſuffiſe.
Cre. May, to aſſault the ſeuen gates of the citie.
Ete. What then behoueth ſo beſtad to done?
Cre. With equall number ſée you do them match.
Ete. And then commit our men in charge to them?
Cre. Chuſing the beſt and boldeſt bloods in *Thebes*.
Ete. And how ſhall I the Citie then defende?

Cre. Well

Cre. Well with the reſt, for one man ſées not all.
Ete. And ſhall I chuſe the boldeſt or the wiſeſt?
Cre. May both, for one without that other fayles.
Ete. Force without wiſedome then is little worth.
Cre. That one muſt be faſt to that other ioynde.
Ete. Creon I will thy counſell follow ſtill,
For why, I hold it wiſe and truſty both,
And out of hand for now I will departe
That I in time the better may prouide
Before occaſion ſlip out of my hands,
And that I may this Polynices (*) quell: Kyll.
For well may I with bloudy knife him ſlea
That comes in armes my countrie for to ſpoyle.
But if ſo pleaſe to fortune and to fate
That other ende than I do thinke may fall,
To thée my frend it reſteth to procure
The mariage twixt my ſiſter Antygone
And thy deare ſonne Hæmone, to whom for dowre
At parting thus I promiſe to performe
As much as late I did (*) behéeſte to thée: Promiſe.
My mothers bloude and brother deare thou arte,
Ne nède I craue of thée to gard him well,
As for my father care I not, for if
So chaunce I dye, it may full well be ſayd
His bitter curſes brought me to my bane.
Cre. The Lord defend, for that vnworthy were.
Ete. Of *Thebes* towne the rule and ſcepter loe
I nède not ought it otherwiſe diſpoſe
Than vnto thée, if I dye without heyre.
Yet longs my lingring mynde to vnderſtand,
The doubtfull ende of this vnhappie warre;
Wherfore I will thou ſend thy ſonne to ſeke
Tyreſias the deuine, and learne of him,
For at my call I knowe he will not come
That often haue his artes and him reproude.

I.ij. Cre. As

Cre. As you commaund, ſo ought I to performe.
Ete. And laſt, I thee and citie both commaund,
If fortune frendly fauour our attemptes,
And make our men triumphant victors all,
That none there be ſo hardie ne ſo bolde
For Polynices bones to giue a graue:
And who preſumes to breake my heſte herein,
Shall dye the death in penaunce of his paine:
For though I were by bloud to him conioynde
I part it now, and iuſtice goeth with me
To guide my ſteppes victoriouſly before.
Pray you to Ioue he deigne for to defende,
Our Citie ſafe both now and euermore.
Cre. Gramercie worthie prince, for all thy loue
And faithfull truſt thou doeſt in me repoſe,
And if ſhould hap, that I hope neuer ſhall,
I promiſe yet to doe what beſt behoues,
But chiefly this I ſweare and make a vowe,
For Polynices nowe our cruell foe,
To holde the beſt that thou doeſt me commaunde.

Creon attendeth Eteocles to the gates Electræ he returneth and goeth out by the gates called Homoloydes.

CHORVS.

O Fierce and furious Mars, whoſe harmefull harte,
Reioyceth moſt to ſhed the giltleſſe blod,
Whoſe headie wil doth all the world ſubuert,
And doth enuie the pleaſant merry mode,
Of our eſtate that erſt in quiet ſtode.
Why doeſt thou thus our harmeleſſe townе annoye,
Which mightie Bacchus gouerned in ioye?
Father of warre and death, that doſt remoue
With wrathfull wreche from wofull mothers breaſt,
The truſtie pledges of their tender loue,

So graunt the Gods, that for our finall reſt,
Dame Venus pleaſant lokes may pleaſe thee beſt,
Wherby when thou ſhalt all amazed ſtand,
The ſword may fall out of thy trembling hand.
And thou maiſt proue ſome other way full well
The bloudie proweſſe of thy mightie ſpeare,
Wherwith thou raiſeſt from the depth of hell,
The wrathfull ſprites of all the furies there,
Who when the weake, doe wander euery where,
And neuer reſt to range about the coaſtes,
Enriche that pit with ſpoile of damned ghoſtes.
And when thou haſt our fieldes forſaken thus,
Let cruell diſorde beare thee companie,
Engirt with ſnakes and ſerpents venemous,
Euen the that can with red virmilion dye
The gladſome greene that flouriſht pleaſantly,
And make the greedie ground a drinking cup,
To ſup the bloud of murdered bodyes vp.
Yet thou returne O ioye and pleaſant peace,
From whence thou didſt againſt our wil depart,
Ne let thy worthie minde from trauell ceaſe,
To chaſe diſdaine out of the poyſned harte,
That raiſed warre to all our paynes and ſmarte,
Euen from the breſt of Oedipus his ſonne,
Whoſe ſwelling pride hath all this iarre begonne.
And thou great God, that doeſt all things decree,
And ſitſt on highe aboue the ſtarrie ſkies,
Thou chiefeſt cauſe of cauſes all that bee,
Regard not his offence but heare our cries,
And ſpedily redreſſe our miſeries,
For what cauſe we poore wofull wretches doe
But craue thy aide, and onely cleaue thereto.

Finis Actus ſecundi.

Done by G. Gaſcoygne.

The order of the thirde dumbe ſhewe.

BEfore the beginning of this .iij. Act did ſound a very dolefull noiſe of cornettes, during the which there opened and appeared in the ſtage a great Gulfe. Immediatly came in .vj. gentlemē in their dublets & hoſe, bringing vpon their ſhulders baſkets full of earth and threwe them into the Gulfe to fill it vp, but it would not ſo cloſe vp nor be filled. Then came the ladyes and dames that ſtoode by, throwing in their cheynes & Jewels, ſo to cauſe it ſtoppe vp and cloſe it ſelfe: but when it would not ſo be filled, came in a knighte with his ſword drawen, armed at all poyntes, who walking twiſe or thriſe about it, & perufing it, ſeing that it would nether be filled with earth nor with their Jewells and ornaments, after ſolempne reuerence done to the gods, and curteous leaue taken of the Ladyes and ſtanders by, ſodeinly lepte into the Gulfe, the which did cloſe vp immediatly: betokning vnto vs the loue that euery worthy perſon oweth vnto his native coūtrie, by the hiſtorye of Curtius, who for the lyke cauſe aduentured the like in Rome. This done, blinde Tyreſias the deuine prophete led in by hys daughter, and conducted by Meneceus the ſon of Creon, entreth by the gates Electræ, and ſayth as followeth.

Actus. iij. Scena. i.

TYRESIAS. CREON. MANTO. MENECEVS. SACERDOS.

YOu truſtie guide of my ſo truſtleſſe ſteppes
Dear daughter mine go we, lead thou ỹ way,
For ſince the day I firſt did leeſe this light
Thou only art the light of theſe mine eyes:
And for thou knowſt I am both old & weake
And euer longing after louely reſt,
Direct my ſteppes amyd the playneſt pathes,
That ſo my febled feete may feele leſſe paine.
Meneceus thou gentle childe, tell me,
Is it farre hence, the place where we muſt goe,
Where as thy father for my comming ſtayes?
For like vnto the ſlouthfull ſnayle I drawe,
(Deare ſonne) with paine theſe aged legges of mine,
Creon returneth by the gates Homoloydes.
And though my minde be quicke, ſcarce can I moue.
Cre. Comfort thy ſelfe deuine, Creon thy frend
Loe ſtandeth here, and came to mete with thee
To eaſe the paine that thou mightſt elſe ſuſtaine,
„For vnto elde eeche trauell yeldes annoy
And thou his daughter and his faithfull guide,
Loe reſt him here, and reſt thou there withall
Thy virgins hands, that in ſuſtayning him
Doeſt well acquite the duetie of a childe.
„For crooked age and hory ſiluer heares
„Still craueth helpe of luſtie youthfull yeares.
Tyr. Gramercie Lorde what is your noble will?
Cre. What I would haue of thee Tyreſias
Is not a thing ſo ſome for to be ſayde.
But reſt a whyle thy weake and weary limmes
And take ſome breath now after wearie walke,

Age muſt be helped by youth.

And tell I pray thée, what this crowne doth meane,
That ſits ſo kingly on thy ſkilfull heade?
Tyr. Know this, that for I did with graue aduiſe,
Foretell the Citizens of *Athens* towne,
How they might beſt with loſſe of litle bloude,
Haue victories againſt their enimies,
Hath bene the cauſe why I doe weare this Crowne,
As right reward and not vnmeete for me.
Cre. So take I then this thy victorious crowne,
For our auaile in token of good lucke,
That knowneſt, how the diſcord and debate
Which late is fallen betwene theſe brethren twaine,
Hath brought all *Thebes* in daunger and in dreade.
Eteocles our king, with threatning armes,
Is gone againſt his greekiſh enimies,
Commaunding me to learne of thée (who arte
A true diuine of things that be to come)
What were for vs the ſafeſt to be done,
From perill now our countrey to preſerue.
Tyr. Long haue I bene within the towne of *Thebes*,
Since that I tyed this truſtie toung of mine
From telling truth, fearing Eteocles:
Yet, ſince thou doeſt in ſo great néede deſire
I ſhould reueale things hidden vnto thée,
For common cauſe of this our common weale,
I ſtand content to pleaſure thée herein.
But firſt (that to this mightie God of yours
There might ſome worthie ſacrifice be made)
Let kill the faireſt goate that is in *Thebes*
Within whoſe bowelles when the Prieſt ſhall loke,
And tell to me what he hath there eſpyed,
I truſt t'aduiſe thée what is beſt to doen.
Cre. Lo here the temple, and ere long I loke
To ſée the holy prieſt that hither cõmes,
Bringing with him the pure and faire offrings,

Which

Which thou requireſt: for not long ſince, I ſent
For him, as one that am not ignorant
Of all your rytes and ſacred ceremonyes:
He went to chooſe amid our herd of goates,
The fatteſt there: and loke where now he commes.

Sacerdos accompanyed with. xvj. Bacchanales and all his rytes and ceremonies, entreth by the gates Homoloydes.

Sacer. O famous Citizens, that holde full deare
Your quiet country: Loe where I doe come
Moſt ioyfully, with wonted ſacrifice,
So to beſeeche the ſupreme Citizens,
To ſtay our ſtate that ſtaggringly doth ſtand,
And plant vs peace where warre and diſcord growes:
Wherfore, with hart deuoute and humble cheere,
Whiles I breake vp the bowels of this beaſt,
(That oft thy beneparde Bacchus hath deſtroyed,)
Let euery wight craue pardon for his faults,
With bending knee about his aultars here.
Tyr. Take here the ſalt, and ſprincle therwithall
About the necke: that done, caſt all the reſt
Into the ſacred fire, and then annoynte
The knife prepared for the ſacrifice.
O mightie Ioue, preſerue the precious gifte
That thou me gaue, when firſt thine angrie Quéene,
For deepe diſdayne did both mine eyes do out,
Graunt me, I may foretell the truth in this,
For, but by thée, I know that I ne may,
Ne wil, ne can, one truſtie ſentence ſay.

Venus made him blynde, for giuing ſentence againſt yr.

Sa. This doe is done. Tyr. With knife then ſtick ỹ kid.
Sac. Thou daughter of deuine Tyreſias,
With thoſe vnſpotted virgins hands of thine
Receiue the bloude within this veſſell here,
And then deuoutly it to Bacchus yelde.
Man. O holy God of *Thebes*, that doeſt both praiſe

Swete peace, and doeſt in hart alſo diſdayne
The noyſome noyſe, the furies and the fight
Of bloudie Mars and of Bellona both:
O thou the giuer both of ioy and health,
Receiue in gre and with well willing hand
Theſe holy whole burnt offrings vnto thée:
And as this towne doth wholy thée adoze,
So by thy helpe do graunt that it may ſtand
Safe from the enimies outrage euermoze.
Sac. Now in thy ſacred name I bowell here
This ſacrifice. Tyre. And what entralls hath it?
Sac. Faire and welfoxmed all in euery poynt,
The liuer cleane, the hart is not infect,
Saue loe, I finde but onely one hart ſtring
By which I finde ſomething I wote nere what,
What ſeemes coxrupt, and were not onely that,
In all the reſt, they are both ſound and hole.
Tyr. Now caſt at once into the holy flame
The ſwete incenſe, and then aduertiſe mée
What hew it beares, and euery other ryte
That ought may helpe the truth foz to coniecte.
Sac. I ſée the flames doe ſundzie coulours caſt,
Now bloudy ſanguine, ſtraight way purple, blew,
Some partes ſeeme blacke, ſome gray, and ſome be gréene.
Tyr. Stay there, ſuffyſeth this foz to haue ſéene.
Know Creon, that theſe outward ſéemely ſignes
(By that the Gods haue let me vnderſtand
Who know the truth of euery ſecrete thing)
Betoken that the Citie great of *Thebes*
Shall Victoz be againſt the Gréekiſh hoſt,
If ſo conſent be giuen: but moze than this
I lyſt not ſay. Cre. Alas, foz curteſie
Say on Tyreſias, neuer haue reſpect
To any liuing man, but tell the truth.

Sacerdos returneth with the Bacchanales, by the gates Homoloides. Sacer. In

Sac. In this meane while I will returne with ſpéde
From whence I came: foz lawfull is it not,
That ſuche as I ſhould heare your ſecreſies.
Tyr. Contrary then to that which I haue ſayde,
The inceſt foule, and childbirth monſtruous
Of Iocaſta, ſo ſtirres the wzath of Ioue,
This citie ſhall with bloudy channels ſwimme,
And angry Mars ſhall ouercome it all
With famine, flame, rape, murther, dole and death:
Theſe luſtie towzes ſhall haue a headlong fall,
Theſe houſes burnde, and all the reſt be razde,
And ſone be ſayde, here whilome *Thebes* ſtode.
One onely way I finde foz to eſcape,
Which bothe would thée diſpleaſe to heare it tolde,
And me to tell percaſe were perillous.
Thée therfoze with my trauell I commende
To Ioue, and with the reſt I will endure,
What ſo ſhall chaunce foz our aduerſitie.
Cre. Yet ſtay a whyle, Tyr. Creon make me not ſtay
By foxce. Cre. Why fléeſt thou? Tyr. Syz tis not from thée
I flée, but from this foztune foule and fell.
Cre. Yet tell me what behoues the citie doe?
Tyr. Thou Creon ſéemeſt now deſirous ſtill
It to pzeſerue: but if as well as I
Thou knewſt that which is to thée vnknowne,
Then wouldſt thou not ſo ſone conſent thereto.
Cre. And would not I with eagre minde deſire
The thing that may foz *Thebes* ought auayle?
Tyr. And doſt thou then ſo inſtantly requeſt
To know which way thou mayeſt the ſame pzeſerue?
Cre. Foz nothing elſe I ſent my ſonne of late
To ſéeke foz thée. Tyr. Then will I ſatiſfie
Thy grédie minde in this: but firſt tell me,
Menetius where is he? Cre. Not farre from me.
Tyr. I pzay thée ſende him out ſome other where.

Cre. Why?

Cre. Why wouldeſt thou that he ſhould not be here?
Tyr. I would not haue him heare what I ſhould ſay.
Cre. Ye is my ſonne, ne will he it reueale.
Tyr. And ſhall I then while he is preſent ſpeake?
Cre. Yea, be thou ſure that he no leſſe than I,
Doth wiſhe full well vnto this common weale.
Tyr. Then Creon ſhalt thou know: the meane to ſaue
This Citie, is, that thou ſhalt ſlea thy ſonne,
And of his bodie make a ſacrifice
For his countrey: lo heere is all you ſeeke
So much to know, and ſince you haue me forſt
To tell the thing that I would not haue tolde,
If I haue you offended with my words,
Blame then your ſelfe, and eke your froward fate.
Cre. Oh cruel words, oh, oh, what haſt thou ſayde,
Thou cruell ſothſayer? Tyr. Euen that, that heauen
Hath ordeined once, and needes it muſt enſue.
Cre. How many euils haſt thou knit vp in one?
Tyr. Though euill for thee, yet for thy countrey good.
Cre. And let my countrey periſhe, what care I?
„ Tyr. Aboue all things we ought to holde it deare.
Cre Cruell were he, that would not loue his childe.
„ Tyr. For cõmõ weale, were well, that one man waile.
Cre. To loſe mine owne, I liſte none other ſaue.
„ Tyr. Beſt Citizens care leaſt for priuat gayne.
Cre. Depart, for nowe, with all thy prophecies.
„ Tyr. Lo, thus the truth doth alwayes hatred get.
Cre. Yet pray I thee by theſe thy ſiluer heares,
„ Tyr. The harme that cõmes from heauen can not be
Cre. And by thy holy ſpirite of prophecie, (ſcapt.
„ Tyr. What heauen hath done, that cannot I vndoe.
Cre. That to no moe this ſecrete thou reueale.
Tyr. And wouldſt thou haue me learne to make a lye?
Cre. I pray thee hold thy peace. Tyr. That will I not:
But in thy woe to yelde thee ſome reliefe,

I tell

I tell thee once, thou ſhalt be Lorde of *Thebes*,
Which happe of thine this ſtring did well declare,
Which from the heart doth out alonely growe.
So did the peece corrupted playnly ſhewe,
An argument moſt euident to proue
Thy ſonne his death. Cre. Well, yet be thou content
To keepe full cloſe this ſecrete hidden griefe.
Tyr. I neither ought, ne will keepe it ſo cloſe.
Cre. Shall I be then the murtherer of mine owne?
Tyr. Ne blame not me, but blame the ſtarres for this.
Cre. Can heauens condemne but him alone to dye?
Tyr. We ought beleeue the cauſe is good and iuſt.
„ Cre. Vniuſt is he condemnes the innocent.
„ Tyr. A fole is he accuſeth heauens of wrongs. Great follye to accuſe the gods.
„ Cre. There can no ill thing come from heauẽs aboue.
Tyr. Then this that heauen commaunds can not be ill.
Cre. I not beleeue that thou haſt talkt with God.
Tyr. Bicauſe I tell thee that doth thee diſpleaſe.
Cre. Out of my ſight accurſed lying wretch.
Tyr. Go daughter go, oh what fole is he A thankles office to foretell a miſchiefe.
That puts in vre to publiſh prophecies?
„ For if he do fore tell a froward fate,
„ Though it be true, yet ſhall he purchaſe hate:
„ And if he ſilence keepe, or hide the truth,
„ The heauy wrath of mightie Gods enſuth.
Appollo he might well tell things to come,
That had no dread the angry to offende.
But hye we daughter hence ſome other way.

Tyreſias with Manto his daughter, returneth by the gates called Electræ.

Scena

Scena. 2.

CREON. MENECEVS.

O my deare childe, well haſt thou heard with eare
Theſe wæry newes, or rather wicked tales
That this deuine of thée deuined hath:
Yet will thy father neuer be the foe,
With cruell dome thy death for to conſent.
Me. You rather ought, O father, to conſent
Unto my death, ſince that my death may bring
Unto this towne both peace and victorie.
No greater honor than to dye for thy countrey.
„ Ne can I purchaſe more prayſe worthy death
„ Than for my countries wealth to loſe my breath
Cre. I cannot prayſe this witleſſe will of thine.
„ Me. You know deare father, that this life of ours
„ Is brittle, ſhort, and nothing elſe in dæde
„ But tedious toyle and pangs of endleſſe payne:
„ And death, whoſe darte to ſome men ſæmes ſo fell,
Death (indeed) yeldeth more pleaſure than lyfe.
„ Brings quiet ende to this vnquiet life.
„ Unto which ende who ſoneſt doth arriue,
„ Finds ſoneſt reſt of all his reſtleſſe griefe.
„ And were it ſo, that here on earth we felte
„ No pricke of paine, nor that our flattring dayes
„ Were neuer daſht by froward fortunes frowne,
„ Yet being borne (as all men are) to dye,
„ Were not this worthy glory and renowne,
„ To yelde the countrey ſoyle where I was borne,
„ For ſo long time, ſo ſhorte a time as mine?
I can not thinke that this can be denied.
Then if to ſhunne this haughtie high behеſt,
Mine onely cauſe, O father, doth you moue,
Be ſure, you ſéke to take from me your ſonne,
The greateſt honor that I can attayne:
But if your owne commoditie you moue,

So

So much the leſſe you ought the ſame allowe:
For loke, how much the more you haue in *Thebes*,
So much the more you ought to loue the ſame:
Here haue you Hemone, he that in my ſteade
(O my deare father) may with you remaine,
So that, although you be depriued of me
Yet ſhall you not be quite depriued of heires.
Cre. I can not chuſe, deare ſonne, but diſalowe
This thy too haſtie, hote deſire of death:
For if thy life thou ſetteſt all ſo lighte,
Yet oughteſt thou thy father me reſpect,
Who as I drawe the more to lumpiſhe age,
So much more néede haue I to craue thine ayde:
Ne will I yet, with ſtubborne tong denye,
„ That for his common weale to ſpende his life,
„ Doth win the ſubiect high renoumed name.
„ But howe in armour to defende the ſtate,
„ Not like a beaſt to bléde in ſacrifice:
And therwithal, if any ſhoulde conſent
To ſuch a death, then ſhould the ſame be I,
That haue prolonged life euen long enough,
Nay many dayes haue I nowe to drawe on.
And more auaile might to the countrie come,
Deare ſonne, to hold that luſtie life of thine,
That art both yong and eke of courage ſtout.
Than may by me that féeble am and olde.
Then liue deare ſonne in high proſperitie,
And giue me leaue that worthy am to dye.
Mene. Yet worthy were not that vnworthy chaunge.
Cre. If ſuch a death bring glorie, giue it me.
Mene. Not you, but me, the heauens cal to die.
Cre. We be but one in fleſh and body both.
Mene. I father ought, ſo ought not you, to die.
Cre. If thou ſonne die, thinke not that I can liue:
Then let me die, and ſo ſhall he firſt die,

That

That ought to die, and yet but one ſhal die.
Me. Although I, father, ought t'obey your beſtes,
Yet cuill it were in this to yelde your will.
Cre. Thy wit is wylie for to worke thy wo.
Me. Oh, tender pitie moueth me thereto.
,, Cre. A beaſt is he, that kils himſelfe with a knife,
,, Of pitie to preſerue an others life.
,, Me. Yet wiſe is he, that doth obey the Gods
Cre. The Gods will not the death of any wight.
,, Me. Whoſe life they take, they giue him life alſo.
Cre. But thou doſt ſtriue to take thy life thy ſelfe.
Me. May them to obey, that will I ſhall not liue.
Cre. What fault, O ſonne, condemneth thée to death?
,, Me. Who liueth (father) here without a fault?
Cre. I ſée no gylte in thée that death deſerues.
Me. But God it ſeeth that euery ſecrete ſeeth.
Cre. How ſhoulde we knowe what is the will of Gode
Me. We knowe it then, when he reueales the ſame.
Cre. As though he would come doune to tell it vs,
Me. By diuers meanes his ſecrets he diſcloſeth.
Cre. Oh, fonde is he, whothinkes to vnderſtand
The myſteries of Ioue his ſecrete mynde:
And for to ende this controuerſie here,
Loe thus I ſay, I will we both liue yet:
Prepare thée then, my (*) heſtes to holde and keepe,
And pull a downe that ſtubborne heart of thyne,
Me. You may of me, as of your ſelfe diſpoſe,
And ſince my life doth ſéeme ſo deare to you,
I will preſerue the ſame to your auaile,
That I may ſpende it alwayes to your wil.
Cre. Then, thée behoues out of this towne to flie:
Before the bold and blinde Tyreſias
Doe publiſh this that is as yet vnknowne.
Me. And where, or in what place ſhall I become?
Cre. Where thou mayſte be hence furtheſt out of ſight.

Comaundements.

Mene.

Me. You may commaunde, and I ought to obey.
Cre. Go to the lande of *Theſſeolia*.
Me. Where Dodona doth ſit in ſacred chaire?
Cre. Euen there my childe.
Me. And who ſhall guide my wandring ſteps? Cre. high
Me. Who ſhal giue ſuſtenance for my relefe? (Ioue.
Cre. There will I ſend thée heapes of gliſtring golde.
Me. But when ſhall I eſteſsones my father ſée?
Cre. Ere long I hope: but now, for now depart,
For euery lingring let or little ſtay,
May purchaſe payne and torment both to me.
Me. Firſt would I take my conge of the Quéene,
That ſince the day my mother loſt hir life,
Hath nouriſht me as if I were hir owne.

Creon goeth out by the gates Homoloydes.

Cre. Oh, tarry not my deare ſonne, tarry not.
Me. Beholde father, I goe. You dames of *Thebes*,
Pray to almightie Ioue for my retourne:
You ſée how mine vnhappie ſtarres me driue
To go my countrie fro: and if ſo chaunce,
I ende in woe my prime and luſtie yeares
Before the courſe of Nature do them call,
Honor my death yet with your drery plaints:
And I ſhall eke, where ſo this carkas come,
Pray to the Gods that they preſerue this towne.

Menoeceus departeth by the gates Electræ.

CHORVS.

When the that rules the rolling wheele of chaunce,
Doth turne aſide hir angrie frowning face,
On him, whom erſt ſhe deigned to aduance,
She neuer leaues to gaulde him with diſgrace,
To tolle and turne his ſtate in euery place,

Till at the laſt ſhe hurle him from on high
And yeld him ſubiect vnto miſerie:
  And as the braunche that from the roote is reft,
Ne neuer winnes like life to that he lefte:
  Yea though he do, yet can not taſt of ioy
Compare with pangs that paſt in his annoy.

  Well did the heauens ordeine for our behoofe
Neceſſitie, and fates by them alowde,
That when we ſée our high miſhappes alofe
(As though our eyes were muſled with a cloude)
Our froward will doth ſhrinke it ſelfe and ſhrowde
From our auaile wherwith we runne ſo faree:
As none amends can make that we do marre:
  Then drawes euill happe & ſtriues to ſhew his ſtrēgth,
And ſuch as yeld vnto his might, at length
  He leades them by neceſſitie the way
That deſtinie prepar de for our decay.

  The Mariner amidde the ſwelling ſeas
Who ſéeth his barke with many a billowe beaten,
Now here, now there, as wind and waues beſt pleaſe,
When thundring Ioue with tempeſt liſt to threaten,
And dreades in depeſt gulfe for to be eaten,
Yet learnes a meane by mere neceſſitie
To ſaue himſelfe in ſuch extremitie:
  For when he ſeth no man hath witte nor powre
To flie from fate when fortune liſt to lowre,
  His only hope on mightie Ioue doth caſte,
Whereby he winnes the wiſhed heauen at laſt.

  How fond is that man in his fantaſie,
Who thinks that Ioue the maker of vs al,
And he that tempers all in heauen on high,
The ſunne, the mone, the ſtarres celeſtiall,

So that no leafe without his leaue can fall,
Hath not in him omnipotence alſo
To guide and gouerne all things here belowe
  O blinded eies, O wretched mortall wights,
O ſubiect ſlaues to euery ill that lights,
  To ſcape ſuch woe, ſuch paine, ſuch ſhame and ſcorne,
Happie were he that neuer had bin borne.

  Well might duke Creon driuen by deſtinie,
(If true it be that olde Tyreſias ſaith)
Redeme our citie from this miſerie,
By his conſent vnto Meneceus death,
Who of himſelfe wold faine haue loſt his breth:
„But euery man is loth for to fulfill
„The heauenly heſt that pleaſeth not his will.
  „That publique weale muſt néedes to ruine go
„Where priuate profite is preferred ſo.
  Yet mightie God, thy only aide we craue,
This towne from ſiege, and vs from ſorowe ſaue.

Finis Actus tertij. done by G. Gaſcoygne.

The order of the fourth dumbe ſhewe.

BEfore the beginning of this fourth Acte, the Trumpets, drummes and fifes ſounded, and a greate peale of ordinaunce was ſhot of: in the which ther entred vpon the ſtage. vj. knights armed at al points: wherof three came in by the Gates Electræ, and the other three by the Gates Homoloides: either parte beeing accompanied

with .bij. other armed men: and after they had marched twice or thrice about the Stage, the one partie menacing the other by their furious lookes and geſtures, the .bj. knights cauſed their other attendants to ſtand by, and drawing their Swords, fell to cruell and couragious combate, continuing therein, till two on the one ſide were ſlayne. The third perceiuing, that he only remayned to withſtand the force of .iij. enimies, did politiquely rũne aſide: wherewith immediatly one of the .iij. followed after him, and when he had drawen his enimie thus from his companie, he turned againe and ſlewe him. Then the ſeconde alſo ranne after him, whom he ſlewe in like mãner, and conſequently the thirde, and then triumphantly marched aboute the Stage wyth hys ſword in his hand. Hereby was noted the incomparable force of concorde betwene brethren, who as long as they holde togither may not eaſily by any meanes be ouercome, and being once diſſeuered by any meanes, are eaſily ouerthrowen. The hiſtory of the brethren Horatij & Curiatij, who agreed to like combate and came to like ende. After that the dead carkaſſes were caried from the Stage by the armed men on both parties, and that the victor was triumphantly accompanied out, alſo came in a meſſanger armed from the campe, ſeeking the Queene, and to hir ſpake as followeth.

Actus

Actus.iiij. Scena.j.

NVNCIVS IOCASTA.

Nuncius commeth in by the gates Homoloides.

O Sage and ſober dames, O ſhamefaſt maids,
O faithful ſeruants of our aged Quéene,
Come leade hir forth, ſith vnto hir I bring
Such ſecrete newes as are of great importe.
Come forth, O Quéene, surceaſſe thy wofull plaint,
And to my words vouchſafe a willing eare.

The Queene with hir traine commeth out of hir Pallace.

Ioca. My ſeruant deare, doeſt thou yet bring me newes
Of more miſhappe? ah werie wretch, alas,
How doth Eteocles? whom heretofore
In his encreaſing yeares, I wonted ay
From daungerous happe with fauoure to defend,
Doth he yet liue? or hath vntimely death
In cruell fight bereſte his flowring life?

Nun. He liues (O Quéene) hereof haue ye no doubt,
From ſuch ſuſpecte my ſelfe will quit you ſone.

Ioca. The vétrous Grékes haue haply tane the towne?

Nun. The Gods forbid.

Ioca. Our ſouldiers then, perchance,
Diſperſed bene and yelden to the ſword.

Nun. Not ſo, they were at firſt in daunger ſure,
But in the end obteined victorie.

Ioca. Alas, what then becõmes of Polynice?
Oh canſt thou tell? is he dead or alriue?

Nun. You haue (O Quéene) yet both your ſonnes aliue.

Ioca. Oh, how my harte is eaſed of his paine.
Well, then proceéde, and briefly let me heare,
How ye repulſt your proud preſuming foes,

That thereby yet at leaſt I may aſſuage
The ſwelling ſorrowes in my dolefull breſt,
In that the towne is hitherto preſerude:
And for the reſt, I truſt that might Ioue
Will yeld vs ayde.
Nun. No ſoner had your worthy valiant ſonne,
Seuerde the Dukes into ſeauen ſeuerall partes,
And ſet them to defence of ſeuerall gates,
And brought in braue arraye his horſemen out,
Firſt to encounter with their mightie foen,
And likewiſe pitcht, the footemen face to face
Againſt the footemen of their enimies,
But fiercely ſtraight, the armies did approche,
Swarming ſo thicke, as couerde cleane the fielde,
When dreadfull blaſt of braying trumpets ſounde,
Of dolefull drummes, and thundring cannon ſhot,
Gaue hideous ſigne of horrour of the fight,
Then gan the *Greekes* to giue their ſharpe aſſaulte,
Then from the walls our ſtout couragious men,
With rolling ſtones, with paſſe of hugie beames,
With flying dartes, with flakes of burning fire,
And deadly blowes, did beate them backe againe:
Thus ſtriuing long, with ſtout and bloudie fighte,
(Whereby full many thouſande ſlaughtered were)
The hardie *Greeks* came vnderneath the walls:
Of whome, firſt Capaney (a luſtie knight)
Did ſcale the walls, and on the top thereof
Did vaunt himſelfe, when many hundred moe,
With fierce aſſaultes did follow him as faſt.
Then loe, the Captaines ſeauen beſtirrde themſelues,
(Whoſe names ye haue alreadie vnderſtoode)
Some here, ſome there, nought dreading loſſe of life,
With newe reliefe to feede the fainting breach:
And Polynice, he bended all the force
Of his whole charge, againſt the greateſt gate,

When

When ſodenly a flaſhe of lightning flame
From angrie ſkies ſtrake captaine Capaney
That there downe dead he fell: at ſight whereof
The gazers on were fraught with ſodein feare.
The reſt, that ſtroue to mount the walles ſo faſt,
From ladders toppe did headlong tumble downe.
Herewith our men encouragde by good happe,
Toke hardy harts, and ſo repulſt the Grekes.
Ther was Eteocles, and I with him,
Who ſetting firſt thoſe ſouldiers to their charge,
Ranne ſtreight to thother gates: vnto the weake
He manly comforte gaue: vnto the bold
His lucky words encreaſed courage ſtill:
In ſo much as th'amaſed Grecian king
When he did heare of Capaney his death,
Fearing thereby the Gods became his foen,
Dut from the trench withdrewe his wearie hoſt.
But rathe Eteocles (preſuming twoo much
Vppon their flight) did iſſue out of *Thebes*,
And forwarde ſtraight with ſtrength of chiualrie,
His flying foes couragiouſly purſude.
Too long it were to make recompt of all
That wounded bene, or ſlaine, or captiue now:
The cloudy ayre was filled round aboute
With houling cries and wofull wayling plaints:
So great a ſlaughter (O renowmed Quéene)
Before this day I thinke was neuer ſéene.
Thus haue we now cut of the fruitleſſe hope
The Grecians had, to ſacke this noble towne.
What ioyfull end will happen herevnto
Yet know I not: the gods tourne all to good.
„To conquere, lo, is doubtleſſe worthy praiſe,
„But wiſely for to vſe the conqueſt gotte,
„Hath euer wonne immortall ſound of fame.
Well, yet therewhile in this we may reioyce,

Sith

Sith heauen and heauenly powers are pleasde therewith.
Ioca. This good successe was luckie sure, and such,
As for myparte I little loked for:
To saue the towne and eke to haue my sonnes
(As you report) preserued yet aliue.
But yet procéede, and further let me know
The finall ende that they agréed vpon.
Nun. No more (O quéene) let this for now suffise,
Sith hitherto your state is safe inough.
Ioca. These words of thine, do whelme my iealous mind
With great suspecte of other mischiefes hidde.
Nun. What would you more, alredy being sure,
That both your sonnes in safetie do remaine?
Ioca. I long to know the rest, or good or bad.
Nun. O let me now retourne to Eteocles,
That of my seruice greatly stands in néede.
Ioca. Right well I sée, thou doest conceale the worst.
Nun. Oh force me not, the good now béeing past,
To tell the yll.
Ioca. Tell it I say, on paine of our displeasure.
Nun. Since thus ye séeke to heare a dolefull tale,
I will no longer stay: witte ye therefore,
Your desperate sonnes togither be agréed
For to attempt a wicked enterprise:
To priuate fight they haue betroutht themselues,
Of which conflicte, the ende must néedes be this,
That one do liue, that other die the death.
Ioca. Alas, alas, this did I euer feare.
Nun. Now, sith in summe I haue reuealed that,
Which you haue heard with great remorse of mind,
I will procéede, at large to tell the whole.
When your victorious sonne, with valiant force
Had chast his foes into their ioyning tents,
Euen there he staide, and straight at sound of trumpe
With stretched voice the herault thus proclaimde:

You princely Gréekes, that hither be arriued
To spoile the fruite of these our fertile fields,
And vs to driue from this our Natiue soile,
O suffer not so many giltlesse soules
By this debate descend in Stygian lake,
For priuate cause of wicked Polynice,
But rather let the brethren, hand to hand,
By mutuall blowes appease their furious rage,
And so to cease from sheding further bloud:
And, to the end you all might vnderstand
The profite that to euery side may fall,
Thus much my Lord thought good to profer you,
This is his will, if he be ouercome,
Then Polynice to rule this kingly realme:
If so it happe (as reason would it should)
Our rightfull prince to conquere Polynice,
That then no one of you make more adoo,
But straight to *Argos* Ile hast home againe.
This, thus pronounst vnto the noble Gréeks,
No soner did the sound of trumpet cease,
But Polynice stept forth before the host,
And to these words this answere did he make:
O thou, (not brother) but my mortall foe,
Thy profer here hath pleased me so well,
As presently, without more long delay,
I yeld my selfe prepared to the field.
Our noble King no soner heard this vaunt,
But forth as fast he prest his princely steppes,
With eger mind, as hoouering falcon woonts
To make hir stoope, when pray appeares in sight:
At all assayes they both were brauely armed,
To eithers side his sword fast being girt,
In eithers hand was put a sturdy launce:
About Eteocles our souldiers cloong,
To comforte him, and put him then in mind,

He fought for ſafetie of his country ſoile,
And that in him conſiſted all their hope.
To Polynice the king Adraſtus ſwore,
If he eſcaped victor from the fielde,
At his returne he would in *Greece* erecte
A golden Image vnto mightie Ioue
In ſigne of his triumphing victorie.
But all this while ſeke you (O noble quéne)
To hinder this your furious ſonnes attempte:
Intreat the Gods it may not take effecte,
Els muſt you nédes ere long depriued be
Of both your ſonnes, or of the one at leaſt.

Nuncius returneth to the camp by the gates Homoloydes.

IOCASTA. ANTIGONE.

ANtigone my ſwete daughter, come forth
Out of this houſe, that nought but woe retaines,
Come forth I ſay, not for to ſing or daunce,
But to preuent (if in our powers it lie)
That thy malicious brethren (ſwolne with ire)
And I alas, their miſerable mother,
Be not deſtroide by ſtroke of dreadfull death.

Antigone commeth out of hir mothers Pallace.

Anti. Ah ſwete mother, ah my beloued mother,
Alas alas, what cauſe doth moue ye now
From trembling voice to ſend ſuch carefull cries?
What painefull pangs what griefe doth gripe you now?
Ioca. O deare daughter, thy moſt vnhappie brethren
That ſometimes lodgde within theſe wretched loynes.
Shall die this day, if Ioue preuent it not.
Anti. Alas what ſay you? alas what do you ſay?
Can I (alas) endure to ſée him dead,
Whom I thus long haue ſought to ſée aliue?

Then

Ioca. They both haue powde (I quake alas to tell)
With trenchant blade to ſpill eche others blood.
Antig. O cruell Eteocles, ah ruthleſſe wretch,
Of this outrage thou only art the cauſe,
Not Polynice, whom thou with hatefull ſpight
Haſt reaued firſt of crowne and countrie ſoyle,
And now doeſt ſéke to reaue him of his life.
Ioca. Daughter no more delay, lets go, lets go.
Anti. Ah my ſwéte mother, whither ſhall I go?
Ioca. With me, déere daughter, to the grékiſh hoſt.
Anti. Alas how can I go? vnles I go
In daunger of my life, or of good name?
Ioca. Time ſerues not now (my well beloued childe)
To way the loſſe of life or honeſt name,
But rather to preuent (if ſo we may)
That wicked déede, which only but to thinke,
Doth bale my hart out of my beauie breſt.
Anti. Come then, lets go, good mother let vs go,
But what ſhall we be able for to doe,
You a weake old woman forworne with yeares,
And I God knowes a ſilly ſimple mayde?
Ioca. Our wofull wordes, our prayers & our plaintes,
Pourde out with ſtreames of ouerflowing teares,
(Where Nature rules) may happen to preuayle,
When reaſon, power, and force of armes do fayle.
But if the glowing heate of boyling wrath
So furious be, as it may not relent,
Then I atwixt them both will throw my ſelfe,
And this my breſt ſhal beare the deadly blowes,
That otherwiſe ſhould light vpon my ſonnes:
So ſhall they ſhead my bloud and not their owne.
Well now déere daughter, let vs haſten hence,
For if in time we ſtay this raging ſtrife,
Then haply may my life prolonged be:
If ere we come the bloudy déede be done,

(A.vj.) Then

Then muſt my ghoſt forſake this feeble corps:
And thou, deare childe, with dolour ſhalt bewaile,
Thy brothers death and mothers all at once.

Iocaſta with Antigone, and all hir traine (excepte the Chorus) goeth towards the campe, by the gates Homoloydes.

CHORVS.

WHoſo hath felt, what faith and feruent loue
A mother beares vnto hir tender ſonnes,
She and none other ſure, can comprehende
The dolefull griefe, the pangs and ſecret paine,
That preſently doth pierce the princely breſt
Of our afflicted Quæne: alas, I thinke
No martyrdome might well compare with hirs.
So ofte as I recorde hir reſtleſſe ſtate,
Alas me thinkes I feele a ſhiuering feare
Flit to and fro along my flushing vaines.
Alas for ruth, that thus two brethren ſhoulde,
Enforce themſelues to ſhed each others bloud.
Where are the lawes of nature nowe become?
Can fleſhe of fleſhe, alas can bloud of bloud,
So far forget it ſelfe, as ſlay it ſelfe?
O lowring ſtarres, O dimme and angrie ſkies,
O geltie fate, ſuche miſchiefe ſet aſide.
But if ſupernall powers decreed haue,
That death muſt be the ende of this debate,
Alas what floudes of teares ſhall then ſuffiſe,
To weepe and waile the neere approching death:
I meane the death of ſonnes and mother both,
And with their death the ruine and decay,
Of Oedipus and his princely race:
But loe, here Creon cõmes with carefull cheare:
Tis time that now I ende my iuſt complaint.

Creon commeth in by the gates Homoloydes.

Creon

CREON. NVNCIVS.

ALthough I ſtraightly charge my tender childe
To flee from *Thebes* for ſafegarde of him ſelfe,
And that long ſince he parted from my ſight,
Yet doe I greatly bang in lingring doubt,
Leaſt paſſing through the gates, the priuie watch
Hath ſtayed him by ſome ſuſpect of treaſon.
And ſo therewhile, the prophets hauing ſkride
His hidden fate, he purchaſt haue the death
Which I by all meanes ſought he might eſchewe:
And this miſchaunce ſo much I feare the more,
How much the wiſhed conqueſt at the firſt,
Fell happily vnto the towne of *Thebes*,
„But wiſe men ought with patience to ſuſtaine
„The ſundrie haps that ſlipperie fortune frames.

Nuncius commeth in by the gates Electræ.

Nun. Alas, who can direct my backie ſteppes
Vnto the brother of our wofull Quæne?
But loe where carefully he ſtandeth here.

Cre. If ſo the minde may dread his owne miſhap,
Then dread I much, this man that ſeekes me thus,
Hath brought the death of my beloued ſonne.

Nun. My Lorde, the thing you feare is very true,
Your ſonne Meneceus no longer lines.

Cre. Alas who can withſtand the heauenly powers?
Well, it beſeemes not me, ne yet my yeares,
In boteleſſe plaint to waſt my wailefull teares:
Do thou recount to me his luckleſſe deathe,
The order, forme, and manner of the ſame.

Nun. Your ſonne (my Lorde) came to Eteocles,
And tolde him this in preſence of the reſt:
Renowned King, neither your victorie,
Ne yet the ſafetie of this princely Realme
In armour doth conſiſt, but in the death

(A.iij.) Of

Of me, of me, (O moſt victorious King)
So heauenly doome of mightie Ioue commaunds.
I (knowing what auayle my death ſhould yéeld
Unto your grace, and vnto natiue land)
Might well be déemde a moſt vngratefull ſonne
Unto this worthy towne, if I would ſhunne
The ſharpeſt death to do my countrie good:
In mourning wéede now let the veſtall Nimphes,
With fainyng tunes commend my faultleſſe ghoſt
To higheſt heauens, while I deſpoyle my ſelfe,
That afterwarde (ſith Ioue will haue it ſo)
To ſaue your liues, I may receyue my death,
Of you I craue, O curteous Citizens,
To ſhrine my corps in tombe of marble ſtone:
Whereon graue this: Meneceus here doth lie,
For countries cauſe that was content to die.
This ſaide, alas, he made no more a doe,
But drewe his ſword, and ſheathde it in his breſt.

Cre. No more, I haue inough, returne ye nowe
From whence ye came.

Nuncius returneth by the gates Electræ.

Well, ſince the bloud of my beloued ſonne,
Muſt ſerue to ſlake the wrath of angrie Ioue,
And ſince his onely death muſt bring to *Thebes*
A quiet ende of hir vnquiet ſtate,
Me thinkes good reaſon would, that I henceforth
Of *Thebane* ſoyle ſhould beare the kingly ſwaye:
Yea ſure, and ſo I will ere it be long,
Either by right, or elſe by force of armes.
Of al miſhap loe here the wicked brode,
My ſiſter firſt eſpouſed hath hir ſonne
That ſlewe his ſire, of whoſe accurſed ſéede
Two brethren ſprang, whoſe raging hatefull hearts,
By force of boyling yre are bolne ſo ſore
As each do thyrſt to ſucke the others bloude:

But

But why do I ſuſtaine the ſmart hereof?
Why ſhould my bloud be ſpilt for others gilte?
Oh welcome were that meſſenger to me
That brought me word of both my nephewes deathes:
Then ſhould it ſone be ſene in euery eye,
Twixt prince and prince what difference would appeare,
Then ſhould experience ſhewe what griefe it is
To ſerue the humours of vnbridled youth.
Now will I goe for to prepare with ſpéede
The funerals of my yong giltleſſe ſonne,
The which perhaps may be accompanyed
With th'obſequies of proude Eteocles.

Any meſſéger is welcome that bringeth tydings of aduancement.

Creon goeth out by the gates Homoloydes.

Finis Actus. 4.

CHORVS.

O Bliſful concord, bredde in ſacred breſt
Of him that guides the reſtleſſe rolling ſky,
That to the earth for mans aſſured reſt
From heigth of heauens vouchſafeſt downe to flie,
In thée alone the mightie power doth lie,
With ſwete accorde to kepe the frouning ſtarres
And euery planet elſe from hurtfull warres.

In thée, in thée ſuch noble vertue bydes,
As may commaund the mightieſt Gods to bend,
From thée alone ſuch fugred frendſhip flydes
As mortall wightes can ſcarcely comprehend,
To greateſt ſtrife thou ſetſt delightfull ende,
O holy peace, by thée are onely founde
The paſſing ioyes that euery where abound.

Thou

Thou onely thou, through thy celeſtiall might,
Didſt firſt of al, the heauenly pole deuide
From th'olde confuſed heape that Chaos hight:
Thou madſte the Sunne, the Mone, and ſtarres to glide,
With ordred courſe about this world ſo wide:
Thou haſt ordainde Dan Tytans ſhining light,
By dawne of day to chaſe the darkeſome night.

When tract of time returnes the luſtie Ver,
By thée alone, the budes and bloſſomes ſpring,
The fieldes with floures be garniſht euery where,
The blooming trées, aboundant fruite do bring,
The cherefull birds melodiouſly do ſing,
Thou doſt appoint, the crop of ſommers ſéede
For mans reliefe, to ſerue the winters néede.

Thou doeſt inſpire the heartes of princely péeres
By prouidence, procéeding from aboue,
In flowring youth to chooſe their worthie féeres,
With whome they liue in league of laſting loue,
Till fearefull death doth flitting life remoue,
And loke how faſt, to death man payes his due,
So faſt againe, doſte thou his ſtocke renue.

By thée, the baſeſt thing aduaunced is,
Thou euerie where, doſt graffe ſuch golden peace,
As filleth man, with more than earthly bliſſe,
The earth by thée, doth yelde hir ſweete increaſe
At becke of thée, all bloudy diſcords ceaſe,
And mightieſt Realmes in quiet do remaine,
Wheras thy hand doth holde the royall raine.

But if thou faile, then al things gone to wracke,
The mother then, doth dread hir naturall childe,
Then euery towne is ſubiect to the ſacke,

Then

Then ſpotleſſe maids, the virgins be defilde,
Then rigor rules, then reaſon is exilde:
And this, thou wofull *Thebes*, to our great paine,
With preſent ſpoile, art likely to ſuſtaine.

Me thinke I heare the wailfull wéeping cries
Of wretched dames, in euerie coaſt reſound,
Me thinkes I ſée, how vp to heauenly ſkies
From battred walls, the thundring clappes rebound,
Me thinke I heare, how all things go to ground,
Me thinke I ſée, how ſouldiers wounded lye
With gaſping breath, and yet they can not dye.

By meanes wherof, oh ſweete Meneceus he,
That giues for countries cauſe his guiltleſſe life,
Of others all, moſt happy ſhall he be:
His ghoſt ſhall flit from broiles of bloudy ſtrife,
To heauenly bliſſe, where pleaſing ioyes be rife:
And would to God, that this his fatall ende
From further plagues, our citie might defend.

O ſacred God, giue eare vnto thy thrall,
That humbly here vpon thy name doth call,
O let not now, our faultleſſe bloud be ſpilt,
For hote reuenge of any others gilt.

Finis Actus quarti.

Done by F. Kinwelmarſhe.

FIrſt the Stillpipes ſounded a very mournful melody, in which time came vpon the Stage a woman clothed in a white garment, on hir head a piller, double faced, the formoſt face fair & ſmiling, the other behinde blacke & louring, muffled with a white laune about hir eyes, hir lap ful of Jewelles, ſitting in a charyot, hir legges naked, hir fete ſet vpō a great roūd bal, & beyng drawē in by .iiij. noble perſonages, ſhe led in a ſtring on hir right hand .ij. kings crowned, and in hir lefte hand .ij. poore ſlaues very meanly attyred. After ſhe was drawen about the ſtage, ſhe ſtayed a little, changing the kings vnto the left hande & the ſlaues vnto the right hand, taking the crownes from the kings heads ſhe crowned therwith the ij. ſlaues, & caſting the vyle clothes of the ſlaues vpon the kings, ſhe deſpoyled the kings of their robes, and therwith apparelled the ſlaues. This done, ſhe was drawen eftſones about the ſtage in this order, and then departed, leauing vnto vs a plaine Type or figure of vnſtable fortune, who doth oftentimes raiſe to heigthe of dignitie the vile and vnnoble, and in like manner throweth downe frō the place of promotiō, euen thoſe whō before ſhe hir ſelfe had thither aduaunced: after hir departure came in Duke Creon with foure gentlemen wayting vpon him and lamented the death of Menœceus his ſonne in this maner.

CREON. CHORVS.

ALas what ſhall I do? bemone my ſelfe?
Or rue the ruine of my Natiue lande,
About the which ſuch cloudes I ſée encloſde,
As darker cannot couer dreadfull hell.
With mine own eyes I ſaw my own deare ſonne
All gorde with bloud of his two bloudy breſt,
Which he hath ſhed full like a friend, ſo deare
To his countrey, and yet a cruell foe
To me, that was his friend and father both.
Thus to him ſelfe he gaynde a famous name,
And glory great, to me redoubled payne:
Whoſe hapleſſe death in my afflicted houſe,
Hath put ſuche playnt, as I ne can eſpie
What comfort might acquiet their diſtreſſe.
I hither come my ſiſter for to ſéeke,
Iocaſta, ſhe that might in wofull wiſe
Amid hir high and ouerpining cares,
Prepare the baynes for his ſo wretched corps,
And eke for him that nowe is not in life,
Pay pay the due that to the dead pertaynes,
And for the honor he did well deſerue,
To giue ſome giftes vnto infernall Gods.
Cho. My Lorde, your ſiſter is gone forth long ſince,
Into the campe, and with hir Antigone,
Hir daughter deare.
Cre. Into the campe? alas and what to do?
Cho. She vnderſtode, that for this realme forthwith
Hir ſonnes were grēd in combate for to ſoyne.
Cre. Alas, the funerals of my deare ſonne
Diſmayed me ſo, that I ne did receiue,
Ne ſéeke to knowe theſe newe vnwelcome newes.

But loe, beholde a playne apparant ſigne
Of further feares: the furious troubled lokes
Of him that commeth here ſo haſtilye.

Scena. 2.

NVNCIVS. CREON. CHORVS.

ALas, alas, what ſhall I doe? alas,
What chriching voyce may ſerue my wofull wordes?
O wretched I, ten thouſande times a wretch,
The meſſanger of dread and cruell death
Cre. Yet more miſhap? and what vnhappie newes:
Nun. My Lord, your nephues both haue loſt their liues.
Cre. Out and alas, to me and to this towne,
Thou doeſt accompt great ruine and decay,
You royall familie of Oedipus:
And heare you this? your liege and ſoueraigne Lordes
The brethren both are ſlayne and done to death.
Cho. O cruell newes, moſt cruell that can come,
O newes that might theſe ſtony walles prouoke
For tender ruthe to burſt in bitter teares,
And ſo they would, had they the ſenſe of man.
Teares. Cre. O worthy yong Lordes, that vnworthy were
Of ſuch vnworthy death, O me moſte wretch.
Nun. More wretched ſhall ye deeme your ſelfe, my lord,
When you ſhall heare of further miſerie.
Cre. And can there be more miſerie than this?
Nun. With bir deare ſonnes the queene hir ſelf is ſlaine.
Cho. Bewayle ladies, alas good ladies waile,
This harde miſchaunce, this cruell common euill,
Me henceforth hope for euer to reioyce.
Cre. O Iocaſta, miſerable mother,
What hapleſſe ende thy life alas hath hent?
Perchaſe the heauens purueyed had the ſame,

Moued

Moued therto by the wicked wedlocke
Of Oedipus thy ſonne yet might thy ſcuſe
But iuſtly made, that knewe not of the crime.
But tell me meſſanger, oh tell me yet
The death of theſe two brethren, driuen t herto,
Not thus all onely by their drearie fate,
But by the banning and the bitter curſſe
Of their cruell ſire, borne for our annoy,
And here on earth the onely ſourſſe of euill.
We harken ſomtimes willingly to wofull newes.
Nun. Then know my Lorde, the battell that begonne
Vnder the walles, was brought to luckie ende.
Eteocles had made his ſotemen flée
Within their trenches, to their foule reproche:
But herewithall the brethren both ſtraightway
Eche other chalenge forth into the fielde,
By combate ſo to ſtinte their cruell ſtriſe,
Who armed thus amid the fielde appeard,
Firſt Polynice turning toward Gréece
His louely lokes, gan Iuno thus beſéeche:
O heauenly quéene, thou ſæſt, that ſince the day
I firſt did wedde Adraſtus daughter deare,
And ſtayde in Gréece, thy ſeruaunt haue I bene:
Then (be it not for mine vnworthineſſe)
Graunt me this grace, the victorie to winne,
Graunt me, that I with high triumphant hande,
May bathe this blade within my brothers breſt:
I know I craue vnworthy victorie,
Vnworthy triumphes, and vnworthy ſpoyles,
Lo be the cauſe, my cruell enimie.
The people wept to heare the wofull wordes
Of Polynice, foreſéeing eke the ende
Of this outrage and cruell combate tane,
Eche man gan loke vpon his drouping mate,
With mindes amazed, and trembling hearts for dread,
Whom pitie perced for theſe youthfull knightes.

 Eteocles

Eteocles with eyes vp caſt to heauen,
Thus ſayde:
O mightie loue his daughter graunt to me,
That this right hande with this ſharpe armed launce
(Paſſing amid my brothers cankred breſt,)
It may eke pierce that cowarde hart of his,
And ſo him ſlea that thus vnworthily
Diſturbes the quiet of our common weale.
So ſayde Eteocles, and trumpets blowne,
To ſende the ſummons of their bloudy fighte,
That one the other fiercely did encounter,
Like Lions two yfraught with boyling wrath,
Bothe coucht their launces full againſt the face,
But heauen it *nolde that there they ſhould them feinte: *would not
Vpon the battred ſhields the mightie ſpeares
Are bothe ybroke, and in a thouſande ſhiuers
Amid the ayre flowne vp into the heauens:
Beholde againe, with naked ſworde in hande,
Eche one the other furiouſly aſſaultes.
Here they of *Thebes*, there ſtode the *Greekes* in doubt,
Of whom doth eche man feele more chilling dread,
Leaſt any of the twayne ſhould loſe his life,
Than any of the twayne did feele in fight.
Their angry lokes, their deadly daunting blowes,
Might witneſſe well, that in their heartes remaynde
As cankred hate, diſdayne, and furious mode,
As euer bred in beare or tygers breſt.
The firſt that hapt to hurt was Polinice,
Who ſmote the righte thighe of Eteocles:
But as we deeme, the blow was nothing deepe,
Then cryed the Greekes, and lepte with lightned harts,
But ſtreight againe they helde their peace, for why?
Eteocles gan thruſt his wicked ſworde
In the lefte arme of vnarmed Pollinice,
And let the bloud from bare vnfenced fleſhe,

With

With falling drops diſtill vpon the ground,
Ne long he ſtayes, but with an other thruſt
His brothers belly boweld with his blade,
Then wretched he, with bridle left at large,
From of his horſſe fell pale vpon the ground,
Ne long it was, but downe our duke diſmountes
From of his ſtartling ſteede, and runnes in haſt,
His brothers hapleſſe helme for to vnlace,
And with ſuch hungry minde deſired ſpoyle,
(As one that thought the fielde already wonne)
That at vnwares, his brothers dagger drawne,
And griped faſt within the dying hand,
Vnder his ſide he reckleſſe doth receiue,
That made the way to his wyde open hart.
Thus falles Eteocles his brother by,
From both whoſe breaſts the bloud faſt bubling, gaue
A ſory shewe to Greekes and *Thebanes* both.
Cho. Oh wretched ende of our vnhappie Lordes.
Cre. Oh Oedipus, I muſt bewaile the death
Of thy deare ſonnes, that were my nephewes both,
But of theſe blowes thou oughteſt feele the ſmarte,
That with thy wonted prayers, thus haſt brought
Such noble bloods to this vnnoble end.
But now tell on, what followed of the Quéne?
Nun. Whē thus with pierced harts, by their owne hands
The brothers fell and wallowed in their bloud,
(That one ſtill tumbling on the others gore)
Came their afflicted mother, then to late,
And eke with hir, chaſt childe Antygone,
Who ſaw no ſoner how their fates had faine,
But with the doubled echo of alas,
She dymmde the ayre with loude complaints and cryes:
Oh ſonnes (quod ſhe) to late came all my helpe,
And all to late haue I my ſuccour ſent:
And with theſe wordes, vpon their carcas colde

She

She shyched so, as might haue stayed the Sunne
To mourne with hir: the wofull sister eke,
(That both hir chekes did bathe in flowing teares)
Out from the depth of hir tormented brest,
With scalding sighes gan draw these weary words,
O my deare brethren, why abandon ye
Our mother deare, when these hir aged yeares,
(That of themselues are weake and growne with griefe,)
Stode most in nede of your sustaining helpe?
Why doe you leaue hir thus disconsolate?
At sounde of such hir weping long lament,
Eteocles our king helde vp his hand,
And sent from bottome of his wofull brest
A doubled sighe, deuided with his griefe,
In faithfull token of his feble will
To recomfort his mother and sister both:
And in steade of sweete contenting words,
The trickling teares raynde downe his paled chekes:
Then clasp his hands, and shut his dying eyes.
But Polynice, that turned his rolling eyen
Unto his mother and his sister deare,
With hollow voyce and fumbling toung, thus spake:
Mother, you se how I am now arryued
Unto the heauen of mine vnhappie ende:
Now nothing doth remaine to me, but this,
That I lament my sisters life and yours,
Left thus in euerlasting woe and griefe:
So am I sory for Eteocles,
Who though he were my cruell enimie,
Yet was your sonne, and brother yet to me:
But since these ghostes of ours must nedes go downe
With staggring steppes into the *Stigian* reigne,
I you beseech, mother and sister bothe,
Of pitie yet, that you will me procure
A royall tombe within my native realme:

And

And now shut vp with those your tender handes,
These griefull eyes of mine, whose dazeled light
Shadowes of dreadfull death be come to close.
Now rest in peace, this sayde, he yelded vp
His fainting ghost, that ready was to part.
The mother thus beholding both hir sonnes
Poone to death, and ouercome with dole,
Drewe out the dagger of hir Pollinice,
From brothers brest, and gorde therewyth her throte,
Falling bet wene hir sonnes:
Then with hir feebled armes, she doth vnfolde
Their bodies both, as if for company
Hir uncontented corps were yet content
To passe with them in Charons ferrie boate.
When cruell fate had thus with force bereft
The wofull mother and hir two deare sonnes,
All sodenly allarme, allarme, they crye,
And hote conflict began for to aryse
Betwene our armie and our enemyes:
For either part would haue the victorye.
A while they did with equall force maintaine
The bloudy fight, at last the Grækes do flie,
Of whom could hardly any one escape,
For in such hugie heapes our men them slew.
The ground was couerde all with carcases:
And of our souldiers, some gan spoyle the dead,
Some other were that parted out the pray,
And some pursuing. Antigone toke vp
The Quæne Iocasta, and the brethren both,
Whom in a chariot hither they will bring
Ere long: and thus, although we gotten haue
The victory ouer our enemies,
Yet haue we lost much more than we haue wonne.

Creon exit.

Cho. O hard mishap, we doe not onely heare

Tha

The wearie newes of their vntimely death,
But elſe we muſt with wayling eyes beholde
Their bodies deade, for loke where they be brought.

Scena. 3.

ANTIGONE. CHORVS.

MOſt bitter plaint, O ladyes, vs behoues
Behoueth elſe not onely bitter plainte,
But that our heares vnſhcuylde from our heades
About our ſhoulders hang, and that our breſts
With bouncing blowes be all be battered,
Our gaſtly faces with our nayles defaced:
Behold, your Quéene twixt both hir ſonnes lyes ſlayne.
The Quéene whom you did loue and honour both,
The Quéene that did ſo tenderly bring vp
And nouriſhe you, eche one like to hir owne,
Now hath ſhe left you all (O cruell hap)
With hir to cruell death in dying dreade,
Pyning with penſifeneſſe without all helpe.
O weary life, why bydſt thou in my breaſt
And I contented be that theſe mine eyes
Should ſée hir dye that gaue to me this life,
And I not venge hir death by loſſe of life?
Who can me giue a fountaine made of mone,
That I may wéepe as muche as is my will,
To ſowſſe this ſorow vp in ſwelling teares?
Cho. What ſtony hart could leaue for to lament?
Anti. O Polinice, now haſt thou with thy bloud
Bought all to deare the title to this realme,
That cruell he Eteocles thée reſte,
And now alſo hath reft thée of thy life,
Alas, what wicked dede can wrath not doe?
And out alas for mée.

Whils

Whyle thou yet liuedſt, I had a liuely hope
To haue ſome noble wight to be my phére,
By whome I might be crowned a royall Quéene:
But now, thy haſtie death hath done to dye
This dying hope of mine, that hope henceforth
None other wedlocke, but tormenting woe,
If ſo theſe trembling hands for cowarde dread
Dare not preſume to ende this wretched life.
Cho. Alas deare dame, let not thy raging griefe
Heape one miſhap vpon anothers head.
Anti. O dolefull day, wherein my ſory ſire
Was borne, and yet O more vnhappie houre
When he was crowned king of ſtately *Thebes*
The Hymenei in vnhappie bed,
And wicked wedlocke, wittingly did ioyne,
The giltleſſe mother with hir giltie ſonne,
Out of which rote we be the braunches borne,
To beare the ſcourge of their ſo foule offence:
And thou, O father, thou that for this facte,
Haſte torne thine eyes from thy tormented head,
Giue eare to this, come forth, and bende thine eare
To bloudie newes, that canſt not them beholde:
Happie in that, for if thine eyes could ſée
Thy ſonnes bothe ſlayne, and euen betwéene them bothe
Thy wife and mother dead, bathed and imbrude
All in one bloud, then wouldſt thou dye for dole,
And ſo might ende all our vnluckie ſtocke.
But moſt vnhappie nowe, that lacke of ſighte
Shall linger life within thy luckleſſe breſt,
And ſtill tormented in ſuche miſerie,
Shall alwayes dye, bicauſe thou canſt not dye.

Oedipus entreth.

Scena. 4.

OEDIPVS. ANTIGONE. CHORVS.

WHy doſt thou call out of this darkeſome denne,
(The luſtleſſe lodge of my lamenting yeres,)
(O daughter deare) thy fathers blinded eyes,
Into the light I was not worthy of?
Or what ſuche light (O cruell deſtenie)
Without tormenting cares might I beholde,
That image am of deathe and not of man?
Anti. O father mine, I bring vnluckie newes
Vnto your eares, your ſonnes are nowe both ſlayne.
Ne doth your wife (that wonted was to guyde
So piteouſly your ſtayleſſe ſtumbling ſteppes)
Now ſee this light, alas and welaway.
Oed. O heape of infinite calamities,
And canſt thou yet encreaſe when I thought leaſt
That any griefe more great could grow in thée?
But tell me yet, what kinde of cruell death
Had theſe thrée ſory ſoules?
Anti. Without offence to ſpeake, deare father mine,
The luckleſſe lotte, the frowarde frowning fate
That gaue you life to ende your fathers life,
Haue ledde your ſonnes to reaue eche others life.
Oed. Of them I thought no leſſe, but tell me yet
What cauſeleſſe death hath caught from me my deare,
(What ſhall I call hir) mother or my wife?
Anti When as my mother ſawe hir deare ſonnes dead,
As penſiue pangs had preſt hir tender heart,
With bloudleſſe chéekes and gaſtly lokes ſhe fell,
Drawing the dagger from Eteocles ſide,
She gorde hirſelfe with wide recureleſſe wounde:
And thus, without mo words, gaue vp the ghoſt,
Embracing both hir ſonnes with both hir armes.

In

In theſe affrightes this froſen heart of mine,
By feare of death maynteines my dying life.
Cho. This drearie day is cauſe of many euils,
Poore Oedipus, vnto thy progenie,
The Gods yet graunt it may become the cauſe
Of better happe to this afflicted realme.

Scena. 5.

CREON. OEDIPVS. ANTIGONE.

GOod Ladies leaue your boteleſſe bayne complaynt,
Leaue to lament, cut off your wofull cryes,
High time it is as now for to prouide
The funerals for the renowmed king:
And thou Oedipus hearken to my wordes,
And know thus muche, that for thy daughters dower,
Antigone with Hemone ſhall be wedde.
Thy ſonne our king not long before his death
Aſſigned hath the kingdome ſhould deſcende
To me, that am his mothers brother borne,
And ſo the ſame might to my ſonne ſuccéde.
Now I that am the lorde and king of *Thebes*,
Will not permit that thou abide therein:
Ne maruell yet of this my heady will,
Ne blame thou me, for why, the heauens aboue
(Which onely rule the rolling life of man,)
Haue ſo ordeynde, and that my wordes be true,
Tyreſias he that knoweth things to come,
By truſtie tokens hath foretolde the towne,
That while thou didſt within the walles remayne,
It ſhould be plagued ſtill with penurie:
Wherfore departe, and thinke not that I ſpeake
Theſe wofull wordes for hate I beare to thee,
But for the weale of this afflicted realme.

Oedipus. O foule accurſed fate, that haſt me brẏdde
To beare the burthen of the miſerie
Of this colde death, which we accompt for life:
Before my birth my father vnderſtode
I ſhould him ſlea, and ſcarcely was I borne,
When he me made a prẏ for ſauage beaſtes.
But what? I ſlew him yet, then caught the crowne,
And laſt of all defilde my mothers bedde,
By whom I haue this wicked ofſpring got:
And to this heinous crime and filthy facte
The heauens haue from highe enforced me,
Againſt whoſe dome no counſell can preuayle.
Thus hate I now my life, and laſt of all,
Lo by the newes of this ſo cruell death
Of bothe my ſonnes and deare beloued wife,
Mine angrie conſtellation me commaundes
Without en eyes to wander in mine age,
When theſe my wẏry, weake, and crooked limmes
Haue greateſt nẽde to craue their quiet reſt.
O cruell Creon, wilt thou ſlea me ſo,
For cruelly thou doſte but murther me,
Out of my kingdome now to chaſe me thus:
Yet can I not with humble minde beſeeche
Thy curteſie, ne fall before thy feete.
Let fortune take from me theſe worldly giftes,
She can not conquere this courageous heart,
That neuer yet could well be ouercome,
To force me yelde for feare to villanie:
Do what thou canſt I will be Oedipus.

Cre. So haſt thou reaſon Oedipus, to ſay,
And for my parte I would thee counſell eke,
Still to maynteine the high and hawtie minde,
That hath bene euer in thy noble heart:
For this be ſure, if thou wouldſt kille theſe knees,
And practiſe eke by prayer to preuayle,

No

No pitie coulde perſuade me to conſent
That thou remayne one onely houre in *Thebes*.
And nowe, prepare you worthie Citizens,
The funeralls that duely doe pertayne
Unto the Quæne, and to Eteocles,
And eke for them prouide their ſtately tombes.
But Pollynice, as common enimie
Unto his countrey, carris forth his corps
Out of the walles, ne none ſo hardie be
On peine of death his bodie to engraue,
But in the fieldes let him vnburied lye,
Without his honour, and without complaynte,
An open praie for ſauage beaſtes to ſpoyle.
And thou Antigone, drie vp thy teares,
Plucke vp thy ſpirites, and cheere thy harmeleſſe hearte
To mariage: for ere theſe two dayes paſſe,
Thou ſhalt eſpouſe Hemone myne onely heire.

Antig. Father, I ſee vs wrapt in endleſſe woe,
And nowe muche more doe I your ſtate lamente,
Than theſe that nowe be dead, not that I thinke
Theyr greate miſſehappes to little to bewayle,
But this, that you (you onely) doe ſurpaſſe
All wretched wightes that in this worlde remayne.
But you my Lorde, why baniſhe you with wrong
My father thus out of his owne perforce?
And why will you denye theſe guiltleſſe bones
Of Polinice, theyr graue in countrey ſoyle?

Creon. So would not I, ſo woulde Eteocles.

Anti. Ye cruel was, you fonde to hold his heeſtes.

Creon. Is then a fault to doe a kings cõmaund?

Anti. When his cõmaunde is cruell and vniuſt.

Creon. Is it vniuſt that he vnburied be?

Anti. Ye not deſeru'd ſo cruel puniſhment.

Creon. Ye was his countreys cruell enimie.

Anti. Or elſe was he that helde him from his right.

Creon.

Cre. Bare he not armes against his natiue land?
Anti. Offendeth he that sekes to winne his owne?
Cre. In spite of thée he shall vnburied be.
Anti. In spite of thée these hands shall burie him.
Cre. And with him eke then will I burie thée.
Anti. So graunt the gods, I get none other graue,
Then with my Polinices deare to rest.
Cre. Go sirs, lay holde on hir, and take hir in.
Anti. I will not leaue this corps vnburied.
Cre. Canst thou vndoe the thing that is decréed?
Anti. A wicked foule decree to wrong the dead.
Cre. The ground ne shall ne ought to couer him.
Anti. Creon, yet I beseche thée for the loue,
Cre. Away I say, thy prayers not preuaile.
Anti. That thou didst beare Iocasta in hir life,
Cre. Thou dost but waste thy words amid the wind.
Anti. Yet graunt me leaue to washe his wounded corps.
Cre. It can not be that I should graunt thée so.
Anti. O my deare Polinice, this tirant yet
With all his worongfull force can not fordoe,
But I will kisse these colde pale lippes of thine,
And washe thy wounds with my waymenting teares.

She sheweth ẏ trutes of true kyndly loue.

Cre. O simple wench, O fonde and foolishe girle,
Beware, beware, thy teares do not foretell
Some signe of hard mishap vnto thy mariage.
Anti. No, no, for Hemone will I neuer wed.
Cre. Dost thou refuse the mariage of my sonne?
Anti. I will nor him, nor any other wed.
Cre. Against thy will then must I thée constraine.
Anti. If thou me force, I sweare thou shalt repent.
Cre. What canst thou cause that I should once repent?
Anti. With bloudy knife I can this knot vnknit.
Cre. And what a foole were thou to kill thy selfe?
Anti. I will ensue some worthie womans steppes.
Cre. Speake out Antigone, that I may heare.

An. This

Anti. This hardie hande shall soone dispatch his life.
Cre. O simple foole, and darste thou be so bolde?
Anti. Why should I dread to do so doughtie déed?
Cre. And wherfore dost thou wedlocke so despise?
Anti. In cruel exile for to folow him. (pointing to *Oedipus*
Cre. What others might besæme, besæmes not thée.
Anti. If næde require with him eke will I die.
Cre. Departe, departe, and with thy father die,
Rather than kill my childe with bloudie knife:
Go hellish monster, go out of the towne.

Creon exit.

Oed. Daughter, I must commende thy noble heart.
Anti. Father, I will not liue in companie
And you alone wander in wildernesse.

The duty of a childe truly perfourmed.

Oed. O yes deare daughter, leaue thou me alone
Amid my plagues: be merrie while thou maist.
Anti. And who shal guide these aged fæte of yours,
That banisht bene, in blinde necessitie?
Oed. I will endure, as fatal lot me driues:
Resting these crooked sorie sides of mine
Where so the heauens shall lend me harborough.
And in exchange of rich and stately towers,
The woodes, the wildernesse, the darkesome dennes,
Shall be the bowre of mine vnhappie bones.
Anti. O father now where is your glorie gone?
„ Oed. One happie day did raise me to renoune,
„ One haplesse day hath throwne mine honour doune.
Anti. Yet will I beare a part of your mishappes.
Oed. That sitteth not amid thy pleasant yeares.
„ Anti. Deare father yes, let youth giue place to age.
Oed. Where is thy moother? let me touch hir face,
That with these handes I may yet féele the harme
That these blinde eyes forbid me to beholde.
Anti. Here father, here hir corps, here put your hande.
Oed. O wife, O moother, O both wofull names,

O wofull mother, and O wofull wyfe,
O woulde to God, alas, O woulde to God
Thou nere had bene my mother, nor my wyfe.
But where lye nowe the paled bodies two,
Of myne vnluckie sonnes, Oh where be they?
Anti. Lo here they lye one by an other deade.
Oedip. Stretch out this hand, dere daughter, stretch this (hande
Upon their faces.
Anti. Loe father, here, lo, nowe you touche them both.
Oedi. O bodies deare, O bodies dearely boughte
Unto your father, bought with high missehap.
Anti. O louely name of my deare Pollinice,
Why can I not of cruell Creon craue,
Ne with my death nowe purchase thee a graue?
Oedi. Nowe commes Apollos oracle to passe,
That I in *Athens* towne should end my dayes:
And since thou doest, O daughter myne, desire
In this exile to be my wofull mate,
Lende mee thy hande, and let vs goe togither.
Anti. Loe, here all prest my deare beloued father,
A feeble guyde, and eke a simple scowte,
To passe the perills in a doubtfull waye.
Oedi. Unto the wretched, be a wretched guyde.
Anti. In this all onely equall to my father.
Oedi. And where shall I sette forth my trembling feete
O reache mee yet some surer staffe, to steye
My staggryng pace amidde these wayes vnknowne.
Anti. Here father here, and here set forth your feete.
Oedi. Nowe can I blame none other for my harmes
But secrete spight of foredecreed fate,
Thou arte the cause, that crooked, olde and blynde,
I am exilde farre from my countrey soyle,
And suffer dole that I ought not endure.
„ Anti. O father, father, Iustice lyes on sleepe,
„ Ne doth regarde the wrongs of wretchednesse,

She giueth him a staffe, and stayeth hym hir self also.

„ Ne

„ Ne princes swelling pryde it doth redresse.
Oedi. O carefull caytife, howe am I nowe changd
From that I was? I am that Oedipus,
That whylome had triumphant victorie,
And was bothe dread and honored eke in *Thebes*:
But nowe (so pleaseth you my frowarde starres)
Downe headlong hurlde in depth of myserie,
So that remaynes of Oedipus no more
As nowe in mee, but euen the naked name,
And lo, this image, that resembles more
Shadowes of death, than shape of Oedipus.
Antig. O father, nowe forgette the pleasaunt dayes
And happie lyfe that you did whylom leade,
The muse whereof redoubleth but you griefe:
Susteyne the smarte of these your present paynes
With pacience, that best may you preserue.
Lo where I come, to liue and die with you,
Not (as sometymes) the daughter of a king,
But as an abiect nowe in pouertie,
That you, by presence of suche faithfull guide,
May better beare the wrecke of miserie.
Oedi. O onely comforte of my cruell happe.
Anti. Your daughters pitie is but due to you?
Woulde God I might as well ingraue the corps
Of my deare Pollinice, but I ne maye,
And that I can not, doubleth all my dole.
Oedi. This thy desire, that is both good and iuste,
Imparte to some that be thy trustie frendes,
Who movde with pitie, maye procure the same.
„ Anti. Beleeue me father, when dame fortune frownes,
„ Be fewe that fynde trustie companions.
Oedi. And of those fewe, yet one of those am I:
Wherefore, goe we nowe daughter, leade the waye
Into the stonie rockes and highest hilles,
Where fewest trackes of steppings may be spyde.

Iustice sleepeth.

A Glasse for brittel Beutie and for lusty lummes.

(D.ij.)

„ Who

„ Who once hath sit in chaire of dignitie,
„ May shame to shewe himselfe in miserie.
Anti. From thée, O countrey, am I forst to parte,
Despoiled thus in flower of my youth,
And yet I leane within my enimies rule,
Vnmene my infortunate sitter.
Oed. Deare citizens, beholde your Lord and King
A mirrour for Magistrates. That *Thebes* set in quiet gouernment,
Now as you see, neglected of you all,
And in these ragged ruthfull wedes bewrapt,
Pchased from his native countrey soyle,
Betakes himself (for so this tirant will)
To euerlasting banishment: but why
Do I lament my luckelesse lot in vaine?
„ Since euery man must beare with quiet minde,
„ The fate that heauens haue erst to him assignde.

CHORVS.

EXample here, loe take by Oedipus,
You Kings and Princes in prosperitie,
And euery one that is desirous
To sway the seate of worldlie dignitie,
How fickle tis to trust in Fortunes whele:
For him whome now she hoysteth vp on hie,
If so he chaunce on any side to reele,
She hurles him downe in twinkling of an eye:
And him againe, that grobleth nowe on ground,
And lieth lowe in dungeon of dispaire,
Hir whirling whéele can heaue vp at a bounde,
And place aloft in stay of statelie chaire.
As from the Sunne the Mone withdrawes hir face,
So might of man doth yéelde dame Fortune place.

Finis Actus quinti. Done by G. Gascoigne.

Epilo-

LO here the fruit of highaspiring minde,
Who weenes to mount aboue the mouing Skies:
Lo here the trap that titles proud do finde,
Sée, ruine growes, when most we reach to rise:
Swéete is the name, and statelie is the raigne
Of kinglie rule, and sway of royall seate,
But bitter is the tast of Princes gaine,
When climbing heades do hunte for to be great.
Who would forecast the banke of restlesse toyle,
Ambitious wightes do freight their brestes withall,
The growing cares, the feares of dreadfull foyle,
To ill successe that on such slightes doth fall,
He would not streyne his practize to atchieue
The largest limits of the mightiest states.
But oh, what fansies swéete do still relieue
The hungrie humor of these swelling hates?
What poyson swéet inflameth high desire?
Howe sone the hautie heart is pufft with pride?
Howe sone is thrust of sceptre set on fire?
Howe sone in rising mindes doth mischief slide?
What bloudie sturres doth glut of honor breede?
Thambitious sonne doth oft surpresse his sire:
Where natures power vnfained loue shculd spread,
There malice raignes and reacheth to be higher.
O blinde vnbridled search of Soueraintie,
O tickle traine of euill attayned state,
O fonde desire of princelie dignitie,
Who climbes too sone, he oft repentes too late.
The golden meane, the happie doth suffise,
They leade the posting day in rare delight,
They fill (not feede) their vncontented eyes,
They reape such rest as doth beguile the night,
They not enuie the pompe of haughtie traine,

Ne dreade the dinte of proude vsurping sworde,
But plaste alowe, more sugred ioyes attaine,
Than swaye of loftie Scepter can afforde.
Cease to aspire then, cease to soare so hie,
And shunne the plague that pierceth noble breastes.
To glittring courtes what fondnesse is to flie,
When better state in baser Towers rests?

Finis Epilogi. Done by Chr. Yeluerton.

NOte (Reader) that there were in *Thebes* fovvre principall gates, vvherof the chief and most commonly vsed vvere the gates called *Electræ* and the gates *Homoloydes*. Thys I haue thought good to explane: as also certē vvords vvhich are not cōmon in vse are noted and expounded in the margent. I did begin those notes at request of a gentlevvoman vvho vnderstode not poëtycall vvords or termes. I trust those and the rest of my notes throughout the booke, shall not be hurtfull to any Reader.

The Frute of reconciliation,

VVritten vppon a reconciliation betwene two freendes.

THe hatefull man that heapeth in his mynde,
Cruell reuenge of wronges forepast and done,
Pay not (with ease) ỹ pleasaunt pathway finde,
Of friendly verse which I haue now begone,
Unlesse at first his angry brest vntwinde,
The crooked knot which canckred choller knit,
And then recule with reconciled grace.
Likewise I finde it sayde in holy writte,
If thou entend to turne thy fearefull face,
To God aboue: make thyne agrément yet,
First with thy Brother whom thou didst abuse,
Confesse thy faultes, thy frowardnesse and all,
So that the Lord thy prayer not refuse.
When I consider this, and then the brall,
Which raging youth (I will not me excuse)
Did whilome breede in mine vnmellowed brayne,
I thought it méete before I did assay,
To write in ryme the double golden gayne,
Of amitie: first yet to take away
The grutch of grief, as thou doest me constrayne.
By due desert whereto I now must yéld,
And drowne for aye in depth of Lethes lake,
Disdaynefull modes whom frendship cannot wéelde:
Pleading for peace which for my parte I make
Of former strife, and henceforth let vs write
The pleasant fruites of faythfull friends delight.

Si fortunatus infœlix.

Two

Two gentlemen did run three courſes at the Ring for one kiſſe to be take of a fair gentlewoman being then preſent, with this condition, that the winner ſhould haue the kiſſe, and the loſer be bound to write ſome verſes vpon the gaine or loſſe therof. Now it fortuned that the winner triumphed, ſaying, he much lamented that in youth he had not ſeen the warres. Whereupon the loſer compyled theſe following, in diſcharge of the condition aboue rehearſed.

THis vaine auaile which thou by Mars haſt wonne,
Should not allure thy flitting minde to fælde,
Where turbie ſtæds in depth of dangers ronne,
By guttes welgnawen by clappes that Canons yælde.
Where faithleſſe friendes by warrefare waxen ware,
And runne to him that giueth beſt rewarde:
No feare of lawes can cauſe them for to care,
But robbe and reaue, and ſteale without regarde,
The fathers coate, the brothers ſtæde from ſtall:
The deare friendes purſe ſhall picked be for pence,
The native ſoile, the parentes left and all,
With *Tant tra tant*, the Campe is marching hence.
But when bare beggrie bidds them to beware,
And late repentance rules them to retire,
Like hiueleſſe Bées they wander here and there,
And hang on them who (earſt) did dreade their ire.
This cut throte life (me ſæmes) thou ſhouldſt not like,
And ſhunne the happie hauen of meane eſtate:
High loue (perdy) may ſende what thou doeſt ſæke,
And heape vp poundes within thy quiet gate.
Nor yet I would that thou ſhouldſt ſpende thy dayes
In idleneſſe to teare a golden time:
Like countrey loutes, which compt none other praiſe,
But greaſe a ſhæpe, and learne to ſerue the ſwine.
In vaine were then the giftes which nature lent,
If Pan ſo preſſe to paſſe dame Pallas lore:
But my good friende, let thus thy youth be ſpent,

Serue

Serue God thy Lord, and prayſe him euermore.
Search out the ſkill which learned bookes do teach,
And ſerue in fæld when ſhadowes make thée ſure:
Hold with the head, and row not paſt thy reach.
But plead for peace which plenty may procure.
And (for my life) if thou canſt run this race,
Thy bagges of coyne will multiply apace.
Si fortunatus infælix.

Not long after the writing hereof: he departed from the company of his ſayd friend (whom he entirely loued) into the weſt of Englande, and feeling himſelfe ſo conſumed by womens craft that he doubted of a ſafe returne: wrote before his departure as followeth.

THe fæble thred which *Lachęſis* hath ſponne,
To drawe my dayes in ſhort abode with thée,
Hath wrought a webbe which now (welneare) is donne,
The wale is worne: and (all to late) I ſée
That lingring life doth daily but in vaine,
For *Atropos* will cut the twiſt in twaine.

I not diſcerne what life but lothſome were,
When faithfull friends are kept in twayne by want:
Nor yet perceiue what pleaſure doth appéere,
To dæps deſires where good ſucceſſe is ſkant.
Such ſpight yet ſhowes dame fortune (if ſhe frowne,)
The haughty harts in high miſhaps to drowne.

Hot be the flames which boyle in friendly mindes,
Cruell the care and dreadfull is the dome:
Slipper the knot which tract of time vntwynds,
Hatefull the life and welcome were the tome.
Bleſt were the day which might deuoure ſuch youth,
And curſt the want that ſækes to choke ſuch trueth.

 This

This waylíng verſe I haue in flowing teares,
And would my life might end with theſe my lines:
Yet ſtriue I not to force into thine eares,
Such fayned plaints as fickell faith reſignes.
But high foreſight in dreames hath ſtopt my breath,
And cauſde the Swanne to ſing before his death.

For lo theſe naked walles do well declare,
My lateſt leaue of thée I taken haue:
And vnknowne coaſtes which I muſt ſéeke with care
Do well diuine that there ſhalbe my graue:
There ſhall my death make many for to mone,
Scarce knowne to them, well knowne to thée alone.

This bowne of thée (as laſt requeſt) I craue,
When true report ſhall ſounde my death with fame:
Vouchſafe yet then to go vnto my graue,
And there firſt write my byrth and then my name:
And how my life was ſhortned many yeares,
By womens wyles as to the world appeares.

And in reward of graunt to this requeſt,
Permit O God my toung theſe wordes to tell:
(When as his pen ſhall write vpon my cheſt)
With ſhriking voyce mine owne deare friend farewell:
No care on earth did ſéeme ſo much to me,
As when my corps was forſt to part from thée.
Si fortunatus infœlix.

He wrote to the ſame friend from Exceſter, this Sonet following.

A Hundreth ſonnes (in courſe but not in kind)
Can witneſſe well that I poſſeſſe no ioye:
The feare of death which fretteth in my mind

Conſumes

Conſumes my hart with dread of darke anoye.
And for eche ſonne a thouſand broken ſléepes
Deuide my dreames with freſh recourſe of cares:
The youngeſt ſiſter ſharpe hir ſheare ſhe kéepes,
To cut my thred, and thus my life it weares.
Yet let ſuch dates, ſuch thouſand reſtleſſe nights,
Spit forth their ſpite, let fates eke ſhowe their force:
Deathes daunting dart where ſo his buffet lights,
Shall ſhape no change within my friendly corſe:
But dead or liue, in heauen, in earth, in hell
I wilbe thine where ſo my carkaſe dwell.
Si fortunatus infœlix.

He wrote to the ſame friend from Founteine belle eaü in Fraunce, this Sonnet in commendation of the ſaid houſe of Fountaine bel'eaü.

NOt ſtately *Troye* though *Priam* yet did liue,
Could now compare *Founteine bel'eaü* to paſſe:
Nor *Syrian* towers, whoſe loftie ſteppes did ſtriue,
To climbe the throne where angry *Saturne* was.
For outward ſhew the ports are of ſuch price,
As ſhorne the coſt which Ceſar ſpilt in Rome:
Such works within as ſtayne the rare deuiſe,
Which whilome he *Apelles* wrought on tome.
Swift *Tiber* floud which fed the Romayne poles,
Puddle to this where Chriſtall melts in ſtreames,
The pleaſaunt place where *Muſes* kept their ſchooles,
(Not parcht with *Phœbe*, nor baniſht from his beames)
Yeld to thoſe Dames, nor ſight, nor fruite, nor ſmell,
Which may be thought theſe gardens to excell.
Si fortunatus infœlix.

He wrote vnto a Skotiſh Dame whom he choſe for his Miſtreſſe in the French Court, as followeth.

LAdy receyue, receiue in gracious wiſe,
This ragged verſe, theſe rude ill ſkribled lines:
Too baſe an obiect for your heauenly eyes,
For he that writes his freedome (lo) reſignes
Into your handes: and freely yelds as thrall
His ſturdy necke (earſt ſubiect to no yoke)
But bending now, and headlong preſt to fall,
Before your feete, ſuch force hath beauties ſtroke.
Since then mine eyes (which ſhownd our Engliſh) dames
In forrayne courtes haue choſen you for fayre,
Let be this verſe true token of my flames,
And do not drench your owne in deepe diſpayre.
Onely I craue (as I nill change for new)
That you vouchſafe to thinke your ſeruaunt trew.
Si fortunatus infœlix.

A Sonet written in prayſe of the browne beautie, compiled for the loue of Miſtreſſe E.P. as foloweth.

THe thriftles threed which pampred beauty ſpinnes,
In thraldom binds the foliſh gazing eyes:
As cruell Spiders with their crafty ginnes,
In worthleſſe webbes doe ſnare the ſimple Flies.
The garments gay, the glittring golden gite,
The tyring talk which flowes from *Pallas* poles:
The painted pale, the (too much) red made white,
Are ſmiling baytes to fiſhe for louing ſoles.
But lo, when eld in toothleſſe mouth appeares,
And hoary heares in ſtéede of beauties blaze:
Then had I wiſt, doth teach repenting yeares,
The tickle-track of craftie *Cupides* mazes.

Twixt

Twixt faire and foule therfore, twixt great and ſmall,
A louely nuthrowne face is beſt of all.
Si fortunatus infœlix.

Now to begin with another man, take theſe verſes written to be ſent with a ryng, wherein were engraued a Partrich in a Merlines foote.

THe Partridge in the prettie Merlines foote,
Who feeles hir force ſuppreſt with fearfulneſſe,
And findes that ſtrength nor ſtrife can do hir boote,
To ſcape the danger of hir deepe diſtreſſe:
Theſe wofull wordes may ſeeme for to reherſe
Which I muſt write in this waymenting verſe.

What helpeth now (ſayeth ſhe) dame natures ſkill,
To die my feathers like the duſkie ground?
Or what preuayles to lend me winges at will
Which in the ayre can make my bodie bound?
Since from the earth the dogges me draue perforce,
And now aloft the Hauke hath caught my corſe.

If chaunge of colours, could not me conuey,
Yet mought my wings haue ſcapt the dogges deſpite:
And if my wings did fayle to flie away,
Yet mought my ſtrength reſiſt the Merlines might.
But nature made the Merline mée to kill,
And me to yéeld vnto the Merlines will.

My lot is like (déere Dame) beleeue me well,
The quiet life which I full cloſely kept,
Was not content in happie ſtate to dwell,
But forth in haſt to gaze on thée it lept.
Deſire thy dogge did ſpring me vp in haſt,
Then wert the Hauke, whoſe tallents caught me faſt.

What ſhould I then, ſeeke meanes to flie away?
Or ſtriue by force, to breake out of thy ſeete?
No, no, perdie, I may no ſtrength aſſay,
To ſtriue with thee ywis, it were not meete.
Thou art that Hauke, whom nature made to bent me,
And I the Byrd, that muſt there with content me.

And ſince Dame nature hath ordayned ſo,
Hir happie beſt I gladly ſhall embrace:
I yeeld my will, although it were to wo,
I ſtand content to take my griefe for grace:
And ſeale it vp within my ſecrete hart,
Which ſeale receiue, as token of my ſmart.
Spreta tamen viuunt.

A louing Lady being wounded in the ſpring time, and now galded eftſones with the remembrance of the ſpring, doth therfore thus bewayle.

THis tenth of March when *Aries* receyued,
Dame *Phœbus* rayes, into his horned head:
And I my ſelfe, by learned lore perceyu'd,
That *Ver* approcht, and frottie winter fled.
I croſt the *Thames*, to take the cherefull ayre,
In open fieldes, the weather was ſo fayre.

And as I rowed, faſt by the further ſhore,
I heard a voyce, which ſeemed to lament:
Whereat I ſtay'd, and by a ſtately doore,
I left my Boate, and vp on land I went:
Will at the laſt by laſting paine I found,
The wofull wight, which made this dolefull ſound.

In pleaſant garden (placed all alone)
I ſawe a Dame, who ſat in weary wiſe,

With

With ſcalding ſighes, ſhe vttred all hir mone,
The ruefull teares, downe rayned from hir eyes:
Hir lowring head, full lowe on hand ſhe layde,
On knee hir arme: and thus this Lady ſayde.

Alas (quod ſhe) behold eche pleaſaunt greene,
Will now renew his ſommers liuery,
The fragrant flowers, which haue not long bene ſeene,
Will flouriſh now, (ere long) in brauery:
The tender buddes, whom colde hath long kept in,
Will ſpring and ſprout, as they do now begin.

But I (alas) within whoſe mourning minde,
The graffes of grief, are onely giuen to growe,
Cannot enioy the ſpring which others finde,
But ſtill my will, muſt wither all in woe:
The cold of care, ſo nippes my ioyes at rote,
No ſunne doth ſhine, that well can do them bote.

The luckie *Ver*, which whilome might exchange
My griefe to ioy, and then my ioyes encreaſe,
Springs now elſe where, and ſhowes to me but ſtrange,
My winters woe, therefore can neuer ceaſe:
In other coaſts, his ſunne full cleare doth ſhine,
And comforts lends to euery mould but mine.

What plant can ſpring, that feeles no force of *Ver*?
What floure can flouriſh, where no ſunne doth ſhine?
Theſe Wales (quod ſhe) within my breaſt I beare,
To breake my barke, and make my pith to pine:
Needes muſt I fall, I fade both rote and rinde,
My braunches bowe at blaſt of euery winde.

This ſayde: thee caſt a glance and eſpied my face,
By ſight whereof, Lord how ſhe chaunged hewe?

So

So that for ſhame, I turned backe apace
And to my home, my ſelfe in haſt I drew:
And as I could hir wofull wordes reherſe,
I ſet them downe in this waymenting verſe.

Now Ladies you, that know by whom I ſing,
And fæle the winter, of ſuch frozen wills:
Of curteſie, yet cauſe this noble ſpring,
To ſend his ſunne, aboue the higheſt hilles:
And ſo to ſhyne, vppon hir fading ſprayes,
Which now in woe, do wyther thus alwayes.
Spretatamen viuunt.

An abſent Dame thus complayneth.

MUch like the fæly Byrd, which cloſe in Cage is pent,
So ſing I now, not notes of ioye, but layes of dæpe lament.
And as the hooded Hauke, which heares the Partrich ſpring,
Who though ſhe fæle hir ſelf faſt tied, yet beats hir bating wing:
So ſtriue I now to ſhewe, my fæble forward will,
Although I know my labour loſt, to hop againſt the Hill.
The droppes of darke diſdayne, did neuer drench my hart,
For well I know I am belou'd, if that might eaſe my ſmart.
Nor yet the priuy coales, of glowing iellouſie,
Could euer kindle nædleſſe feare, within my fantaſie.
The rigor of repulſe, doth not renew my playnt,
Nor choyce of change doth moue my mone, nor force me thus to faint.
Onely that pang of payne, which paſſeth all the reſt,
And canker like doth fret the hart, within the giltleſſe breſt.
Which is if any bæ, moſt like the panges of death,
That preſent grief now gripeth me, & ſtriues to ſtop my breath.
When friendes in mind may mæte, and hart in hart embrace,
And abſent yet are faine to playne, for lacke of time and place:
When may I compt their loue, like ſæde that ſone is ſowen,
Yet lacking droppes of heauẽly dew, with wæedes is ouergrowẽ.
The

The Greyhound is agreu'd, although he ſee his game,
If ſtil in ſlippe he muſt be ſtayde, when he would chaſe the ſame.
So fares it now by me, who know my ſelfe belou'd
Of one the beſt, in eche reſpect, that euer yet was proou'd.
But ſince my luckleſſe lot, forbids me now to taſte,
The dulcet fruites of my delight, therfore in woes I waſt.
And Swallow like I ſing, as one enforced ſo,
Since others reape the gaineful crop, which I with pain did ſow.
Yet you that marke my ſong, excuſe my Swallowes voyce,
And beare with hir vnpleaſant tunes, which cannot wel reioyce.
Had I or lucke in loue, or leaſe of libertie,
Then ſhould you heare ſome ſweeter notes, to cléere my throte would be.
But take it thus in grée, and marke my playnſong well,
No hart fæles ſo much hurt, as that, which doth in abſence dwell.
Spretatamen viuunt.

In prayſe of a Counteſſe.

DEſire of Fame would force my fæble ſkill,
To prayſe a Counteſſe by hir dew deſert:
But dread of blame holds backe my forward will,
And quencht the coales which kindled in my hart.
Thus am I plongd twene dread and dæpe deſire,
To pay the dew which dutie doth require.

And when I call the mighty Gods in ayd
To further forth ſome fine inuention:
My baſhefull ſpirits be full ill afrayd
To purchaſe payne by my preſumption.
Such malice reignes (ſometimes) in heauenly minds,
To puniſh him that prayſeth as he finds.

For *Pallas* first, whose fued flowing skill,
Should guyde my pen some pleasant words to write,
With angry mood hath fram'd a froward will,
To dashe deuise as oft as I endite.
For why? if once my Ladies gifts were knowne,
Pallas should loose the prayses of hir owne.

And bloudy *Mars* by chaunge of his delight
Hath made *Ioues* daughter now mine enemie:
In whose conceipt my Countesse shines so bright,
That *Venus* pines for burning ielousie:
She may go home to *Vulcane* now agayne,
For *Mars* is sworne to be my Ladies swayne.

Of hir bright beames Dan *Phœbus* stands in dread,
And shames to shine within our Horizon:
Dame *Cynthia* holds in hir horned head,
For feare to loose by like comparison:
Lo thus shée liues, and laughes them all to skorne,
Countesse on earth, in heauen a Goddesse borne.

And I sometimes hir seruaunt, now hir friend,
Whom heauen and earth for hir (thus) hate and blame:
Haue yet presumde in friendly wise to spend,
This ragged verse, in honor of hir name:
A simple gift compared by the skill,
Yet what may séeme so déere as such good will.

Meritum petere, graue.

The Louer declareth his affection, togither with the cause thereof.

When first I thée beheld in colours black and white,
Thy face in forme wel framde wt fauor blooming stil:
My burning brest in cares did choose his chief delight,

With

With pen to painte thy prayse, contrary to my skill:
Whose worthinesse compar'd with this my rude deuise,
I blush and am abasht, this worke to enterprise.

But when I call to mind thy sundry gifts of grace,
Full fraught with maners mééke in happy quiet mind:
My hasty hand forthwith doth scribble on apace,
Least willing hart might thinke, it ment to come behind:
Thus do both hand and hart these carefull méetres vse,
Twixt hope and trembling feare, my duetie to excuse.

Wherfore accept these lines, and banish darke disdayne,
Be sure they come from one that loueth thée in chief:
And guerdon me thy friend in like with loue agayne,
So shalt thou well be sure to yéeld me such relief,
As onely may redresse my sorrowes and my smart:
For proofe whereof I pledge (deare Dame) to thée my hart.

Meritum petere, graue.

A Lady being both wronged by false suspect, and also wounded by the durance of hir husband, doth thus bewray hir grief.

Giue me my Lute in bed now as I lie,
And lock the doores of mine vnluckie bower:
So shall my voyce in mournefull verse discrie
The secrete smart which causeth me to lower:
Resound you walles an Eccho to my mone,
And thou cold bed wherein I lie alone,
Beare witnesse yet what rest thy Lady takes,
When other sléepe which may enioy their make.

In prime of youth when *Cupide* kindled fire,
And warmd my will with flames of feruent loue:
To further forth the fruite of my desire,

My frends deuiſde this meane for my behoue.
They made a match according to my mind,
And caſt a ſnare my ſanſie for to blinde:
Short tale to make: the deede was almoſt donne,
Before I knew which way the worke begonne.

And with this lot I did my ſelfe content,
I lent a liking to my parents choyſe:
With hand and hart I gaue my free conſent,
And hung in hope for euer to reioyce.
I liu'd and lou'd long time in greater ioy,
Than thee which held king *Priams* ſonne of *Troy*:
But theſe lewd lots haue chang'd my heauen to hell
And thoſe be theſe, giue eare and marke them well.

Firſt ſlaunder he, which alwayes beareth hate,
To happy harts in heauenly ſtate that bide:
Can play his part to ſtirre by ſome debate,
Whereby ſuſpect into my choyſe might glide.
And by his meanes the ſlime of falſe ſuſpect,
Did (as I feare) my deareſt friend infect.
Thus by theſe twayn long was I plunged in paine,
Yet in good hope my hart did ſtill remaine.

But now (aye me) the greateſt griefe of all,
(Sound loud my Lute, and tell it out my tong)
The hardeſt hap that euer might befall,
The onely cauſe wherfore this ſong is ſong,
Is this alas: my loue, my Lord, my Roy,
My choſen pheare, my gemme, and all my ioye,
Is kept perforce out of my dayly ſight,
Whereby I lacke the ſtay of my delight.

In loftie walles, in ſtrong and ſtately towers,
(With troubled minde in ſolitary ſorte,)

My louely Lord doth ſpend his dayes and howers,
A weary life deuoyde of all diſport.
And I poore ſoule muſt lie here all alone,
To tyre my trueth, and wound my will with mone:
Such is my hap to ſhake my blooming time,
With winters blaſtes before it paſſe the prime.

Now haue you heard the ſumme of all my griefe,
Whereof to tell my hart (oh) rends in twayne:
Good Ladies yet lend you me ſome reliefe,
And beare a parte to eaſe me of my payne.
My ſorres are ſuch, that waying well my trueth,
They might prouoke the craggy rocks to rueth,
And mone theſe walles with teares for to lament,
The lothſome life wherein my youth is ſpent.

But thou my Lute, be ſtill, now take thy reſt,
Repoſe thy bones vppon this bed of downe:
Thou haſt diſcharg'd ſome burden from my breſt,
Wherefore take thou my place, here lie thee downe,
And let me walke to tyre my reſtleſſe minde,
Untill I may entreate ſome curteous winde
To blow theſe wordes vnto my noble make,
That he may ſee I ſorow for his ſake.

Meritum petere, grave.

A Riddle.

A Lady once did aſke of me,
This preatie thing in priuitie:
Good ſir (quod ſhe) fayne would I craue,
One thing which you your ſelfe not haue:
Nor never had yet in times paſt,
Nor never ſhall while life doth laſt.
And if you ſeeke to find it out,

You lose your labour out of doubt:
Yet if you loue me as you say,
Then giue it me, for sute you may.

Meritum petere, graue.

The shield of Loue. &c.

L'*Escü d'amour*, the shield of perfect loue,
The shield of loue, thy force of stedfast faith,
The force of faith which neuer will remoue,
But standeth fast, to bide the brunts of death:
That trustie targe, hath long borne off the blowes,
And broke the thrusts, which absence at me throwes.

In dolefull dayes I lead an absent life,
And wound my will with many a weary thought:
I plead for peace, yet sterue in stormes of strife,
I find debate, where quiet rest was sought.
These pangs with mo, bate my paine I proue,
Yet beare I all vppon my shield of loue.

In colder cares are my conceipts consumd,
Than *Dido* felt when false *Eneas* fled:
In farre more heat, than trusty *Troylus* fumde,
When craftie *Cressyde* dwelt with *Diomed*:
My hope such frost, my hot desire such flame,
That I both fryse, and smoulder in the same.

So that I liue, and die in one degree,
Healed by hope, and hurt againe with dread:
Fast bound by faith when fansie would be free,
Untied by trust, though thoughts enthrall my head:
Reuiu'd by ioyes, when hope doth most abound,

And

And yet with grief, in depth of dolors drownd.

In these assaultes I feele my feebled force
Begins to faint, thus wearied still in woes:
And scarcely can my thus consumed corse,
Hold vp this Buckler to beare of these blowes:
So that I craue, or presence for relief,
Or some supplie, to ease mine absent grief.

Lenuoie.

To you (deare Dame) this dolefull plaint I make,
Whose onely sight may soone redresse my smart:
Then shew your selfe, and for your seruaunts sake,
Make hast post-hast, to helpe a faithfull harte:
Mine owne poore shield hath me defended long,
Now lend me yours, for ylles you do me wrong.

Meritum petere, graue.

A gloze vpon this text, *Dominus ijs opus habet.*

My reckelesse race is runne, greene youth and pride be past,
My riper mellowed yeares beginne to follow on as fast.
My glancing lokes are gone, which wonted were to prie
In euery gorgeous garish glasse that glistred in mine eie.
My sight is now so dimme, it can behold none such,
No mirrour but the merrie meane, can please my fansie muche.
And in that noble glasse, I take delight to view,
The fashions of the wonted worlde, compared by the new.
For marke who list to loke, each man is for him selfe,

And

And beates his braine to hord & heape this trash & worldly pelfe.
Our hands are closed vp, great gifts go not abroade,
Few men will lend a locke of heye, but for to gaine a loade.
Giue gaue is a good man, what neede we lash it out,
The world is wondrous fearfull now, for danger bids men doubt.
And aske how chanceth this? or what meanes all this meede?
Forsoth the common answer is, because the Lord hath neede.
A noble ieft by gille, I find it in my glasse,
The same freehold our Sauiour Christ conueyed to his asse.
A text to trie the truth, and for this time full fitte,
For where should we our lessons learne, but out of holy writte?
First marke our only God, which ruleth all the rost,
He sets aside all pompe and pride, wherein fond worldlings boast.
His traine is not so great, as filthy Sathans band,
A smaller beard may serue to fede, at our great masters hand.
Next marke the heathens Gods, and by them shall we see,
They be not now so good fellowes, as they were wont to be.
Ioue, Mars, and Mercurie, Dame Venus and the rest,
They banquet not as they were wont, they know it were not best:
So kings and Princes both, haue lefte their halles at large,
Their priuie chambers cost enough, they cut off euery charge:
And when an office falles, as chance sometimes may be,
First keepe it close a yeare or twaine, then geld it by the fee.
And giue it out at last, but yet with this prouiso,
(A bridle for a brainsicke Jade) *durante bene placito.*
Some thinke these ladders low, to climbe aloft with speede:
Well let them crepe at leisure then, for sure the Lord hath neede.
Dukes Earles and Barons bold, haue learnt like lesson nowe,
They breake vp house & come to court, they liue not by the plow.
Percase their rentes be scant, not like their stately boure,
A field bed in a rotten couch, a pallad on the floure.
But what for that? no force, they make thereof no boast,
They fede themselues with delycates, and at the princes cost.
And as for all their men, their pages and their swaynes,
They choke the vp with chynes of beefe, to multiply their gaines.

Themselues

Themselues lie neere to lorde, when any lease doth fall, (licke al.
Such crownes were wont to fede poore groomes, but now ỳ Lords
And why? oh sir, because, both Dukes and Lords haue neede,
I mocke not I, my text is true, beleeue it as your creede.
Our Prelates and our Priests, can tell this text with mee,
They can hold fast their fattest fermes, and let no lease go free.
They haue both wife and childe, which may not be forgot,
The scriptures say the Lord hath neede, & therfore blame them not.
Then come a litle lower, vnto the countrey knight,
The Squier and the Gentleman, they leaue the countrey quite,
Their halles were all to large, their tables were to long,
The clouted shoes came in so fast, they kepte to great a throng,
And at the porters lodge, where lubbers wont to fede,
The porter learnes to answere now, hence hence the Lorde hath
His gests came in so thicke, their diet was to great, (neede.
Their horses eate vp all the hey, which should haue fed his neate:
Their teeth were farre to fine, to fede on porke and souse,
Fiue flocks of sheepe coulde scarce mainteine good mutton for his
And when this count was cast, it was no biding here, (house.
Vnto the good towne is he gone, to make his friends good cheere.
And welcome there that will, but shall I tell you how?
At his owne dish he fedeth them, that is the fashion now:
Side boords be laid aside, the tables end is gone,
His cooke shall make you noble cheere, but officer hath he none.
The chargers now be changde, wherein he wont to eate,
An olde frute dish is bigge enough, to holde a ioynt of meate,
A sallad or a sauce, to tast your cates withall,
Some straunge deuise to fede mes eies, mes stomacks now be small.
And when the tenauntes come to pay a quarters rent,
They bring some fowle at Midsommer, & a dish of fish in Lent,
At Christmasse a capon, at Michelmasse a goose:
And som what else at Newyeres tide, for feare their lease slis loose.
God reason by my trouth, when Gentlemen lacke groates,
Let Plowmen pinch it out for pens, and patch their russet coates:
For better Farmers fare, than Manour houses fall,

(G.j.) The

The Lord hath neede, then ſays the text, bring old Aſſe, coſt & all.
Wel, loweſt now at laſte, let ſee the countrey loute,
And marke how he doth ſwink & ſweat to bring this geare about:
His feastings be but fewe, caſt whipſtockes, cloute his ſhone,
The wheaten loafe is locked vp, as ſone as dinners done:
And where he wonte to keepe a lubber, two or three,
Now hath he learnd to keepe no more but Sim his ſonne and he,
His wife and Mawde his mayde, a boy to pitche the carte,
And turne him vp at Hallontide, to feele the winters ſmarte:
Dame Alyſon his wife doth know the pryce of meale,
Hir bridecakes be not halfe ſo bigge as ſhe was wont to ſteale:
She weares no ſiluer hookes, ſhe is content with wonne,
Hir pendants and hir ſiluer pinnes ſhe putteth in hir purſſe.
Thus learne I by my glaſſe, that merrie meane is beſt,
And he moſt wiſe that finds the meane to keepe himſelfe at reſt.
Perchaunce ſome open mouth will mutter now and than,
And at the market tell his mate, our landlords a ſore man:
He racketh vp our rentes, and keepes the beſt in hand,
He makes a wondrous deale of good out of his owne meaſne land:
Yea let ſuch pelters prate, ſaint Needam be their ſpede,
We neede no text to anſwer them, but this, The Lord hath neede.

Euer or Neuer.

Councell to *Duglaſſe Dine* written vpon this occaſion. She had a booke wherein ſhe had collected ſundry good ditties of diuers mens doings, in whiche booke ſhe would needes entreate the auᵭthor to write ſome verſes. And therevpon he wrote as followeth.

TO binde a buſhe of thornes amongſt ſweete ſmelling flowres,
May make the poſie ſeeme the worſe, and yet the fault is ours:
For throw away the thorne, and marke what will enſew:
The poſie then will ſhew it ſelfe, ſweete, faire, and freſhe of hew.
A puttocke ſet on pearch, ſtalt by a falcons ſide,
Will quickly ſhew it ſelfe a kight, as time hath often tride.

And

And in my muſing minde, I feare to finde like fall,
As iuſt reward to recompence my rath attempts withall.
Thou bidſt, and I muſt bowe, thou wilt that I ſhall write,
Thou canſt commaund my wery muſe ſome verſes to endite.
And yet perdie, thy booke is fraught with learned verſe,
Such ſkill as in my muſing minde I can none like reherſe.
What followes then for me: but if I muſt needes write,
To ſet downe by the falcons ſide, my ſelfe a ſillie kight.
And yet the ſillie kight, well weyde in each degree,
May ſerue ſometimes (as in his kinde) for mans commoditie.
The kight can weede the worme, from corne and coſtly ſeedes,
The kight cã kill the molwidwarpe, in pleaſant meads ỹ breeds:
Out of the ſtately ſtretes, the kight can cleanſe the filth,
As mẽ can cleſe the worthleſſe weedes, frõ fruteful fallowed tilth.
And onely ſet aſide the hennes poore progenie,
I cannot ſee who can accuſe the kight for fellonie.
The falcon, ſhe muſt feede on partritch, and on quayle,
On pigeon, plouer, ducke & drake, bearne, lapwing, teale, & raile,
Hir hungrie throte deuours both foode and deintie fare,
Whereby I take occaſion, thus boldly to compare.
And as a ſillie kight, (not falcon like that flie,
Nor yet preſume to houer by mount Hellycon (a) on hie)
I frendly yet preſume, vpon my frends requeſt,
In barreine verſe to ſhew my ſkill, then take it for the beſt.
And Douty Douglaſſe thou, that art of faulcons kinde,
Giue willing eare yet to the kight, and beare his words in minde.
Serue thou firſt God thy Lord, and prayſe him euermore,
Obey thy Prince and loue thy make, by him ſet greateſt ſtore.
Thy Parents follow nert, for honor and for awe,
Thy frends vſe alwaies faithfully, for ſo commands the lawe.
Thy ſeemely ſelfe at laſt, thou ſhalte likewiſe regard,
And of thy ſelfe this leſſon learne, and take it as reward:
That loke how farre deſerts, may ſeeme in thee to ſhine,
So farre thou maiſt ſet out thy ſelfe, without empeach or crime.
For this I dare auow, without ſelfe loue (alight)

(a) The Hill where poetes fayne that the Muſes ſleepe.

It can ſcarce be that vertue dwell, in any earthly wight.
But if in ſuch ſelfe loue, thou ſeeme to wade ſo farre,
As fall to foule preſumption, and iudge thy ſelfe a ſtarre,
Beware betimes and thinke in our (a) Etymologie,
Such faults are plainly called pryde, and in french (b) *Surcüydrye*,
Lo thus can I poze knight, aduenture foz to teach
The falcon flie, and yet forewarne, the row not paſt hir reach.
Thus can I weede the woꝛme, which ſeeketh to deuoure
The ſeeds of vertue, which might grow within thee euery houre,
Thus can I kill the mowle, which elſe would ouerthꝛow
The good foundacion of thy fame, with euery litle blowe.
And thus can I conuey, out of thy comely bꝛeſt,
The ſluttiſh heapes of peeuiſh pride, which might defile the reſt.
Perchance ſome falcons flie, which will not greatly grutch,
To learne thee firſt to loue thy ſelfe, and then to loue to mutch,
But I am none of thoſe, I liſt not ſo to range,
I haue mãs meate enough at home, what need I thẽ ſeeke change.
I am no peacocke I: my feathers be not gay,
And though they were, I ſee my feete ſuch fonde affectes to ſtay,
I liſt not ſet to ſale a thing ſo litle woꝛth,
I rather could kepe cloſe my creaſt, than ſeeke to ſet it foꝛth.
Wheꝛefoꝛe if in this verſe, which thou commandſt to flowe,
Thou chaunce to fall on conſtruing, whereby ſome doubtes may (grow,
Yet grant this onely boone, peruſe it twice oꝛ thꝛice,
Diſgeſt it well ere thou condemne the depth of my deuiſe.
And vſe it like the nut, firſt cracke the outwards ſhell,
Then trie the kirnell by the taſt, and it may pleaſe thee well.
Do not as barbers do, which waſh beards curiouſly,
Then cut them off, then caſt them out, in open ſtreetes to lie.
Remember therewithall, my muze is tied in chaines,
The gonſhot of calamitie hath battred all my bꝛaynes.
And though this verſe ſcape out, take thou thereat no marke,
It is but like a bedleſſe flie, that tumbleth in the darke.
It was thine owne requeſt, remember ſo it was,
Wheꝛefoꝛe if thou diſlike the ſame, then licence it to paſſe

(a) A true expoſition.
(b) Ouerweening

Into

Into my bꝛeſt againe, from whence it flew in haſt,
Full like a knight which not deſerues by falcons to be plaſt:
And like a ſtubbed thoꝛne, which may not ſeeme to ſerue,
To ſtãd with ſuch ſweete ſmelling flowres, like pꝛaiſes to deſcrue.
Yet take this harmeleſſe thoꝛne, to picke thy teeth withall,
A toth picke ſerues ſome vſe perdie, although it be but ſmall.
And when thy teeth therewith, be piked faire and cleane,
Then bend thy tong no woꝛſe to me, than mine to thee hath bene,

Euer or Neuer.

Counceil given to maſter *Bartholmew Withipoll* a little before his latter iourney to Geane. 1572.

MIne owne good Bar, befoꝛe thou hoyſe vp ſaile,
To make a furrowe in the foming ſeas,
Content thy ſelfe to heare foꝛ thine auaile,
Such harmeleſſe woꝛds, as ought thee not diſpleaſe.
Firſt in thy iourney, iape not ouer much,
What laugheſt thou Batte, bicauſe I wꝛite ſo plaine:
Beleeue me now it is a friendly touch,
To vſe fewe woꝛds where friendſhip doth remaine.
And foꝛ I finde, that fault hath runne to faſt,
Both in thy fleſh, and fancie too ſometime,
Me thinks plaine dealing biddeth me to caſt
This bone at firſt amid my dogrell rime.
But ſhall I ſay, to giue thee graue aduiſe?
(Which in my head is (God he knowes) ſtill geꝛſon):
Then marke me well, and though I be not wiſe,
Yet in my rime, thou maiſt perhaps find reaſon.
Firſt euery day, beſeech thy God on knee,
So to direct thy ſtaggring ſteppes alway,
That he which euery ſecrete thought doth ſee
May holde thee in, when thou wouldſt goe aſtray:
And that he deigne to ſende thee ſafe reſoure,
And quicke diſpatche of that whiche is thy due:

Lette

Lette this (my Batte) be bothe thy prime and houre,
Wherin also commend to Nostre Dieu,
Thy good Companion and my verie frend,
To whom I shoulde (but time woulde not permitte)
Haue taken paine some ragged ryme to sende
In tructie token, that I not forget
His curtesie: but this is debte to thée,
I promyse it, and now I meane to pay:
What was I saying? sirra, will you sée
How some my wittes were wandering astraye?
I saye, praye thou for thée and for thy mate,
So shipmen sing, and though the note be playne,
Yet sure the musike is in heauenly state,
When frends sing so, and know not how to fayne.
The nexte to GOD, thy Prince haue still in mynde
Thy countreys honor, and the common wealth:
And flée from them, which fled with euery wynde
From natiue soyle, to forraine coastes by stealth:
Theyr traynes are trustlesse, tending still to treason,
Theyr smothed tongues are lyned all with guyle,
Their power slender, scarsly worthe two peason,
Their malice much, their wittes are full of wyle:
Eschue them then, and when thou séest them, say,
Da, da, sir K, I may not come at you,
You cast a snare your countrey to betraye,
And woulde you haue me trust you now for true?
Remembre Batte the folish blink eyed boye
Which was at *Rome*, thou knowest whome I meane,
Remember eke the preatie beardlesse toye,
Whereby thou foundst a safe returne to *Geane*,
Doe so againe: (God shielde thou shouldst haue néede,)
But rather so, than to forsweare thy selfe:
A loyall hearte, (beléeue this as thy Créede)
Is euermore more worth than worldly pelfe.
And for one lesson, take this more of mée,

There are to many of them in euery countrey.

A Mistérie.

There are thrée Ps almost in euery place,
From whiche I counsell thée alwayes to flée,
And take good hede of them in any case,
The first is poyson, perillous in déede
To such as trauayle with a heauie purse:
And thou my Batte beware, for thou hast néede,
Thy purse is lynde with paper, which is wurse:
Thy billes of credite wil not they thinkst thou,
Be bayte to sette Italyan hands on worke:
Yes by my faye, and neuer worse than nowe,
When euery knaue hath leysure for to lurke,
And knoweth thou commost for the shelles of Chrisse:
Beware therefore where euer that thou go,
It may fall out that thou chalte be entisse
To suppe sometimes with a *Magnifico*,
And haue a *Fico* foysted in thy dishe,
Bycause thou shouldst disgeste thy meate the better:
Beware therefore, and rather fede on fishe,
Than learne to spell fyne flesshe with such a Letter.
Some may present thée with a pounde or twaine
Of Spanishe soape to washe thy lynnen white:
Beware therefore, and thynke it were small gayne,
To saue thy shirte, and cast thy skinne off quite:
Some cunning man maye teache thée for to ryde,
And stuffe thy saddle all with Spanishe woll,
Or in thy stirrops haue a toye so tyde,
As both thy legges may swell thy bulkins full:
Beware therfore, and beare a noble porte,
Drynke not for thyrste before an other taste:
Lette none outlandishe Taylour take disporte
To stuffe thy doublet full of such Bumbaste,
As it may cast thée in vnkindely sweate,
And cause thy haire per companie to glyde,
Straungers are fyne in many a propre feate:
Beware therefore: the seconde P. is Pryde,

More perillous than was the firſt by farre,
For that infects but bloud and leaues the bones,
This poyſons all, and mindes of men doth marre,
It findeth nokes to creepe in for the nones:
Firſt from the minde it makes the heart to ſwell,
From thence the fleſh is pampred euery parte,
The ſkinne is taught in Dyers ſhoppes to dwell,
The haire is curlde or frilled vp by arte:
Beléeue mée Batte, our Countreymen of late
Haue caughte ſuch knackes abroade in forayne lande,
That moſt men call them Deuils incarnate,
So ſingular in theyr conceites they ſtande:
Nowe ſir, if I ſhall ſée your maiſterſhippe
Come home diſguyſde and cladde in queynt araye,
As with a piketothe byting on your lippe,
Your braue Muſtachyos turnde the Turky waye,
A Coptanckt hatte made on a Flemmiſh blocke,
A nightgowne cloake downe trayling to your toes,
A ſlender ſloppe cloſe couched to your docke.
A curtold ſlipper, and a ſhorte ſilke hoſe:
Bearing your Rapier pointe abone the hilte,
And loking bigge like Marquiſe of all Beefe,
Then ſhall I coumpte your toyle and trauayle ſpilte,
Bycauſe my ſeconde P, with you is chéefe.
But forwardes nowe, although I ſtayde a while,
My hindmoſt P, is worſſe than bothe theſe two,
For it both bones and bodie doth defile,
With fouler blots than bothe thoſe other dw.
Shorte tale to make, this P, can beare no blockes,
(God ſhielde me Batte, ſhould beare it in his breaſt)
And with a daſhe it ſpelleth piles and pockes
A perlous P, and woſſe than bothe the reſte:
Now though I finde no cauſe for to ſuſpect
My Batte in this, bycauſe he hath bene tryde,
Yet ſince ſuch Spaniſh buttons can infect

Kings,

Kings, Emperours, Princes and the world ſo wide.
And ſince thoſe ſunnes do mellowe men ſo faſt
As moſt that trauayle come home very ripe
Although (by ſweate) they learne to liue and laſt
When they haue daunced after Guydoes pype:
Therfore I thought it méete to warne my frende
Of this foule P, and ſo an ende of Ps.
Now for thy diet marke my tale to ende,
And thanke me then, for that is all my fées.
Sée thou excéede not in thrée double Vs,
The firſt is Wine, which may enflame thy bloud,
The ſecond Women, ſuch as haunte the ſtewes,
The thirde is Wilfulneſſe, which doth no good.
Theſe thrée eſchue, or temper them alwayes:
So ſhall my Batte prolong his youthfull yéeres,
And ſée long George againe, with happie dayes,
Who if he bée as faithfull to his féeres,
As hée was wonte, will dayly pray for Batte,
And for (a) Pencoyde: and if it fall out ſo,
That Iames a Parrye dw but make good that,
Which he hath ſayde: and if he bée (no, no)
The beſt companion that long George can finde,
Then at the Spawe I promiſe for to bée
In Auguſte nexte, if God turne not my minde,
Where as I would bée glad thy ſelfe to ſée:
Till then farewell, and thus I ende my ſong,
Take it in gree, for elſe thou doeſt mée wrong.

Haud ictus ſapio.

(a) Sir William Morgan of Pencoyde.

Gaſcoignes woodmanſhip written to the L. Grey of VVilton vpon this occaſion, the ſayd L. Grey delighting (amongſt many other good qualities) in chuſing of his winter deare, & killing the ſame with his bowe, did furniſhe the Auctor with a croſſebowe *cum pertinencijs* and vouchſaued to vſe his company in the ſaid exerciſe, calling him one of his woodmen. Now the Auctor ſhooting very often, could neuer hitte any deare, yea and oftentimes he let the heard paſſe by as though he had not ſeene thē. VVhereat when this noble Lord tooke ſome paſtime, and had often put him in remembrance of his good skill in chooſing, and readineſſe in killing of a winter deare, he thought good thus to excuſe it in verſe.

My worthy Lord, I pray you wonder not,
To ſee your woodman ſhote ſo ofte awrie,
Nor that he ſtands amaſed like a ſot,
And lets the harmleſſe deare (vnhurt) go by.
Or if he ſtrike a Doe which is but carren,
Laugh not good Lord, but fauoure ſuch a fault,
Take will in worth, he would faine hit the barren,
But though his harte be good, his bappe is naught:
And therefore now I craue your Lordſhips leaue,
To tell you plaine what is the cauſe of this:
Firſt if it pleaſe your honour to perceyue,
What makes your woodman ſhote ſo ofte amiſſe,
Beleeue me L. the caſe is nothing ſtrange,
He ſhotes awrie almoſt at euery marke,
His eyes haue bene ſo vſed for to raunge,
That now God knowes they be both dimme and darke.
For proofe he beares the note of follie now,
Who ſhotte ſometimes to hit Philoſophie,
And aſke you why? forſooth I make auow,
Bicauſe his wanton wittes went all awrie.
Nert that, he ſhot to be a man of lawe,
And ſpent ſometime with learned Littleton,

Yet

Yet in the end, he proued but a dawe,
For lawe was darke and he had quickly done.
Then could he with Fitzharbert ſuch a braine,
As Tully had, to write the lawe by arte,
So that with pleaſure, or with litle paine,
He might perhaps, haue caught a trewants parte.
But all to late, he moſt miſlikte the thing,
Which moſt might helpe to guide his arrow ſtreight:
He winked wrong, and ſo let ſlippe the ſtring,
Which caſt him wide, for all his queint conceit.
From thence he ſhotte to catch a courtly grace,
And thought euen there to wield the world at will,
But out alas he much miſtoke the place,
And ſhot awrie at euery rouer ſtill.
The blaſing baits which drawe the gazing eye,
Vnfethered there his firſt affection,
No wonder then although he ſhot awrie,
Wanting the feathers of diſcretion.
Yet more than them, the marks of dignitie,
He much miſtoke and ſhot the wronger way,
Thinking the purſe of prodigalitie,
Had bene beſt meane to purchaſe ſuch a pray.
He thought the flattring face which fleareth ſtill,
Had bene full fraught with all fidelitie,
And that ſuch wordes as courtiers vſe at will.
Could not haue varied from the veritie.
But when his bonet buttened with gold,
His comelie cape begarded all with gay,
His bumbaſt boſe, with linings manifold,
His knit ſilke ſtocks and all his queint aray,
Had pickt his purſe of all the Peter pence,
Which might haue paide for his promotion,
Then (all to late) he found that light expence,
Had quite quencht out the courts deuotion.
So that ſince then the taſt of miſerie,

Hath

Hath bene alwayes full bitter in his bit,
And why? forſoth bicauſe he ſhot awrie,
Miſtaking ſtill the markes which others hit.
But now behold what marke the man doth find,
He ſhotes to be a ſouldier in his age,
Miſtrulling all the vertues of the minde,
He truſts the power of his perſonage.
As though long limmes led by a lucky hart,
Might yet ſuffice to make him rich againe,
But Flaſhyng fraies haue taught him ſuch a parte,
That now he thinks the warres yeld no ſuch gaine.
And ſure I feare, vnleſſe your lordſhip deigne,
To traine him yet into ſome better trade,
It will be long before he hit the veine,
Whereby he may a richer man be made.
He cannot climbe as other catchers can.
To leade a charge befors himſelfe be led,
He cannot ſpoile the ſimple ſakeles man,
Which is content to fede him with his bread.
He cannot pinch the painefull ſouldiers pay,
And ſheare him out his ſhare in ragged ſheetes,
He cannot ſtoupe to take a greedy pray
Vpon his fellowes groueling in the ſtreetes.
He cannot pull the ſpoyle from ſuch as pill,
And ſeeme full angrie at ſuch foule offence,
Although the gayne content his greedie will,
Vnder the cloake of contrarie pretence:
And now adayes, the man that ſhotes not ſo,
May ſhote amiſſe, euen as your Woodman dothe:
But then you marueil why I lette them go,
And neuer ſhote, but ſaye farewell forſoth:
Alas my Lord, while I doe muſe hereon,
And call to minde my youthfull yeares myſpente,
They giue mee ſuche a boane to gnawe vpon,
That all my ſenſes are in ſilence pente.

My

My minde is rapte in contemplation,
Wherein my dazeled eyes onely beholde,
The blacke houre of my conſtellation,
Which framed mee ſo luckleſſe on the molde:
Yet therewithall I can not but confeſſe,
That bayne preſumption makes my heart to ſwell,
For thus I thinke, not all the worlde (I gueſſe,)
Shotes (a) bet than I, nay ſome ſhotes not ſo well. (a) better
In Ariſtotle ſomewhat did I learne,
To guyde my manners all by comelyneſſe,
And Tullie taught me ſomewhat to diſcerne
Betweene ſweete ſpeeche and barbarous rudeneſſe.
Olde Parkyns, Raſtall, and Dan Bractens bookes,
Did lende mee ſomewhat of the lawleſſe Lawe,
The craftie Courtiers with their guyleſull lookes,
Muſt needes put ſome experience in my mawe:
Yet can not theſe with many mayſtries mo,
Make me ſhote ſtreyght at any gaynfull pricke,
Where ſome that neuer handled ſuch a bow,
Can hit the white, or touch it neare the quicke,
Who can nor ſpeake, nor write in pleaſant wiſe,
Nor leade their life by Ariſtotles rule,
Nor argue well on queſtions that ariſe,
Nor pleade a caſe more than my Lord Mairs mule,
Yet can they hit the marks that I do miſſe,
And winne the meane which may the man mainteyne.
Now when my minde doth mumble vpon this,
No wonder then although I pine for payne:
And whiles mine eyes beholde this mirrour thus,
The hearde goeth by, and farewell gentle does:
So that your Lordſhip quickely may diſcuſſe
What blindes mine eyes ſo ofte (as I ſuppoſe.)
But ſince my Muſe can to my Lorde reherſe
What makes me miſſe, and why I doe not ſhote,
Let me imagine in this worthleſſe verſe,

If right before mée, at my ſtandings foote
There ſtode a Doe, and I ſhould ſtrike hir deade,
And then ſhée proue a carrian carkas too,
What figure might I finde within my head,
To ſcuſe the rage whiche rulde mée ſo to doe?
Some myght interprete by playne paraphraſe,
That lacke of ſkill or fortune ledde the chaunce,
But I muſt otherwiſe expounde the caſe,
I ſay Iehoua did this Doe aduaunce,
And made hir bolde to ſtande before mée ſo,
Till I had thruſt mine arrowe to hir harte,
That by the ſodaine of hir ouerthrowe,
I myght endeuour to amende my parte,
And turne myne eyes that they no more beholde,
Such guyleſull markes as ſéeme more than they be:
And though they glitter outwardely like golde,
Are inwardly but braſſe, as men may ſée:
And when I ſée the milke hang in hir teate,
Me thinkes it ſayth, olde babe now learne to ſucke,
Who in thy youth couldſt neuer learne the feate
To hitte the whytes whiche liue with all good lucke.
Thus haue I tolde my Lorde, (God graunt in ſeaſon)
A tedious tale in rime, but little reaſon.

Haud ictus ſapio.

Gaſcoignes gardnings, whereof were written in one end of a cloſe walke whiche he hath in his Garden, this diſcourſe following.

The figure of this world I can compare,
To Garden plots, and ſuch like pleaſaunt places,
The world brédes men of ſundry ſhape and ſhare,
As hearbes in gardens, grow of ſundry graces:
Some good, ſome bad, ſome amiable faces,
Some foule, ſome gentle, ſome of froward mind,

Subiect

Subiect like blome, to blaſt of euery wind.

And as you ſée the floures moſt freſh of hew,
That they proue not alwayes the holeſomeſt,
So fayreſt men are not alwayes found true:
But euen as withred wéedes fall from the reſt,
So flatterers fall naked from their neaſt:
When truth hath tried, their painting tiſing tale,
They loſe their gloſſe, and all their ieſts ſéeme ſtale.

Yet ſome do preſent pleaſure moſt eſtéeme,
Till beames of brauerie wither all their welth,
And ſome agayne there be can rightly déeme,
Thoſe herbes for beſt, which may mainteine their helth.
Conſidering well, that age drawes on by ſtelth,
And when the fayreſt floure is ſhronke and gone,
A well growne roote, will ſtand and ſhifte for one.

Then thus the reckleſſe life which men here leade,
May be reſembled to the tender plant,
In ſpring it ſprouts, as babes in cradle bréde,
Flouriſh in May, like youthes that wiſdome want,
In Autumne ripes and rootes, leaſt froſt ware ſkante
In winter ſhrinks and ſhrowdes from euery blaſt,
Like crooked age when lucky youth is paſt.

And as the grounde or grace whereon it grewe,
Was fatte or leane, euen ſo by it appeares,
If barreyn ſoyle, why then it chaungeth hewe,
It fadeth faſte, it flits to fumbling yeares,
But if he gathered roote amongſt his féeres,
And light on lande that was well muckte in déede,
Then ſtandes it ſtill, or leaues increaſe of ſéede.

As for the reſte, fall ſundrie wayes (God wot)

Some

Some faynt lyke froathe at euery little puffe,
Some ſmarte by ſwoꝛde, like hearbes that ſerue the pot,
And ſome be weéded from the finer ſtuffe,
Some ſtande by pꝛoppes to maynteyne all their ruffe:
And thus (vnder coꝛrection bée it tolde)
Hath Gaſcoigne gathered in his Garden molde.
Haud ictus ſapio.

In that other ende of his ſayde cloſe walke, were written theſe toyes in ryme.

IF any floure that here is growne,
Oꝛ any hearbe may eaſe your payne,
Take and accompte it as your owne,
But recompence the lyke agayne:
Foꝛ ſome and ſome is honeſt playe,
And ſo my wyfe taughte me to ſaye.

If here to walke you take delight,
Why come, and welcome when you will:
If I bidde you ſuppe here this night,
Bidde me an other time, and ſtill
Thinke ſome and ſome is honeſt playe,
Foꝛ ſo my wife taught me to ſaye.

Thus if you ſuppe oꝛ dine with mée,
If you walke here, oꝛ ſitte at eaſe,
If you deſire the thing you ſée,
And haue the ſame your minde to pleaſe,
Thinke ſome and ſome is honeſt playe,
And ſo my wife taught me to ſaye.

Haud ictus ſapio.

In

In a chayre in the ſame Garden was written this followyng.

IF thou ſitte here to viewe this pleaſant garden place,
Think thus: at laſt will come a froſt, & all theſe floures deface:
But if thou ſitte at eaſe to reſt thy wearie bones,
Remember death bꝛings finall reſt to all oure gréuous grones.
So whether foꝛ delight, oꝛ here thou ſitte foꝛ eaſe,
Thinke ſtill vpon the latter day, ſo ſhalt thou God beſt pleaſe.
Haud ictus ſapio.

Vpon a ſtone in the wall of his Garden he had written the yeare wherein he did the coſte of theſe deuiſes, and therewithall this poſie in Latine.

Quoniam etiam humiliatos, amœna delectant.

Gaſcoignes voyage into *Hollande. An.* 1572. written to the right honourable the Lorde Grey of *Wilton.*

A Straunge conceyte, a vayne of newe delight,
Twirt weale and woe, twirte toy and bitter griefe,
Hath pꝛicked foꝛth my baſtie penne to wꝛite
This woꝛthleſſe verſe in bazarde of repꝛéfe:
And to mine (a) *Alderlieueſt* Lorde I muſt endite
A wofull caſe, a chippe of foꝛie chaunce,
A tipe of heauen, a liuely hew of hell,
A feare to fall, a hope of high aduance,
A life, a death, a dꝛearie tale to tell.
But ſince I know the pith of my paſtaunce
Shall moſt conſiſt in telling of a truth,
Vouchſafe my Lord (b) (*en bon gré*) foꝛ to take
This truſtie tale the ſtoꝛie of my youth,
This Chꝛonicle which of my ſelfe I make,

(a) beſt beloued

(b) in good woꝛth

To ſhew my Lord what healpleſſe happe enſewth,
When heddy youth will gad without a guide,
And raunge vntide in leas of libertie,
Or when bare nede a ſtarting hole hath ſpide
To pepe abroade from mother Miſerie,
And buildeth Caſtels in the Welkin wide,
In hope thereby to dwell with wealth and eaſe.
But he the Lord (whome my god Lord doth know)
Can bind or loſe, as beſt to him ſhall pleaſe,
Can ſaue or ſpill, rayſe vp or ouerthrowe,
Can gauld with griefe, and yet the payne appeaſe.
Which thing to proue if ſo my L. take time,
(When greater cares his head ſhall not poſſeſſe)
To ſitte and reade this raunging ragged rime,
I doubt not then but that he will confeſſe,
What falles I found when laſt I leapt to clime.
In March it was, that cannot I forget,
In this laſt March vpon the nintenth day,
When from Graueſend in boate I gan to-iette
To bourde our ſhippe in Quinborough that lay,
From whence the very twentith day we ſet
Our ſayles abrode to ſlice the Salt ſea ſome,
And ancors weyde gan truſt the truſtleſſe floud:
That day and night amid the waues we rome
To ſeeke the coaſt of Holland where it ſtode.
And on the next when we were farre from home,
And neare the hauen whereto we ſought to ſayle,
A fearly chaunce: (whereon alone to thinke)
My hande now quakes, and all my ſenſes fayle)
Gan vs befall: the Pylot gan to ſhrinke,
And all agaſte his courage ſeemde to quayle.
Whereat amazed, the Maiſter and his mate
Gan aſke the cauſe of his ſo ſodeyne chaunge.
And from aloft the Stewarde of our ſtate,
(The ſounding plumbe) in haſte paſte haſt muſt raunge,

To

To trye the depth and gwdneſſe of our gate.
Me thinkes (euen yet) I heare his heauie voyce,
(a) Fadome three, foure, ſixte more, ſixte leſſe, that cride: (a) Fadom & a half, three ho.
Me thinkes I heare the fearefull whiſpring noyſe,
Of ſuch as ſayde full ſoftely (me beſide)
God graunte this iourney cauſe vs to reioyce.
When I poore ſoule, which cloſe in caban laye,
And there had reacht till gaule was welneare burſt,
With giddie head, my ſtumbling ſteppes muſt ſtay
To looke abroade as boldly as I durſt.
And whyles I hearken what the Saylers ſaye,
The ſo wnder ſings, fadame two full no more.
Alooſe, alooſe, then cried the Maiſter out,
The Stearelmate ſtriues to ſende vs from the ſhore,
And truſtes the ſtreame, whereof wee earſt had doubt,
Tweene two extreame thus were we tolled ſore,
And went to (b) Hull, vntill we leyſure had (b) When all ſayles are take downe.
To talke at large, and eke to know the cauſe
What moode had made our Pylot looke ſo ſad.
At laſt the Dutche with butterbitten iawes,
(For ſo he was a Dutche, a Deuill, a ſwadde,
A fole, a drunkarde, or a traytour tone)
Gan anſwere thus: (c) *Ghy zyt te vroegh* here come, (c) You be to ſoone
(d) *Tuniet goet tyt* and ſtanding all alone, (d) It is not good tide
Gan preache to vs, which foles were all and ſome
To truſt him fole, in whom there ſkill was none.
Or what knew wee if Albaes ſubtill brayne
(So to preuent our enterpryſe by treaſon)
Had him ſubborne to tice vs to this trayne
And ſo him ſelfe (*per Companye* and ſeaſon)
For ſpite, for hate, or elſe for hope of gayne.
This muſt we thinke that (e) Alba would not ſpare (e) the Duke
To giue out gold for ſuch a ſinfull deede:
And gliſtring gold can oftentimes enſnare,
More perfect wits than Holland ſoyle doth breede.

(I.y.) But

But let that paſſe, and let vs now compare
Our owne fond fact with this his foule offence.
We knew him not, nor where he wond that time,
Nor if he had Pylots experience,
Or Pylats craft, to cleare him ſelfe from crime.
Yea more than that (how voyde were we of ſenſe)
We had ſmall ſmacke of any tale he tolde,
Ye powrde out Dutch to drowne vs all in drinke,
And we (wiſe men) vppon his words were bolde,
To runne on head: but let me now bethinke
The matters ſpéech: and let me ſo vnfold
The depth of all this foliſh ouerſight.
The maſter ſpake euen like a ſkilfull man,
And ſayde I ſayle the Seas both day and night,
I know the tides as well as other can,
From pole to pole I can the courſes plight:
I know France, Spaine, Gréece, Denmarke, Daniſk & all,
Frize, Flaunders, Holland, euery coaſt I know,
But truth to tell, it ſeldome doth befall,
That Engliſh merchants euer bend their bowe
To ſhote at Breyll, where now our flight ſhould fall,
They ſend their ſhafts farder for greater gayne.
So that this hauen is yet (quoth he) (a) vnkouth,
And God graunt now that England may attayne
Such gaines by Breyll, (a goſpell on that mouth)
As is deſired; thus ſpake the maſter playne.
And ſince (ſaide he) my ſelfe knew not the ſowne,
How could I well a better Pylot fynde,
Than this (which firſt) did ſaye he dwelt in towne,
And knew the way where euer ſat the wynde?
While we thus talke, all ſayles are taken downe,
And we to Holl (as earſt I ſayd) gan wend,
Till full two houres and ſomewhat more were paſt,
Our guyde then ſpake in Dutch and bad vs bend
All ſayles againe: for now quod he (at laſt)

(a) vnknowen

Die

(a) *Die tijt is goet, dat heb ick weell bekend.*

Why ſtaye I long to ende a wofull tale?
We truſt his Dutch, and vp the foreſayle goes,
We fall on knées amyd the happy gale,
(Which by Gods will full kynd and calmely blowes)
And vnto him we there vnfolde our bale,
Whereon to thinke I wryte and wéepe for ioye,
That pleaſant ſong the hundreth and ſeuenth Pſalme,
There dyd we reade to comfort our annoye,
Which to my ſoule (me thought) was ſwéete as balme,
Yea farre more ſwéete than any worldly toye.
And when he had with prayers prayſd the Lord,
Our (b) *Edell Bloetts*, gan fall to eate and drinke,
And for their ſauce, at takyng vp the borde
The ſhippe ſo ſtrake (as all we thought to ſinke)
Againſt the ground. Then all with one accorde
We fell againe on knées to pray apace,
And therewithall euen at the ſecond blowe,
(The number cannot from my minde outpace)
Our helme ſtrake of, and we muſt fléete and flowe,
Where winde and waues would guide vs by their grace.
The winde wart calme as I haue ſayde before,
(O mightie God ſo didſt thou ſwage our woes)
The ſelly ſhippe was ſowſt and ſmitten ſore,
With counter buffetts, blowes and double blowes.
At laſt the kéele which might endure no more,
Gan rende in twayne and ſuckt the water in:
Then might you ſée pale lokes and wofull cheare,
Then might you heare loude cries and deadly dinne:
Well noble minds in perils beſt appeare,
And boldeſt harts in bale will neuer blinne.
For there were ſome (of whome I will not ſay
That I was one) which neuer changed hew,
But pumpt apace, and labord euery way
To ſaue themſelues, and all their lowely crew,

(a) It is good tide that know I well

(b) Luſty gallants

Which

Which caſt the beſt fraight ouerborde away,
Both corne and cloth, and all that was of weight.
Which halde and pulde at euery helping corde,
Which prayed to God and made their conſcience ſtreight.
As for my ſelf: I here proteſt my Lorde,
My words were theſe: O God in heauen on height,
Behold me not as now a wicked wight,
A ſacke of ſinne, a wretch ywrapt in wroth,
Let no fault paſt (O Lord) offende thy ſight,
But weye my will which now thoſe faults doth lothe,
And of thy mercy pittie this our plight.
Euen thou good God which of thy grace didſt ſaye
That for one good, thou wouldſt all Sodome ſaue,
Behold vs all: thy ſhyning beames diſplaye,
Some here (I truſt) thy goodneſſe ſhall engraue,
To be chaſt veſſels vnto thée alwaye,
And ſo to liue in honour of thy name:
Beleue me Lord, thus to the Lord I ſayde.
But there were ſome (alas the more their blame)
Which in the pumpe their onely comfort layde,
And truſted that to turne our griefe to game.
Alas (quod I) our pumpe god God muſt be,
Our ſayle, our ſterne, our tackling, and our truſt.
Some other cried to cleare the ſhipboate frée,
To ſaue the chiefe and leaue the reſt in duſt.
Which word once ſpoke (a wondrous thing to ſée)
All haſt poſt haſt, was made to haue it done:
And vp it commes in haſt much more than ſpéede.
There did I ſée a wofull worke begonne,
Which now (euen now) doth make my hart to bléede.
Some made ſuch haſt that in the boate they wonne,
Before it was aboue the hatches brought.
Straunge tale to tell, what haſt ſome men ſhall make
To find their death before the ſame be ſought.
Some twixt the boate and ſhippe their bane do take,

Both

Both drowned and ſlayne with braynes for haſt cruſht out.
At laſt the boat halfe fraighted in the aire
Is hoyſt aloft, and on the ſeas downe ſet,
When I that yet in God could not diſpaire,
Still plide the pumpe, and patiently did let
All ſuch take boate as thither made repaire.
And herewithall I ſafely may proteſt
I might haue wonne the boate as wel as one,
And had that ſéemed a ſafetie for the reſt
I ſhould percaſe euen with the firſt haue gone.
But when I ſaw the boate was ouer preſt
And peſtred full with moe than it might beare,
And therwithall with cherefull loke might ſée
My chiefe companions whome I held moſt deare
(Whoſe companie had thither trained me)
Abiding ſtill aboorde our ſhippe yfeare:
Nay then (quoth I) good God thy will be done,
For with my færes I will both liue and dye.
And eare the boate farre from our ſight was gon
The waue ſo wrought, that they (which thought to flée
And ſo to ſcape) with waues were ouerronne.
Lo how he ſtriues in vaine that ſtriues with God
For there we loſt the flowre of the band,
And of our crew full twentie ſoules and odde,
The Sea ſucks vp, whils we on hatches ſtand
In ſmarting feare to fæle that ſelfe ſame rodde.
Well on (as yet) our battred barke did paſſe,
And brought the reſt within a myle of lande,
Then thought I ſure now néede not I to paſſe,
For I can ſwymme and ſo eſcape this ſande.
Thus dyd I déeme all careleſſe like an Aſſe,
When ſodaynely the wynde our forſayle toke,
And turnd about and brought vs eft to Seas.
Then cryed we all, caſt out the ancor hoke,
And here let byde ſuch helpe as god may pleaſe:

Yorke and Herle.

Whic h

Which ancor cast, we soone the same forsooke,
And cut it off, for feare least therevpon
Our shippe should bowge, then callde we fast for fire,
And so dischargde our great gunnes euerychone,
To warne the towne thereby of our desire:
But all in vayne, for succor sent they none.
At last a Hoy from Sea came flinging fast,
And towards vs helde course as streight as lyne.
Then might you see our hands to heauen vp cast
To render thanks vnto the power deuine,
That so vouchsafte to saue vs yet at last:
But when this Hoy gan (welnéere) boorde our barke,
And might perceiue what peryll we were in,
It turnd away and left vs still in (a) carke,
This tale is true (for now to lie were sin)
It lefte vs there in dreade and daungers darke.
It lefte vs so, and that within the sight
And hearing both of all the peare at Breyll.
Now ply thée pen, and paint the foule despite
Of drunken Dutchmen standing there euen still,
For whom we came in their cause for to fight,
For whom we came their state for to defende,
For whom we came as friends to grieue their foes,
They now disdaynd (in this distresse) to lend
One helping boate for to asswage our woes:
They sawe our harmes the which they would not mend,
And had not bene that God euen then did rayse
Some instruments to succor vs at néede,
We had bene sunk and swallowed all in Seas.
But Gods will was (in way of our good spéede)
That on the peare (lamenting our mysease)
Some englishe were, whose naked swordes did force
The drunken dutch, the cankred churles to come,
And so at last (not moued by remorce,
But forst by feare) they sent vs succor some:

(a) care

Some

Some must I say: and for to tell the course,
They sent vs succor saust with sowre despite,
They saued our liues and spoylde vs of the rest,
They stale our goods by day and eke by night,
They shewed the worst and closely kept the best.
And in this time (this treason must I wryte)
Our Pylot fled, but how? not emptie handed:
He fled from vs, and with him did conueye
A Hoy full fraught (whiles we meane while were landed)
With pouder, shotte, and all our best araye:
This skill he had, for all he set vs sanded.
And now my Lord, declare your noble mynde,
Was this a Pylot, or a Pilate iudge?
Or rather was he not of Iudas kynde:
Which left vs thus and close away could trudge?
Well, at the Bryell to tell you what we finde,
The Gouernour was all bedewed with drinke,
His truls and he were all layde downe to sléepe,
And we must shift, and of our selues must thinke
What meane was best, and how we best might kéepe
That yet remaynd: the rest was close in clinke.
Well, on our knées with trickling teares of ioye,
We gaue God thanks: and as we might, did learne
What might be founde in euery (a) pynke and hoye.
And thus my Lord, your honour may descerne
Our perils past, and how in our anoye
God saued me (your Lordshippes bound for euer)
Who else should not be able now to tell,
The state wherein this countrey doth perseuer,
Ne how they séeme in carelesse mindes to dwell.
(So did they earst and so they will do euer)
And to my Lord for to bewray my minde
Me thinkes they be a race of Bulbéefe borne,
Whose hartes their Butter mollysteth by kinde,
And so the force of béefe is cleane outworne:

(a) A Smal bote.

And eke their braines with double bëere are lynde:
So that they march bumbast with buttred bëere,
Like soppes of browesse puffed vp with froth,
Where inwardely they be but hollowe gëere,
As weake as winde, which with one puffe vp goeth:
And yet they bragge, and thinke they haue no pëere,
Bicause Harlem hath hitherto helde out,
Although in dëed (as they haue suffred Spayne)
The ende thereof euen now doth rest in doubt.
Well, as for that, let it (for me) remaine
In God his hands, whose hand hath brought me out,
To tell my Lord this tale nowe tane in hande,
As howe they traine their trezons all in drinke,
And when them selues for drunk can scarcely stande,
Yet sucke out secretes (as them selues do thinke)
From guests. The best (almost) in all their lande,
(I name no man, for that were brode before)
Will (as men say) enure the same sometime,
But surely this [illegible] I mistake him sore).
Or else he can (but let it passe in rime)
Dissemble dëepe, and mocke sometimes the more:
Well, drunkennesse is here good companie,
And therewithall *per consequens* it falles
That whordome is accompted iollitie:
A gentle state, where two such Tenisballes
Are tossed still and better bowles let lie.
I cannot herewith from my Lord conceale,
How God and Mammon here do dwell yfeare,
And how the Masse is cloked vnder beale
Of pollicie, till all the coast be cleare.
Ne can I chuse, but I must ring a peale,
To tell what hypocrytes the Nunnes here be:
And how the olde Nunnes be content to go,
Before a man in streates like mother B,
Untill they come wheras there dwels a Ho[illegible]

Re:

(Re: ceyue that halfe, and let the rest go frë)
There can they poynt with finger as they passe,
Yea sir, sometimes they can come in themselfe,
To strike the bergaine twëne a wanton lasse,
And *Edel bloets*: nowe is not this good pelfe?
As for the yong Nunnes, they be bright as glasse,
And chasse forsoth, *met v*: and *anders niet*:
What sayde I? what? that is a misterie,
I may no verse of such a theame endite,
Yong Rowlande Yorke may tell it bet than I:
Yet to my Lorde this little will I write,
That though I haue (my selfe) no skill at all,
To take the countnance of a Colonel,
Had I a good Lieutenant general,
As good John Zuche whereuer that he dwel,
Or else Ned Dennye (faire mought him befal)
I coulde haue brought a noble regiment
Of smugskinnde Nunnes into my countrey soyle:
But farewell they as things impertinent,
Let them (for me) go dwell with masker [illegible]oyle,
Who hath behight to place them well in Kent.
And I shall well my sillie selfe content,
To come alone vnto my louely Lorde,
And vnto him (when riming spoyte is spent)
To tel some sadde and reasonable worde,
Of Hollandes state, the which I will present,
In Cartes, in Mappes, and eke in Models made,
If God of heauen my purpose not preuent.
And in meane while although my wits do wade
In ranging rime, and fling some follie forth,
I truste my Lorde will take it well in worth.

Haud ictus sapio.

(R.ij.)

WEEDES.

Tam Marti quàm Mercurio.

¶ In this diuiſion are contcyned:

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¶ The fruite of Fetters: vvith the complaint of the greene Knight, and his Farewell to Fanſie.

GReat be the græfes which bruze the boldeſt brests,
And al to ſælde we ſée ſuch burdens boꝛne,
Foꝛ cruell care (which reaueth quiet rests)
Hath oftentimes the woꝛthieſt willes foꝛewoꝛne,
And layed ſuch weight vpon a noble harte,
That wit and will haue both giuen place to ſmarte.

Foꝛ pꝛoofe wherof I tel this woful tale,
(Giue eare that liſt, I foꝛce no frolicke mindes)
But ſuch as can abide to heare of bale,
And rather rue the rage which Fanſie findes,
Than ſcoꝛne the pangs which may pꝛocure their pine,
Let them giue eare vnto theſe rimes of mine.

I teare my time (ay me) in pꝛiſon pꝛ
Wherin the floure of my conſuming yeares,
With ſecret griefe my reaſon doth toꝛment,
And frets it ſelf (perhaps) with nædleſſe feares:
Foꝛ whyles I ſtriue againſt the ſtreame to ſaile,
My foꝛces faile, and I muſt downe at laſt.

The haſtie Vine foꝛ ſample might me ſerue,
Which climbes to high about the loftie træ,
But when the twiſt his tender iointes doth carue,
Then fades he faſt, that ſought full freſh to bée:
He fades and faintes befoꝛe his fellowes faile,
Which lay full lowe, and neuer hoyſt vp ſaile.

Ay me, the dayes which I in dole conſume,
Ah las, the nightes which witneſſe well my woe,
O wꝛongful woꝛld which makſt my fanſie fume,

Fie

Fie fickle Fortune, fie thou arte my foe,
Out and alas, so frowarde is my chaunce,
No dayes nor nightes, nor worldes can me aduaunce.

In recklesse youth, the common plague of Loue
Infected me (al day) with carelesse minde,
Entising dames my patience still did proue,
And blearde mine eyes, till I became so blinde,
That seing not what furie brought mée forth,
I followed most (alwayes) that least was worth.

In middle yeares, the reache of Reasons reine
No sooner gan to bridle in my will,
Nor naked néede no sooner gan constreine
My rash decay to breake my sléepes by skill,
But streight therewith hope set my heart on flame,
To winne againe both wealth and woorthy name.

And thence pr[illegible]des my most consuming griefe,
For whyles the hope of mine vnyolden harte
In endlesse toyles did labor for reliefe,
Came crabbed Chance and marrde my merry marte:
Yea, not content with one fowle ouerthrowe,
So tied me fast for tempting any mo.

She tied me fast (alas) in golden chaines,
Wherein I dwell, not frée, nor fully thrall,
Where guilefull loue in double doubt remaines,
Nor honie swéet, nor bitter yet as gall:
For euery day a patterne I beholde
Of scortching flame, which makes my heart full colde.

And euery night, the rage of restlesse thought
Doth raise me vp, my hope for to renewe,
My quiet bed which I for solace sought,

Doth

Doth yrke mine eares, when still the warlike crewe
With sounde of drummes, and trumpets draying shrill
Relieue their watch, yet I in thraldome still.

The common ioy, the chéere of companie,
Twixt mirth and moane doth plundge me euermore:
For pleasant talke, or Musicks melodie,
Yéeld no such salue vnto my secret sore,
But that therewith this corsiue coms me too,
Why liue not I at large as others doo?

Lo thus I liue in spite of cruell death,
And die as fast in spite of lingring life,
Fedde still with hope which doth prolong my breath,
But choakte with feare, and strangled still with strife,
Starke staring blinde bicause I sée too much,
Yet gasing still bicause I sée none such.

Amid these pangs (O subtil Cordial)
Those farre fet sighes which most mens mindes eschewe,
Recomforte me, and make the furie fall,
Which fedde the roote from whence my sits renewe:
They comforte me (ah wretched doubtfull clause)
They helpe the harme, and yet they kill the cause.

Where might I then my carefull corpse conuay
From companie, which worketh all my woe?
How might I winke or hide mine eyes alway,
Which gaze on that wherof my griefe doth growe?
How might I stoppe mine eares, which hearken still,
To euery ioy, which can but wounde my will?

How should I séeme my sighes for to suppresse,
Which helpe the heart that else would swelt in sunder?
Which hurt the helpe that makes my torment lesse?

Which helpe and hurte(oh wofull wearie wonder)
One ſelly hartie thus toſſe twixt helpe and harme,
How ſhould I ſeeme,ſuch ſighes in tyme to charme?

Howhow but thus? in ſollitarie wiſe
To ſteppe aſide,and make high way to moane:
To make two fountaines of my dazled eies,
To ſigh my fill till breath and all be gone:
So ſighed the knight of whome Bartello writes,
All cladde in Greene, yet baniſht from delights.

And ſince the ſtorye is both new and trew,
A dreary tale much like theſe lottes of myne
I will aſſaye my muze for to renewe,
By ryming out his frowarde fatall fine.
A dolefull ſpeeche becõmes a dumpiſh man,
So ſemde by him,for thus his tale begane.

The complaint of the greene Knight.

WHy liue I wretch(quoth he)alas and wellaway,
Or why beholde my heauy eies,this gladſome ſunny day?
Since neuer ſunne yet ſhone,that could my ſtate aduaunce,
Why liue I wretche(alas quoth he)in hope of better chaunce?
Or wherefore telles my toung,this drearye dolefull tale,
That euery eare might heare my griefe and ſo bemone my bale?
Since eare was neuer yet,that harkened to my playnte,
Why liue I wretch(alas quoth he)my pangs in vaine to paint?
Or wherfore dotes deſire,that doth his wiſh diſcloſe,
And ſhewes the ſore that ſeeks recure,thereby to eaſe my woes?
Since yet he neuer found,the hart where pyttie dwelt,
Why liue I wretch(alas quoth he)alone in woe to ſwelt?
Why ſtriue I with the ſtreame,or hoppe againſt the hill,
Or ſearch that neuer can be founde,or loſe my labor ſtill?

Since

Since deſtenies decreed,muſt alwayes be obeyde,
Why liue I wretch alas(quoth he)with lucke thus ouerleyde?
Why feedes my heart on hope? why tyre I ſtill on truſt?
Why doth my minde ſtill muſe on mirth? why leanes my life on
Since hope had neuer hap, & truſt alwayes found treaſon, (luſt?
Why liue I wretch alas(quoth he)where all good luck is geazon?
The fatal Siſters three, which ſpun my ſlender twine,
Knew wel how rotten was the yarne,frõ whence they drew their
Yet haue they wouen the web, with care ſo manifolde, (line:
(Alas I woful wretch the while) as any cloth can holde:
Yea though the threeds be couerſe, and ſuch as others lothe,
Yet muſt I wrap alwayes therin, my bones and body both:
And weare it out at length, which laſteth but too long.
O weauer weauer worke no more,thy warp hath done me wrong:
For therin haue I lapt my light and luſtie yeares,
And therin hapleſſe haue I hapt,mine age and hoarie heares:
Yet neuer found I warmth, by letting in thy laggs,
Nor neuer can I weare them out, although they rende like raggs.
The May-mone of mine age, I meane the gallant time
When coales of kinde firſt kindled loue, & pleſure was in prime,
All bitter was the frute, which ſtill I reaped then,
And little was the gaine I got, compared by other men.
Teare-thirſtie were the Dames, to whome I ſued for grace,
Some ſtonie ſtomackt, other ſome, of high diſdainful race.
But all vnconſtant (ay) and (that to thinke) I die,
The guerdon which Coſmana gaue, can witneſſe if I lie.
Coſmana was the wight to whome I wiſhed well,
To ſerue Coſmana did I ſeeme, in loue to beare the bell:
Coſmana was my god, Coſmana was my ioy,
Ay me, Coſmana turnde my mirth, to dole and dark anoy:
Reuenge it Radamanth, if I be found to lie,
Or if I ſlaunder hir at all, condemne me then to die.
Thou knowſt I honored hir, no more but all to much,
Alas thou knowſt ſhe caſt me off, when I deſerude no grutch,
She dead (I dying yet) ay me my teares were dried,

And teeth of time gnew out the grief, which al to long I tried,
Yet from hir aſhes ſprung, or from ſuch ſubtile molde,
Ferenda ſhe, whome euerie eye, did iudge more bright than golde.
Ferenda then I ſawe, Ferenda I beheldе,
Ferenda ſerude I faithfully, in towne and eke in fielde:
Ferenda coulde not ſay, the greene Knight was vntrew,
But out alas, the greene Knight ſayde, Ferenda changde for new:
Ferenda did hir kinde: then was ſhe to be borne,
She did but weare Coſmanes cloutes, which ſhe in ſpite had torne:
And yet bet wene them both they waare the threeds ſo nere,
As were they not of ſteele or ſtone, they coulde not holde yfere.
But now Ferenda mine, a little by thy leaue:
What moued thee to madding mode? why didſt thou me deceaue?
Alas I was al thine, thy ſelfe can ſay no leſſe,
And for thy fall, I bathed oft in many a deepe diſtreſſe:
And yet to do thee right, I neyther blame thy race,
Thy ſhining ſelfe, the golden gleames that gliſtred on thy face,
Nor yet thy fickle faith, ſhall neuer beare the blame,
But I, whome kinde hath framd to finde, a griefe in euerie game:
The high decrees of heauen, haue limited my life,
To linger ſtil wher Loue doth lodge, yet there to ſterue in ſtrife.
For preſe, who liſt to know what makes me now complaine,
Giue eare vnto the greene Knights tale: for now begins his paine.

When raſh vnbridled youth had run his reckleſſe race,
And caried me with careleſſe courſe, to many a great diſgrace,
Then riper mellowed yeares, thought good to turne their trade,
And bad Repentance holde the reines, to rule the brainſicke iade:
So that with much to do, the bridle helde him backe,
And Reaſon made him byte on bit, which had a better ſmacke:
And for I felte my ſelfe, by feebleneſſe forſonne,
And panting ſtill for lack of breath, as one much ouerronne.
Therefore I toke aduiſe, to walke him firſt awhile,
And ſo at length to ſet him vp, his trauayles to beguile:
Yea when he curried was, and duſted ſlicke and trimme,
I caulde both hey and prouander to be allowde for him:

Wherat

Wherat (alas to thinke) he gathered fleſh ſo faſt,
That ſtill he playd his coltiſh pranks, when as I thought the paſt:
He winched ſtill alwayes, and whiſked with his taile,
And leaping ouer hedge and ditch, I ſawe it not preuaile
To pamper him ſo proude: Wherfore I thought it beſt,
To trauaile him (not as I wont) yet nay to giue him reſt.
Thus well reſolued then, I kept him ſtill in harte,
And founde a pretie prouander appointed for his parte,
Which once a day, no more, he might a little taſte:
And by this diet, made I youth a gentle iade at laſt:
And forth I might him ride, an eaſie iourneying pace,
He neuer ſtraue with middle age, but gently gaue him place:
Then middle age ſtept in, and toke the helme in hande,
To guide my Barke by better ſkill, into ſome better lande.
And as eche noble heart is euermore moſt bent,
To high exploites and worthie deedes, where honor may be hent:
So mine vnfolden minde, by Armes gan ſeeke renowne,
And ſought to rayſe, that reckleſſe youth had rafhly tumbled downe.
With ſworde and truſtie targe, ther[illegible]ght I for to carue
For middle age and hoarie haires, and both their turnes to ſarue:
And in my Caruers roome, I gan to cut ſuche cuttes, (guttes,
And made ſuche morſels for their mouthes, as well might fill their
Beſide ſome ouerplus, (which being kept in ſtore)
Might ſerue to welcome al their friends, with foiſon euermore:
I meane no more but this: my hand gan finde ſuch happe,
As made me thinke, that Fortune ment, to play me in hir lappe:
And hope therwith had heade, my heart to be ſo hie,
That ſtill I hoapt, by force of armes, to climbe aboue the Skie:
I bathed ſtill in bliſſe, I ledde a lordelie life,
My Souldiers lowde and feared me both, I neuer dreaded ſtrife:
My bord was furniſht ſtil, with cates of dainty coſt,
My back wel clad, my purſe wel lynde, my wonted lack was loſt,
My bags began to fil, my debtes for to diſcharge,
My ſtate ſo ſtoode, as ſure I ſeemde to ſwim in good lucks barge:
But out and well away, what pleaſure breedes not paine?

(L.v.) What

What ſun cã ſhine without a cloud, what thũder brings not rain?
Such is the life of man, ſuch was the luck of me,
To fall ſo faſt from hieſt hap, where ſure I ſæmde to be.
Fiue hundred ſundrie ſunnes (and more) could ſcarcely ſerue,
By ſweat of browes to win a rome, wherin my knife might carue:
One onely diſmall day, ſuffuſed (with deſpite)
To take me from my caruers place, and from the table quite.
Fiue hundred broken ſlæpes, had buſied all my braynes,
To find (at laſt) ſome worthy trade, that might increſe my gaynes:
One blacke vnluckie houre, my trade hath ouerthrowen,
And marrde my marte, & broke my bank, & al my bliſſe oreblowen.
To wrappe vp all in woe, I am in priſon pent,
My gaines poſſeſſed by my foes, my friends againſt me bent:
And all the heauy haps, that euer age yet bare,
Aſſembled are within my breaſt, to choake me vp with care.
My modeſt middle age, which lacks of youth the luſt,
Can beare no ſuch gret burdẽs now, but throwes them in the duſt:
Yet in this piteous plight, beholde me Louers all,
And rewe my griefes, leſt you your ſelues do light on ſuch a fal.
I am that wearie wretch, whom loue alwaies hath eyzed,
And ſed me with ſuch ſtrange conceytes, as neuer man deſired.
For now (euen now) ay me: I loue and cannot chuſe,
So ſtrangely yet, as wel may moue the wiſeſt mindes to muſe.
No blaſing beautie bright, hath ſet my heart on fire,
No ticing talke, no gorgeous gyte, tormenteth my deſire,
No bodie finely framde, no baggarde Falcons eie,
No ruddie lip, no golden locks, hath drawne my minde awrie:
No teth of ſhining pearle, no gallant roſie hiew,
No dimpled chinne, no pit in chẽke, preſented to my view:
In ſine, no ſuch delights, as louers oft allure,
Are cauſe why thus I do lament, or put my plaintes in vre:
But ſuch a ſtrange affect, as both I ſhame to tell,
And all the worlde may wonder much, how firſt therin I fell.
Yet ſince I haue begonne (quoth he) to tell my griefe,
I wil nought hide, although I hope to finde no great relieſe.

And

And thus (quoth he) it is: Amongſt the ſundrie toyes
Which I conceiude in feates of warre, and all my Martial toyes,
My chaunce was late to haue a pærleſſe firelock pece,
That to my wittes was nay the like, in Turkie nor in Greece:
A pece ſo cleanly framde, ſo ſtreight, ſo light, ſo fine,
So tempred and ſo poliſhed, as ſæmeth worke diuine:
A pece whoſe locke yet paſt, for why it it neuer failde,
And though I bent it night and day, the quickneſſe neuer quailde:
A pece as well renforſt, as euer yet was wrought,
The braueſt pece for breech and bore, that euer yet was bought:
The mounture ſo well made, and for my pitch ſo fit,
As though I ſee faire peces moe, yet fewe ſo fine as it:
A pece which ſhot ſo well, ſo gently and ſo ſtreight,
It neyther bruzed with recule, nor wrong with ouer weight.
In fine and to conclude, I know no fault thereby,
That eyther might be thought in minde, or wel diſcernde with ey.
This pece then late I had, and therin toke delight,
As much as euer proper pece did pleaſe a warlike wight.
Nowe though it be not lock, nor rendred with the reſt,
Yet being ſhut from ſight therof, how can I thinke me bleſt?
Or which way ſhould I hope, that ſuch a iewell rare,
Can paſſe vnſeen in any campe where cunning ſhooters are?
And therewith am I ſure, that being once eſpied,
It neuer can eſcape their hands, but that it will be tried:
And being once but proued, then farewel froſt for me,
My pece, my locke, and all is loſt, and I ſhall neuer ſee
The like againe on earth. Nowe Louers ſpeake your minde,
Was euer man ſo ſtrangely ſtroke, or caught in ſuch a kinde?
Was euer man ſo fonde? was euer man ſo mad?
Was euer man ſo woe begone? or in ſuch cares yclad?
For reckleſſe thus I reſt, the wretcheſt man on line,
And when I thinke vpon this pece, then ſtill my woes reuiue.
Nor euer can I finde god plaiſter for my paine,
Vnleſſe my lucke might be ſo good, to finde that pece againe.
To make my mourning more, where I in priſon pine,

I day-

I daily sée a pretie péece, much like that péece of mine,
Which helps my hurt, much like vnto a broken shinne,
That when it heales, begins to ytch, and then rubs off the skinne.
Thus liue I still in loue, alas and euer shall,
As well content to loose my péece, as gladde to finde my fall:
A wonder to the worlde, a griefe to friendlie mindes,
A mocking stocke to Momus race, and al such scornefull hindes,
A loue (that thinke I sure) whose like was neuer séene,
Nor neuer warlike wight shal be in loue as I haue béene:
So that in sooth (quoth he) I cannot blame the Dames,
Whome I in youth did moste estéeme, I list not foile their fames,
But there to lay the fault, from whence it first did flowe:
I say my Fortune is the root, whence all these griefes did grow.
Since Fortune then (quoth he) hath turnde to me hir backe,
Shall I go yéeld to mourning moane, and cloath my self in blacke?
No no, for noble mindes can beare no thraldome so,
But rather shew a merrie chéere, when most they wade in wo.
And so will I in gréene, my careful corpse aray,
To set a bragge amongst the best, as though my heart were gay:
Not gréene bicause I hope, nor gréene bicause I ioy,
Nor gréene, bicause I can delight in any youthfull toy:
But gréene, bicause my gréeues are alway fresh and gréene,
Whose roote is such it cannot rot, as by the frute is séene.
Thus sayde, he gaue a groane, as though his heart had broke,
And from the furnace of his breast, sent scalding sighes like smoke:
And sighing so, he sate in solitarie wise,
Conueying flouds of brynish teares, by conduct of his eyes.
What ende he had God knoweth, Battello writes it not,
Or if he do, my wittes are short, for I haue it forgot.

The continuance of the Author, vpon the fruite of Fetters.

THus haue you heard the gréen Knight make his mone,
Which wel might moue the hardest heart to melt:
But what he ment, that knewe himselfe alone,
For such a cause, in wéerie woes to swelt:
And yet by like, some péerlesse péece it was,
That brought him so in raging stormes to passe.

I haue heard tell, and read it therewithall,
That neare the Alpes a kinde of people bée,
Which serue with shot, wherof the very ball
Is bigge of bulke, the péece but short to sée:
But yet it shootes as farre, and eke as fast,
As those which are yframde of longer last.

The cause (say some) consisteth in the locke,
Some other iudge, bicause they be so strong,
Renforced well, and bréeched like a brocke,
Stiffe, straight, and stout, which though they be not long,
Yet spit they foorth their pellets such a pace,
And with such force, as séemes a woondrous case.

Some other thinke, the mettal maketh all,
Which tempred is both rounde and smooth to sée:
And sure me thinkes, the bignesse of the ball,
Ne yet the locke, should make it shoote so frée,
But euen the bréech of mettall good and sounde,
Which makes the ball with greater force to bounde.

For this we sée, the stiffe and strongest arme,
Which giues a ierke, and hath a cunning loose,
Shootes furdest still, and doth alway most harme,
For be his flights yfeathred from the goose,

Or Peacockes quilles, or Rauen, or Swanne, or Crowe,
His shafts go swifte, when others flie but lowe.

How so it be, the men that vse to shote
In these short gunnes, are prayſed for the beſt:
And Princes seeke such shotte for to promote
As perfectest and better than the reſt:
So that (by like) their peeces beare the sway,
Else other men could shote as farre as they.

Their peeces then are called Petronels,
And they themselues by sundrie names are calld:
As Bandolliers, for who in mountaynes dwels,
In trowpes and bandes, ofte times is stoutly stalld:
Or of the Stone wherwith the locke doth strike,
Petronelliers, they called are by like.

And so percase this peereleſſe peece of his
For which he made such ruefull mone,
Was one of th[illegible] and therfore all his bliſſe,
Was turnd to bale when as that peece was gone:
Since Martial men do set their chief delight,
In armes which are both free and fayre in sight.

My selfe haue seene some peece of such a pryce,
As worthy were to be eſteemed well:
For this you know in any straunge deuiſe,
Such things as seeme for goodneſſe to excell,
Are holden deare, and for great Iewels deemd,
Bycause they be both rare and much eſteems.

But now to turne my tale from whence I came,
I saie his lottes and mine were not vnlike:
He spent his youth (as I did) out of frame,
He came at laſt (like me) to trayle the pike.

He

He pynde in pryson pinchte with priuie payne,
And I likewiſe in pryson ſtill remayne.

Yet some good fruite in fetters can I finde,
As vertue rules in euery kinde of vice:
Firſt pryson brings repentaunce to the minde,
Which wandred earſt in luſt and lewde deuice.
For hardeſt hartes by troubles yet are taught,
That God is good when all the worlde is naught.

If thou haue ledde a careleſſe lyfe at large,
Without regard what libertie was worth:
And then come downe to cruell Gaylours charge,
Which keepes thee cloſe and neuer letteſt thee forth:
Learne then this fruite in Fetters by thy ſelfe,
That libertie is worth all worldly pelfe.

Whoſe happe is ſuch to yelde himſelf in warre,
Remember then that peace in pleaſure dwelles:
Whoſe hartes are high and know not why they are
Let ſuch but marke the gingling of their belles:
When fetters frette their anckles as they goe,
Since none ſo high but that may come as lowe.

To tell a truth and therein to be ſhorte,
Prysons are plagues that fal for mans offence,
Which maketh some in good and godly ſorte,
With contrite harte to grope their conſcience.
Repentance then ſteppes in and pardon craues,
Theſe fruites (with mo) are found in darkſome caues.

If thou haue friends, there ſhalt thou know them right,
Since faineſt friends in troubles ſhew their fayth:
If thou haue foes, there ſhalt thou ſee their ſpight
For all to true it is that Prouerbe fayth:

(P.ij.) Where

Where hedge is low, there euery man treads downe,
And friendship failes when Fortune list to frowne.

Patience is founde in prison (though perforce)
And Temperance taught where none excesse doth dwell,
Exercise calles, least slouth should kill thy corse:
Diligence driues thy busie braines to swell,
For some deuise which may redeeme thy state,
These fruites I found in fetters all too late.

And with these fruites another fruite I found,
A strange conceyt, and yet a trustie truth:
I found by proufe, there is no kinde of ground,
That yeldes a better croppe to retchlesse youth,
Than that same molde where fetters serue for mucke,
And wit still workes to digge vp better lucke.

For if the sæde of grace will euer growe,
Then sure such soile will serue to beare it best,
And if Gods m[illegible] herewithall do flowe,
Then springs it high, and ruffles with the rest:
Oft hath bene sæne such sæde in prison cast,
Which long kept close, and prospred yet at last.

But therewithall there springs a kinde of Tares,
Which are vile weedes, and must be roted out,
They choake vp grace, and lap it fast in snares,
Which oftentimes do drawe it deepe in dout,
And hinders plantes which else would growe full bie,
Yet is this weede an easie thing to spie.

Men call it Fansie, sure a worthlesse weede,
And of the same full many sortes are found,
Some fansies are, which thinke a lawfull deede
To scape away, though faith full fast be bound:

Some

Some thinke by loue, (nay lust in cloke of loue)
From fetters fast their selues for to remoue.

Some be, that meane by murder to preuaile,
And some by fraude, as fansie rules the thought:
Sometimes such frightes mens fansies do assaile,
(That when they see their frædome must be bought)
They bowe to take a stande on Shooters hill,
Till rents come in to please their wicked will.

Some fansies hopes by lies to come on floate,
As for to tell their frends and kinne great tales,
What wealth they left in coyne, and many a coate,
What powder packt in coffers and in males,
What they must pay, and what their charge will be,
Wherin they meane to saue themselues a fee.

Some fansies eke forecast what life to wælde,
When libertie shall graunted be at last,
And in the aire such castles gan they builde,
That many times they fall againe as fast:
For Fansie hinders Grace from glories crowne,
As Tares and Byndes can plucke good graine adowne.

Who list therfore by Fetters fruite to haue,
Take Fansie first out of his prime thought,
And when thou hast him, cast him in the waue
Of Lethes lake: for sure his sæde is nought.
The græne Knight he, of whome I late did tell,
(Mine Author sayth) hadde Fansie thus farewell.

The greene Knights farewell to Fansie.

Fansie (quoth he) farewell, whose badge I long did beare,
And in my hat full harebrayndly, thy flowers did I weare:
To late I finde (at last), thy frutes are nothing worth,
Thy blossomes fall & fade full fast, though brauerie bring thē forth:
By thee I hoapt alwayes, in deepe delights to dwel,
But since I finde thy ficklenesse, Fansie (quoth he) farewell.

Thou madste me liue in loue, which wisedome biddes me hate,
Thou bleardst mine eies & madste me thinke, ẏ faith was mine by (fate:
By thee those bitter sweetes, did please my taste alway,
By thee I thought that loue was light, and payne was but a play:
I thought that Bewties blase, was meete to beare the bell,
And since I finde my selfe deceyued, Fansie (quoth he) farewell.

The glosse of gorgeous courtes, by thee did please mine eye,
A stately sight me thought it was, to see the braue go by:
To see their feathers flau[illegible] to marke their straunge deuise,
To lie along in Ladies lappes, to lispe and make it nice:
To fawne and flatter both, I liked sometimes well,
But since I see how vayne it is, Fansie (quoth he) farewell.

When court had cast me off, I toyled at the plowe
My fansie stoode in straunge conceipts, to thriue I wote not how:
By mils, by making malte, by sheepe and eke by swyne,
By ducke and drake, by pigge and goose, by calues & keeping kine:
By feeding bullockes fat, when pryce at markets fell;
But since my swaines eat vp my gaines, Fansie (quoth he) farewell.

In hunting of the deare, my fansie tooke delight,
All forests knew my folly still, the mooneshine was my light:
In frosts I felt no cold, a sunneburnt hew was best,
I sweate and was in temper still, my watching seemed rest:
What daungers deepe I past, it follie were to tell,

And

And since I sigh to thinke thereon, Fansie (quoth he) farewell.

A fansie fedde me ones, to wryte in verse and rime,
To wray my griefe, to craue reward, to couer still my crime:
To frame a long discourse, on sturring of a strawe,
To rumble rime in raffe and ruffe, yet all not worth an hawe:
To beare it sayde there goeth, the Man that writes so well,
But since I see, what Poetes bee, Fansie (quoth he) farewell.

At Musickes sacred sounde, my fansies eft begonne,
In concordes, discordes, notes and cliffes, in tunes of vnisonne:
In Hyerarchies and straynes, in restes, in rule and space,
In monacordes and mouing moodes, in Burdens vnder base:
In descants and in chants, I streined many a yel,
But since Musicians be so madde, Fansie (quoth he) farewell.

To plant straunge countrie fruites, to sow such seedes likewise,
To digge & delue for new fould rootes, where old might wel suffise:
To proyne the water bowes, to pick[illegible] mossie trees,
(Oh how it pleasd my fansie ones) to [illegible] vpon my knees,
To griffe a pippine stocke, when sappe begins to swell:
But since the gaynes scarce quite the cost, Fansie (quoth he) farewell.

Fansie (quoth he) farewell, which made me follow drommes,
Where powdred bullets serues for sauce, to euery dish that cōmes:
Where treason lurkes in trust, where Hope all hartes beguiles,
Where mischief lieth still in wayte, when fortune friendly smiles:
Where one dayes prison proues, that all such heauens are hell,
And such I feele the frutes thereof, Fansie (quoth he) farewell.

If reason rule my thoughts, and God vouchsafe me grace
Then comfort of Philosophie, shall make me chaunge my race:
And fonde I shall it finde, that Fansie settes to showe,
For weakely stāds that building still, which lacketh grace by low:
But since I must accept, my fortunes as they fell,
I say God send me better speede, and Fansie now farewell,

Epilogis-

Epilogiſmus.

SEe ſweete deceipt, that can it ſelf beguile,
Behold ſelfe loue, which walketh in a net:
And ſeemes vnſeene, yet ſhewes it ſelfe therewhile,
Before ſuch eyes, as are in ſcience ſet.
The Greene knight here, leaues out his firelocke peece
That Fancie hath not yet his laſt farewell.
When Fores preach, good folke beware your geese,
But holla here, my muſe to farre doth mell:
Who liſt to marke, what learned preacher ſayeth,
Muſt learne withall, for to beleeue his lore:
But what he doth, that toucheth nomans fayth,
Though words with workes, (agreed) perſuade the more,
The mounting kite, oft lights on homely pray
And wiſeſt wittes, may ſometimes go aſtray.

FINIS.

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.

The pleaſant Fable of *Ferdinando Ieronomi and Leonora de Valaſco,*

tranſlated out of the Italian riding tales of *Bartello.*

IN the pleaſant Countrie of Lombardie, (and not farre from the Citie of Florence) there was dwelling ſometimes a Lorde of many riche Seignories and dominions, who neuertheleſſe bare his name of the Caſtle of *Valaſco*: this Lord had one only ſonne and two daughters: his ſonne was called (during the life of his father) the heyre of *Valaſco*, who maried a faire Gentlewoman of the houſe of Bellauiſta named *Leonora*: the elder daughter of the Lord of *Valaſco* was called *Franciſchina*, a yong woman very toward, bothe in capacitie and other actiue qualities. Nowe the Lord of *Valaſco* hauing already marie[illegible] ſonne & heyre, and himſelfe drawing in age, was deſirous to ſee his daughters alſo beſtowed before his death, and eſpecially the eldeſt, who both for beutie and ripeneſſe of age might often put him in remembrance that ſhee was a collop of his owne fleſhe: and therefore ſought meanes to draw vnto his houſe *Ferdinando Ieronimi* a yong gentleman of *Venice*, who delighting more in hawking, hunting, and ſuch other paſtimes than he did in ſtudie, had left his owne houſe in *Venice*, and was come into Lombardie to take the pleaſures of the countrie. So that the Lorde of *Valaſco* knowing him to be of a very good parentage, and therewithall not onely riche but adorned with ſundrie good qualities, was deſirous (as is ſayd) to drawe him home to his houſe (vnder pretence of hunting and hawking) to the end he might beholde his fayre daughter *Franciſchina*: who both for parentage and other worldly reſpects, might no leſſe content his minde, than hir beautie was likely to haue allured his liking. But it fell oute farre contrary to his deſire,

for Ferdinando Ieronimi beholding the Lady *Leonora*, who was in deede very fayre, and of a very courtlike behauiour, became enamoured of hir, and forgetting the curtesie that the Lorde of *Valasco* had shewed him in entertayning him and his seruaunts, with their horses, by the space of. iiij. moneths (whiche is a rare curtesie nowe adayes, and especially in suche a countrey) he sought all meanes possible to make the heyre of *Valasco* a Becco. And to the end that all menne may perceiue what frutes growe on suche trees, and what issues come of such intents, I will set downe in English the fable as it is written in Italian by Bartello. And bicause I do suppose that *Leonora* is the same name whiche wee call Elinor in English, and that *Francischina* also doth import none other than Fraunces, I will so entitle them as to our own countriemen may be moste perspicuous. Understand you then, that Ferdinando hauing nowe a hote affection vnto the fayre Dame Elynor, and thinking it meeter to vtter his firste conceipts in writing than in speache, did write vnto hir as followeth.

FAyre Lady I pray you vnderstande that (being altogether a straunger in this Countrie) my good happe hath bene to behold you to my no small contentation. And my euill happe accompanies the same with suche imperfection of my deserts, as that I finde alwayes a ready repulse in mine owne forwardnesse: So that considering the naturall clymate of the countrie, I muste say that I haue found fire in frost. And yet comparing the inequalitie of my deserts, with the least part of your worthinesse, I feele a continuall frost, in my moste feruent fire. Such is the extremitie of my passions, the whiche I could neuer haue bene content to committe vnto this telltale paper, were it not that I am destitute of all other helpe. Accept therefore I beseche you, the earnest good will of a more trustie (than worthy) seruaunt, who being thereby encouraged, may supplie the defects of his abilitie with readie triall of duetifull loyaltie. And lette this poore paper (besprent with salte teares, and blowen ouer with skalding sighes) bee saued of

The ayre of that Countrie did (by allikelyhood) seeme colder to him than the streetes of Venice.

of you as a safegarde for your sampler, or a bottome to winde your sowing silke, that when your last needelfull is wrought, you maye returne to reading thereof and consider the care of hym who is

More youres than his owne.
F. I.

THis letter by hir receyued, hir aunswere was this: She take occasion one day, at his request to daunce with him: the whiche doing, shee bashfully began to declare vnto him, that she had read ouer the writing whiche he deliuered vnto hir: with like protestation, that (as at deliuerie thereof, shee vnderstood not for what cause he thrust the same into hir bosome,) so nowe shee could not perceyue thereby any part of his meaning: neuertheless at laste seemed to take vppon hir the matter, and though she disabled hir selfe, yet gaue him thankes as &c. Whereupon he brake the braule, and walking abroade, deuised immediatly these fewe verses following.

FAire Bersabe the bright once bathing in a Well,
With dearwe bedimmd King Dauids eies that ruled Israell.
And Salomon him selfe, the source of sapience,
Against the force of such assaultes could make but small defence.
To it the stoutest yeeld, and strongest feele like wo,
Bold Hercules and Sampson both, did proue it to be so.
What wonder seemeth then? when starres stand thicke in skies,
If such a blasing starre haue power to dim my dazled eyes?

Lenuoie.

To you these fewe suffise, your wittes be quicke and good,
You can coniect by chaunge of hew, what humors feede my blood.
F. I.

BEfore he culd put these verses in legible writing, it pleased M. Elinor of hir curtesie thus to deale with him. Walking

in a garden among diuers other gentlemen & gentlewomen, with a little frowning ſmyle in paſſing by him, ſhe deliuered vnto him a paper, with theſe wordes. For that I vnderſtand not (quoth ſhe) the intent of your letters, I pray you take them here againe, and beſtow them at your pleaſure. The which done and ſayde, ſhee paſſed by withoute change either of pace or countenaunce. Ferdinando ſomewhat troubled with hir angrie looke, did ſodenly leaue the companie, and walking into a parke neare adioyning, in great rage began to wreake his malice on this poore paper, and the ſame did rend and teare in peeces. When ſodenly at a glaunce he perceiued it was not of his owne hand writting, and therewithall abaſhed, vppon better regard he perceiued in one peece therof written in Romaine theſe letters *Colei*: which in engliſh betokeneth *SHE*: wherfore placing all the peeces therof, as orderly as he could, he found therin written, theſe few lynes hereafter following.

YOur ſodeyn departure, from our paſtime yeſterday, did enforce mee for l[illegible] of choſen company too returne vntoo my worke, wherein I dia[illegible] long continue, till at the laſt the bare bottome did drawe vnto my remembraunce your ſtraunge requeſt. And although I founde therin no iuſt cauſe to credite your coloured wordes, yet haue I thought good hereby too requite you with like curteſie, ſo that at leaſt you ſhall not condemne mee for vngratefull. But as to the matter therin conteyned: if I could perſwade my ſelfe, that there were in mee any coales to kyndle ſuche ſparkes of fire, I might yet peraduenture bee drawn to beleue that your minde were froſen with like feare. But as no ſmoke ariſeth, where no cole is kindled, ſo without cauſe of affection the paſsion is eaſie to be cured. This is all that I vnderſtand of your darke letters: and as much as I meane to anſwere.

Colei: in engliſh: *SHE*.

FErdinando immediatly vpon receyte hereof, grew in ielouſie that the ſame was not hir owne deuiſe. And therin I haue no leſſe allowed his iudgement, than commended his inuention

of the verſes, and letters before reherſed. For as by the ſtile this letter of hirs bewrayeth that it was not penned by a womans capacitie, ſo the ſequele of hir doings may diſcipher, that ſhee had mo redy clearkes than truſtie ſeruants in store. Well yet as the perfect hound, when he hath chaſed the hurt deere, amidde the whole heard, will neuer giue ouer till he haue fingled it againe. Euen ſo Ferdinando though ſomwhat abaſhed with this doubtfull chewe, yet ſtil conſtant in his former intention, ceaſed not by all poſſible meanes, to bring this Deere yet once agayne to the bowes, wherby ſhee might be the more ſurely ſtryken: and ſo in the end enforced to yeeld. Wherfore he thought not beſt to commit the ſayde verſes willingly into hir cuſtodie, but priuily loſt them in hir chamber, written in counterfeit. And after on the next day thought better to replie, either vpon hir, or vppon hir Secretary in this wiſe as here followeth.

THE much that you haue anſwered is very much, and much more than I am able to reply vnto: neuertheleſſe in myne owne defence, thus much I alleage: that if my ſodein departure pleaſed not you, I cannot my ſelfe therwith be pleaſed, as one that ſeeketh not to pleaſe many, and more deſirous to pleaſe you than any. The cauſe of myne affection, I ſuppoſe you behold dayly. For (ſelf loue auoyded) euery wight may iudge of themſelues as much as reaſon perſwadeth: the which if it be in your good nature ſuppreſſed with baſhfulneſſe, then mighty Ioue graunt, you may once behold my wan cheekes waſhed in woe, that therein my ſalt teares may be a myrrour to repreſent your owne ſhadow, and that like vnto Naciſſus you may be conſtrayned to kiſſe the cold waues, wherein your counterfait is ſo liuely purtrayed. For if aboundance of other matters fayled to drawe my gazing eyes in contemplation of ſo rare excellency, yet might theſe your letters both frame in me an admiration of ſuch diuine eſprite, and a confuſion too my dull vnderſtanding, whiche ſo raſhly preſumed too wander in this endles Laberinth. Such I eſteeme you, and thereby am become ſuch, and euen *HE. F.I.*

THis letter finished and layde written ouer, his chaunce was to meete hir alone in a Gallery of the same house: (where his manhood in this kinde of combat was firste tried:) and therein I can compare him to a valiant Prince, who distressed with power of enemies had committed the safegard of his person to treaty of Ambassade, and sodenly (surprised with a Camassado in his owne trenches) was enforced to yeeld as prisoner. Euen so Ferdinando Ieronimi lately ouercome by the beautifull beames of this Dame Elynor, and hauing now committed his moste secrete intent to these late rehearsed letters, was at vnwares encountred with his friendly foe, and constrayned either to prepare some new defence, or else like a recreant to yeeld himselfe as already vanquished. Wherefore (as in a traunce) he lifted vp his dazled eies, and so continued in a certen kind of admiration, not vnlike the Astronomer, who (hauing after a whole nights trauaile, in the grey morning found his desired starre) hath fired his hungry eies to behold the Comete long looked for: wherat this gracious Dame (as one that could discerne the sunne before hir chamber [illegible]wes were wide open) did deign to embolden the fainting knight with these or like wordes.

I perceiue nowe (quod she) howe mishap doth follow me, that hauing chosen this walke for a simple solace, I am here disquieted by the man that meaneth my destruction: and therwithall, as half angry, began to turne hir backe, when Ferdinando (now awaked) gan thus salute hir.

Mistresse (quod he) and I perceiue now, that good hap hauts me, for being by lacke of opportunitie constreined to commit my welfare vnto these blabbing leaues of bewraying paper (shewing that in his hād) I am here recomforted with happy view of my desired ioy: and therewithall reuerently kissing his hand, did softly distreyne hir slender arme, and so stayed hir departure. The firste blow thus profered and defended, they walked and talked trauersing diuerse wayes, wherein I doubte not but that the Venetian coulde quite himselfe reasonably well. For after long talke she was contented to accept

cept his proffered seruice, but yet still disabling hir selfe, and seeming to maruell what cause had moued him to subiect his libertie so wilfully, or at least in a prison (as shee termed it) so vnworthy. Wherevnto I needde not rehearse his answere, but suppose now, that thus they departed: sauing I had forgotten this: shee required of him the last rehearsed letter, saying that his firste was loste, and nowe shee lacked a new bottome for hir silke, the whiche I warrant you, he graunted: and so proffering to take an humble *congé* by *Bezo las manos*, she graciously gaue him the *Zuccado dez labros*: and so for then departed. And thereuppon recompting hir wordes, he compiled these following, whiche he termed *Terza sequenza*, to sweete Mistresse SHE.

OF thee deare Dame, three lessons would I learne:
What reason first perswades the foolish Ely
(As soone as shee a candle can discerne)
To play with flame, till shee bee burnt thereby?
Or what may moue the Mouse to byte the bayte
Which strikes the trappe, that stops hir hungry breth?
What calles the bird, where snares of deepe deceit
Are closely coucht to draw hir to hir death?
Consider well, what is the cause of this,
And though percase thou wilt not so confesse,
Yet deepe desire, to gayne a heauenly blisse,
May drowne the minde in dole and darke distresse:
Oft is it seene (whereat my hart may bleede)
Fooles play so long till they be caught in deede.

And then
It is a heauen to see them hop and skip,
And seeke all shiftes to shake their shackles off:
It is a world, to see them hang the lip,
Who (earst) at loue, were wont to skorne and skoff.
But as the Mouse, once caught in crafty trap,
May bounce and beate against the boorden wall,
Till shee haue brought hir head in such mishap,

That downe to death hir fainting lymbes muſt fall:
And as the Flie once ſinged in the flame,
Cannot commaund hir wings to waue away:
But by the heele, ſhee hangeth in the ſame
Till cruell death hir haſty iourney ſtay:
So they that ſeeke to breake the linkes of loue
Striue with the ſtreame, and this by paine I proue.
For when
I firſt beheld that heauenly hewe of thine,
Thy ſtately ſtature, and thy comly grace,
I muſt confeſſe theſe dazled eies of mine
Did wincke for feare, when I firſt viewd thy face:
But bold deſire did open them againe,
And bad mee looke till I had lookt to long,
I pitied them that did procure my paine,
And lou'd the lookes that wrought me all the wrong:
And as the byrd once caught (but woorks hir woe)
That ſtriues to leaue the limed twigges behind:
Euen ſo the more I ſtra[illegible] to parte thee fro,
The greater grief dia[illegible] within my minde:
Remedileſſe then muſt I yeeld to thee,
And craue no more, thy ſeruaunt but to bee.

Till then and euer. HE. F.I.

VVHen he had well ſorted this ſequence, he ſought opportunitie to leaue it where ſhee might finde it before it were loſt. And nowe the coles began to kindle, whereof (but ere while) ſhee feigned hir ſelfe altogither ignorant. The flames began to breake out on euery ſide: and ſhe to quench them, ſhut vp hir ſelfe in hir chamber ſolitarily. But as the ſmithie gathers greater heate by calling on of water, euen ſo the more ſhe abſented hir ſelf from company, the fresher was the griefe whiche galded hir remembrance: ſo that at laſte the report was ſpredde thorough the houſe, that Miſtreſſe Elinor was ſicke. At which newes Ferdinando toke ſmall comfort: neuertheleſſe Dame Venus with good aſpect did yet thus much

much furder his enterpriſe. The Dame (whether it were by ſodaine chaunge, or of wonted cuſtome) fell one day into a greate bléeding at the noſe. For whiche accident the ſayde Venetian, amongſt other prettie conceits, had a preſent remedie: Whereby he toke occaſion (when they of the houſe had all in vayne ſought many waies to ſtoppe hir bléeding) to worke his feate in this wiſe: Firſte he pleaded ignorance, as though he knewe not hir name, and therefore demaunded the ſame of Miſtreſſe Fraunces, who when ſhée had to him declared that hir name was Elinor, hée ſayde theſe wordes or very like in effect: If I thought I ſhoulde not offend Miſtres Elynor, I woulde not doubte to ſtoppe hir bléeding, without eyther payne or difficultie. This Gentlewoman ſomewhat tickled with his wordes, did incontinent make relation thereof to the ſayde Miſtreſſe Elynor: who immediately (declaring that Ferdinando was hir late receyued ſeruaunt) returned the ſaide meſſanger vnto him with eſpeciall charge, that hée ſhoulde employ his deuoyre towardes the recouery of hir health: with whome the ſame Ferdinando repayred to the chamber of his deſired: and [illegible]g hir ſet in a chayre, leaning on the one ſide ouer a Siluer baſon: After his due reuerence, hée layde his hande on hir Temples, and priuily rounding hir in hir eare, deſired hir to commaunde a Hazell ſticke and a knyfe: the whiche beyng brought, hée deliuered vnto hir, ſaying on this wiſe. Miſtreſſe I will ſpeake certaine wordes in ſecrete to my ſelfe, and doe require no more: but when you heare me ſaie openly this worde *Amen*, that you with this knyfe will make a nicke vppon this Hazell ſticke: and when you haue made fiue nickes, commaunde mée alſo to ceaſe. The Dame partly of good will to the Knight, and partly to be ſtenched of hir bléeding, commaunded hir mayde, and required the other Gentils, ſomewhat to ſtande aſide: whiche done, he began his Orayſons, wherein he had not long muttered before he pronounced *Amen*, wherwith the Lady made a nicke on the ſticke with hir knyfe. The ſaide Ferdinando continued to an other *Amen*,

when ẏ Lady hauing made an other nick, felt hir blééding began to steynch: ⁊ so by the third *Amen* throughly steinched. Ferdinando then chaunging his prayers into priuat talk, said softly vnto hir: Mystres, I am glad that I am hereby enabled to doe you some seruice, and as the staunching of your owne bloud may some way recomfort you, so if the shedding of my bloud may any way content you, I beséech you commaund it, for it shalbe euermore readily employed in your seruice: and therwithal with a loud voyce pronounced *Amen*: wherewith the good Lady making a nick, did secretly answere thus: Good seruant (quod shée) I must néedes think my selfe right happy to haue gained your seruice and good will, and be you sure, that although ther be in me no such desert as may draw you into this depth of affection: yet such as I am, I shalbe alwayes glad to shewe my self thankfull vnto you. And now, if you thinke your self assured that I shall blééde no more, doe then pronounce your fifth *Amen*: the which pronounced, shée made also hir fifth nicke, and held vp hir head, calling the company vnto hir, and declaring vnto them, that hir blééding was throughly stein[illegible]. And Ferdinando tarying a while in the chamber, found oportunitie to loose his sequence néere too his desired Mistres: And after *congé* taken, departed. After whose departure the Lady arose out of hir chayre, and hir mayd going about to remoue the same, espied, and toke vp the writing: the which hir mistres perceiuing, gan sodenly coniecture that the same had in it some like matter to the verses once before left in like maner, and made semblant to mistrust that the same should be some wordes of coniuration: and taking it from hir mayd, did peruse it, and immediatly said too the company, that she would not forgo the same for a great treasure. But to be plain, I think that (Ferdinando excepted) she was glad to be rid of all company, vntill she had with sufficient leasure turned ouer and retossed euery card in this sequence. And not long after being now tickled thorough all the vaines with an vnknown humour, aduentured of hir selfe to commit vnto a like Ambassadour the discyphring of

of that which hitherto shée had kept more secret: and thereupon wrot with hir own hand and head in this wyse.

GOod seruant, I am out of al doubt much beholding vnto you, and I haue great comfort by your meanes in the steinching of my bloud, and I take great comfort too reade your letters, and I haue found in my chamber diuers songs which I think too be of your making, and I promise you, they are excellently made: and I assure you that I wilbee ready to doe for you any pleasure that I can, during my life: wherefore I pray you come to my chamber once in a day, till I come abroad again, and I wilbe glad of your company: and for because that you haue promised to be my HE: I will take vpon me this name, your SHE.

THis letter was doubtles of hir own hande writing: and as therin the Reader may finde great difference of Style, from hir former letter, so may you now vnderstand the cause. Shée had in the same house a friend, a seruant, a Secretary: what should I name him? such one [illegible] shée estéemed in time past more than was cause in tyme present. And to make my tale good, I will (by the same words that Bartello vseth) discribe him vnto you. He was in heigth the proportion of two *Pigmeis*, in bredth the thicknesse of two bacon hogges, of presumption a Gyant, of power a Gnatte, Apishly wytted, Knauishly mannered, and crabbedly fauord. What was there in him then to drawe a fayre Ladies liking? Marry sir euen all in all, a well lyned purse, wherewith he could at euery call, prouide suche pretie conceytes as pleased hir péeuish fantasie: and by that meanes hée had throughly (long before) insinuated him selfe with this amorous dame. This manling, this minion, this slaue, this secretary, was nowe by occasion rydden too Florence forsothe: and though his absence were vnto hir a disfurnishing of eloquence: it was yet vntoo Ferdinando Ieromini an opportunitie of good aduauntage: for when hée perceiued the change of hir stile, and thereby grewe in some suspition that the same pro-

céeded

ceded by abſence of hir chiefe Chauncellor, he thought good now to ſmyte while the yron was hotte, and to lend his Miſtreſſe ſuche a penne in hir Secretaries abſence, as hee ſhould neuer be able (at his returne) to amend the ill writing therof. Wherefore according to hir cõmaund he repayred once euery day to hir chamber, at the leaſt whereas hee guided himſelfe ſo wel, and could deuiſe ſuch store of ſundry pleaſures and paſtymes, that he grew in fauour not onely with his deſired, but alſo with the reſt of the gentlewomen. And one day paſſing the time amongſt them, their playe grew to this end, that his Miſtreſſe, being Queene, demaunded of him theſe three queſtions. Seruant (quod ſhe) I charge you, aſwell vppon your allgiance being nowe my ſubiect, as alſo vpon your fidelitie, hauing vowed your ſeruice vnto me, that you aunſwere me theſe three queſtions, by the very truth of your ſecret thought. Firſt, what thing in this vniuerſall worlde doth moſt reioyce and comfort you? Ferdinando Ieronimi abaſing his eyes towardes the ground, toke good aduiſement in his aunſwere, when a fayre gentlewoman of the company clapped him on the ſhoulder, ſaying, how now ſir, is your hand on your halfpeny? To whome he aunſwered, no fayre Lady, my hand is on my harte, and yet my hart is not in myne owne hands: wherewithall abaſhed, turning towards dame Elinor he ſayde: My ſouereigne and Miſtreſſe, according to the charge of your command, and the dutie that I owe you, my tongue ſhall bewraye vnto you the truthe of mine intent. At this preſent a rewarde giuen me without deſert, doth ſo reioyce mee with continuall remembraunce, that though my minde be ſo occupied to thinke thereon, as that daye nor night I can bee quiet from that thought, yet the ioye and pleaſure whiche I conceiue in the ſame is ſuch, that I can neyther be cloyed with continuaunce thereof, nor yet afraide, that any miſhappe can counteruayle ſo greate a treaſure. This is to me ſuche a heauen to dwell in, as that I feede by day, and repoſe by night vppon the freſhe recorde of this reward. This (as Bartello ſayeth) he ment by the kiſſe that

that ſhe lent him in the Gallery, and by the profeſſion of hir laſte letters and wordes. Well, though this aunſwere bee ſomewhat miſtie, yet let his excuſe be: that taken vppon the ſodaine, he thought better to aunſwere darkly, than to be miſtruſted openly. Hir ſecond queſtion was, what thing in this life did moſte greeue his harte, and diſquiet his minde, whervnto he anſwered. That although his late reherſed ioy were incomparable, yet the greateſt enimie that diſturbed the ſame, was the priuie worme of his owne giltie conſcience, which accuſed him euermore with great vnworthineſſe: and that this was his greateſt griefe. The Lady biting vpon the bitte at his cunning anſweres made vnto theſe two queſtions, ganne thus replie. Seruaunt, I had thought to haue touched you yet nearer with my thirde queſtion, but I will reſtrayne to attempt your patience: and nowe for my third demaund, aunſwere me directly in what manner this paſſion doth handle you? and howe theſe contraries may hang together by any poſſibilitie of concorde? for your wordes are ſtraunge. Ferdinando now rouſing himſelfe boldly, toke occaſion thus to handle his aunſwere. Treſſe (quod he) my wordes in deede are ſtraunge, but yet my paſſion is muche ſtraunger: and therupon this other day to conteſt mine owne fantaſie I deuiſed a Sonet, which although it bee a peece of Cocklozels muſicke, and ſuche as I might be aſhamed to publiſh in this company, yet becauſe my truth in this aunſwere may the better appeare vnto you, I pray you vouchſafe to receiue the ſame in writing: and drawing a paper out of his pocket, preſented it to hir, wherin was written this Sonet.

Loue, hope, and death, do ſtirre in me ſuch ſtrife,
As neuer man but I led ſuch a life.
Firſt burning loue doth wound my hart to death,
And when death comes at call of inward griefe,
Colde lingering hope doth feede my fainting breath
Againſt my will, and yeeldes my wound reliefe:
So that I liue, but yet my life is ſuch,

As

As death would neuer greue me halfe ſo much.
No comfort then but only this I taſt,
To ſalue ſuch ſore, ſuch hope will neuer want,
And with ſuch hope, ſuch life will euer laſt,
And with ſuch life, ſuch ſorrowes are not skant.
Oh ſtraunge deſire, O life with torments toſt
Through too much hope; mine onely hope is loſt.

Euen *HE* F. I.

THis ſonet was highly commended, and in my iudgement it deſerueth no leſſe. His dutie thus performed, their paſtimes ended, and at their departure for a watch worde hee coũſelled his Miſtreſſe by little and little to walke abrode: ſaying, that the Gallery neare adioyning was ſo pleaſaunt, as if he were halfe dead he thought that by walking therin hee might be halfe & more reuiued. Think you ſo ſeruaunt (quod ſhe?) and the laſt tyme that I walked there, I ſuppoſe I toke the cauſe of my malady: but by your aduiſe (for that you haue ſo clerkly ſkeynched the bléeding) I will aſſay to walke there to morow. Miſtres quod he, and in more ful accompliſhment of my duetie towards you, and in ſure hope that you will vſe the ſame onelie to your owne priuate commoditie, I will there awaite vpon you, and betwene you and me wil teach you the ful order how to ſkeynch the bléeding of any creature, wherby you ſhal be as cũning as my ſelf. Gramercy good ſeruant, quod ſhe, I thinke you loſt the ſame in writing here yeſterday, but I cãnot vnderſtand it: & therfore to morow (if I féele my ſelf any thing amẽded) I wil ſende for you thither to inſtruct me throughly: thus they departed. And at ſupper time, the Lord of *Valaſco* finding fault ẏ his geſtes ſtomacke ſerued him no better, began to accuſe the groſneſſe of his vyands, to whom one of the gẽtlewomen which had paſſed ẏ afternoone in his company, anſwered. Nay ſir, quod ſhe, this gentleman hath a paſſion, the which once in a day at the leaſt doth kill his appetite. Are you ſo well acquainted with the diſpoſitiõ of his body (quod the Lord of ẏ houſe?) by his owne

ſaying, quod ſhe, & not otherwiſe. Fayre ladie quod Ferdinãdo, you either miſtoke me or ouerheard me thẽ: for I told of a cõfortable humor which ſo fed me with cõtinuall remẽbrãce of ioy, as that my ſtomack being ful therof doth deſire in maner none other vittayles. Why ſir, (quod the hoſt,) do you thẽ liue by loue? God forbid ſir quod Ferdinando, for then my chaukes wold be much thinner thã they be: but there are diuers other greater cauſes of ioy, than the doubtful lots of loue: & for mine own part, to be playn, I cãnot loue, & I dare not hate. I would I thought ſo, quod the gentlewoman. And thus with prety nyppes, they paſſed ouer their ſupper: which ended, the Lord of the houſe required Ferdinando Ieronimi to daunce and paſſe the time with the gentlewomen, which he refuſed not to doe. But ſodenly, before the muſicke was well tuned, came out Dame Elynor in hir night attyre, and ſaid to the Lord, ẏ (ſuppoſing the ſolitarineſſe of hir chamber had encreaſed hir maladie) ſhe came out for hir better recreatiõ to ſée them daunce. Well done daughter (quod the Lorde.) And I Miſtres (quod Ferdinando) would gladly beſtowe the leading of you about this great chamber, to driue away ẏ [illegible]intneſſe of your feuer. No good ſeruaunt, (quod the Lady,) but in my ſtéede, I pray you daunce with this fayre Gentlewoman, pointing him to the Lady that had ſo taken him vp at ſupper. Ferdinando to auoyd miſtruſt, did agrée to hir requeſt without furder entreaty. The daunce begon, this Knight marched on with the Image of S. Frances in his hand, and S. Elynor in his hart. The violands at end of the pauion ſtaied a whyle: in whiche time this Dame ſayde to Ferdinando Ieronimi on this wiſe: I am right ſory for you in two reſpects, although the familiarity haue hytherto had no great continuance betwene vs: and as I do lament your caſe, ſo doe I reioyce (for myne own contentation) that I ſhal now ſée a due triall of the experimẽt which I haue long deſired. This ſayd, ſhe kept ſilence: When Ferdinando (ſomwhat aſtonied with hir ſtraunge ſpæch) thus anſwered: Miſtreſſe although I cannot conceiue the meaning of your wordes, yet by curteſie I am conſtrayned to yelde you

thankes for your good wil, the which appeareth no leſſe in lamenting of miſhappes, than in reioycing at good fortune. What experiment you meane to trie by mee, I knowe not, but I dare aſſure you, that my ſkill in experiments is very ſimple. Herewith the Inſtruments ſounded a new Meaſure, and they paſſed forthwards, leauing to talke, vntill the noiſe ceaſſed: whiche done, the Gentlewoman replied. I am ſorry ſir, that you did erewhile, dente loue and all his lawes, and that in ſo open audience. Not ſo (quod Ferdinando) but as the worde was roundly taken, ſo can I readely anſwere it by good reaſon. Well quod ſhee, howe if the hearers will admit no reaſonable anſwere? My reaſons yet bee neuertheleſſe (quod he) in reaſonable iudgement. Herewith ſhee ſmiled, and he caſt a glance towards dame Elinor, (a) aſkances arte thou pleaſed? Againe the viols called them forthwardes, and againe at the ende of the braule ſayde Ferdinando Ieronimi to this Gentlewoman: I pray you Miſtres, and what may be the ſecond cauſe of your ſorow ſuſtained in my behalfe? May ſoft (quod ſhe) perdie I haue not yet tolde you the firſt, but content your ſelfe, for the ſecond cauſe you ſhall neuer know at my handes, vntill I ſee due triall of the experiment which I haue long deſired. Why then (quod he) I can but wiſhe a preſent occaſion to bring the ſame to effect, to the end that I might alſo vnderſtand the miſtery of your meaning. And ſo might you faile of your purpoſe (quod ſhe) for I meane to be better aſſured of him that ſhal know the depth of mine intent in ſuch a ſecrete, than I do ſuppoſe that any creature (one excepte) may be of you. Gentlewoman (quod he) you ſpeake Greeke, the which I haue nowe forgotten, and mine inſtructers are to farre from mee at this preſent to expound your wordes. Or els to neare (quod ſhe) and ſo ſmiling ſtayed hir talke, when the Muſicke called them to another daunce. Whiche ended, Ferdinando halfe afrayd of falſe ſuſpect, and more amazed at this ſtraunge talke, gaue ouer, and bringing Miſtreſſe Fraunces to hir place, was thus ſaluted by his Miſtreſſe. Seruaunt (quod ſhee) I had done you great wrong to haue

(a) as who ſayeth

haue daunced with you, conſiderings that this gentlewoman and you had former occaſion of ſo waighty conference. Miſtreſſe ſayd Ferdinando you had done mee great pleaſure, for by our conference I haue but brought my braynes in a buſie contenance, I doubt not (ſayd his Miſtreſſe) but you wil end that buſines eaſely. It is hard ſaid he to ende the thing, whereof yet I haue founde no beginninge. His Miſtreſſe with chaunge of countenaunce kept ſilence whereat dame Fraunces reioycinge, caſt out this bone to gnawe on I perceyue (quod ſhe) it is euill to halte before a Creple. Ferdinando perceyuing now that his Miſtreſſe waxed angry, thought good on hir behalfe thus to anſwere: and it is euill to hop before them that runne for the Bell: his Miſtreſſe replied, and it is euill to hange the Bell at their heeles which are alwayes running. The Lord of the Caſtle ouerhearing theſe proper quippes, roſe out of his chaire, & comming towards Ferdinando required him to daunce a Gallyard. Sir ſayd he I haue hitherto at your apoyntmẽt but walked about the houſe, now if you be deſirous to ſee one tomble a turne or twayne, it is like ynough that I might prouoke you to laugh at mee, but in good fayth my dauncing dayes are almoſt done, and therfore ſir (quod he) I pray you ſpeake to them that are more nymble at trippinge on the toe. Whileſt hee was thus ſaying dame Elynor had made hir *Congey*, and was now entring the doore of hir chamber when Ferdinando al amazed at hir ſodeyne departure followed to take leaue of his Miſtreſſe: but ſhe more then angrie, refuſed to heare his good night, and entring hir chamber cauſed hir mayde to clappe to the doore. Ferdinando with beauie cheare returned to his company, and Miſtreſſe Fraunces to touch his ſore with a corſiue, ſayd to him ſoftly in this wiſe. Sir you may now perceyue that this our countrie cannot allowe the French maner of daunceing, for they (as I haue heard tell) do more commonly daunce to talke, then

entreate to daunce. Fardenando hoping to driue out one naile with another and thinking this a meane moste conuenient to suppresse all ielous suppoſes, toke Miſtreſſe Fraunces by the hand and with a heauy ſmile aunſwered. Miſtreſſe and I (becauſe I haue ſeene the french maner of dauncing) will eftſonnes entreat you to daunce a Bargynet: what meane you by thys quod miſtreſſe Fraunces. If it pleaſe you to followe (quod he) you ſhall ſée that I can ieſt without ioye, and laugh without luſt, and calling the muſitions, cauſed them ſoftly to ſounde the Lynternall, when he clearing his voyce did *Alla Napolitana* applie theſe verſes following, vnto the meaſure.

IN prime of luſtie yeares, when Cupid caught mee in,
And nature taught the waie to loue, how I might beſt begin:
To pleaſe my wandring eie, in beauties tickle trade,
To gaze on eache that paſſed by, a careleſſe ſporte I made.

With ſweete entiſing baite, I fiſht for manie a dame,
And warmed me by manie a fire, yet felt I not the flame:
But when at laſt I ſpied, that face that pleaſde me moſt,
The coales were quicke, the woode was drie, & I began to roſt.

And ſmiling yet full oft, I haue behelde that face,
When in my harte I might bewaile mine owne vnluckie caſe:
And oft againe with lokes that might bewraie my griefe,
I pleaded harde for iuſt reward, and ſought to finde reliefe.

What will you more? ſo oft my gazing eies did ſeeke,
To ſee the roſe and Lillie ſtriue vpon that liuelie cheeke:
Till at the laſt I ſpied, and by good proofe I founde,
That in that face was painted plaine, the pearcer of my wound

Then (all to late) agaſt, I did my foote retire,
And ſought with ſecret ſighes to quench my gredie skalding fire

But lo, I did prevaile aſmuche to guide my will,
As he that ſeekes with halting heele, to hop againſt the hill.

Or as the feeble ſight, woulde ſearche the ſunnie beame,
Euen ſo I founde but labour loſt, to ſtriue againſt the ſtreame.
Then gan I thus reſolue, ſince liking forced loue.
Should I miſlike my happie choice, before I did it proue?

And ſince none other ioye I had but her to ſee,
Soulde I retire my deepe deſire? no no it would not bee:
Though great the duetie were, that shee did well deſerue,
And I poore man, vnworthie am ſo worthie a wight to ſerue.

Yet hope my comfort ſtaide, that she would haue regard,
To my good will that nothing crau'd, but like for iuſt reward:
I ſee th' faucon gent ſometime will take delight.
To ſeeke the ſolace of hir wing, and dallie with a kite.

The faireſt VVoulf will chooſe the fouleſt for hir make,
And why? becauſe he doth indure moſt ſorrow for hir ſake:
Euen ſo had like I hope, when dolefull daies were ſpent,
VVhen wearie wordes were waſted well, to open true entent.

VVhen fluddes of flowing teares, had waſht my weeping eies,
VVhen trembling tongue had troubled hir, with loud lamenting cries:
At laſt hir worthy will would pittie this my plaint,
And comfort me hir owne poore ſlaue, whom feare had made ſo faint.
VVherefore I made a vowe, the ſtoany rocke ſhould ſtart,
Ere I preſume, to let her ſlippe out of my faithfull heart.

Lenuoie.

And vvhen she savve by proofe, the pith of my good vvill,
She tooke in vvorth this simple song, for vvant of better skill.
And as my iust deserts, hir gentle hart did moue,
She vvas content to answvere thus: I am content to loue:

F. I.

By these verses he ment in clowdes to discipher vnto Mistresse Fraunces such matter as she wold snatch at, and yet could take no good hold of the same. Furthermore, it aunswered very aptly to the note whiche the musicke sounded, as the skilfull reader by one triall may approue. This singing daunce, or daunsing song ended, Mistresse Fraunces giuing due thanks, seemed weary also of the cõpany, and profering to departe, gaue yet this farewell to Ferdinando not vered by choller, but pleased with contentation, I called away by heauy sleepe: I am constreyned (quod she) to bid you good night, and so turning to the rest of the company, toke hir leaue. Then the Maister of the house commaunded a torch to light Ferdinando to his lodging, where the sodaine chaunge of his Mistresse countenance, togither with the straungenesse of Mistresse Fraunces talke, made such an encounter in his mind, that he could take no rest that night: wherefore in the morning rising very earely (although it were farre before his Mistresse bower) he coled his choller by walking in the Gallery neare to hir lodging, and there in this passion compiled these verses following.

A Cloud of care hath coured all my coste,
And stormes of strife doo threaten to appeare:
The vanes of woo, which I mistrusted moste,
Haue broke the bankes wherein my life lay cleere:
Chippes of ill chaunce are fallen amyd my choyce,
To marre the mynd, that ment for to reioyce.

Before

Before I sought, I founde the hauen of hap,
VVherin (once found) I sought to shrowd my ship,
But lowring loue hath lifte me from hir lap,
And crabbed lot beginnes to hang the lip:
The proppes of darke mistrust do fall so thick,
They pearce my coate, and touch my skin at quick.

VVhat may be saide, where truth cannot preuaile?
VVhat plea maie serue, where will it selfe is iudge?
VVhat reason rules, where right and reason faile?
Remedilesse then must the guiltlesse trudge:
And seeke out care, to be the caruing knife,
To cut the thred that lingreth such a life.

F. I.

This is but a rough meeter, and reason, for it was deuised in great disquiet of minde, and written in rage, but to the matter. When he had long (and all in vaine) looked for the cõming of his Mistresse into hir appoynted walke: he wandred into the Parke neere adioyning to the Castle wall, where his chaunce was to meete Mistres Faunces, accompanied with one other Gentle woman, by whome hee passed with a reuerence of curtesie: and so walking on, came into the side of a thicket, where he satte downe vnder a tree to allay his sadnesse with solitarines. Mystresse Fraunces, partely of curtesie and affection, and partly to content hir minde by continuance of such talke as they had commenced ouer night, entreated hir companion to goe with hir vnto this Tree of reformation, whereas they founde the Knight with hys armes fouled in a heauy kinde of contemplation, vnto whome Mistresse Fraunces stepped a pace (right softlye) and at vnwares gaue this salutation. I little thought Syr Knight (quoth shee) by your Euensong yesternight, to haue founde you presentlye at suche a Morrow Masse,

but I perceyue you serue your Saint with double deuotion: and I pray God graunt you treable meede for youre true intent. He being taken thus vpon the sodaine, coulde none otherwise aunswere but thus: I toulde you mistres (quod hee) that I coulde laugh without lust, and test without ioye: and therewithall starting vp, with a more bold countenaunce came towards the Dames, proffering vnto them his seruice, to waight vpon them homewardes. I haue hearde saye ofte times (quod Mistresse Fraunces) that it is harde to serue two Maysters at one time, but we wyll be ryght glad of your company. I thanke you (quod hee) and so walking on with them, fell into sundrye discourses, still refusing to touche any part of theyr formor communication, vntill Mystresse Fraunces sayde vnto him: by my troth (quod shee) I woulde bee your debtour theie two daies, to aunswere me truely but vnto one question that I will propound: fayre Gentlewoman (quod he) you shall not neede to become my debtour, but if it please you to quit question by question, I will bee more readye to gratifie you in this request, then eyther reason requireth, or than you woulde be willing to worke my contentation. Maister Fardinando Ieronomij (quod she, & that sadly) peraduenture you know but a litle how willing I would be to procure your contation, but you know that hitherto familliarytie hath taken no deepe roote beetwixt vs twaine. And though I finde in you no manner of cause whereby I might doubt to commit this or greater matter vnto you, yet haue I stayed hitherto so to doe, in doubt least you might thereby iustlie condemne me both of arrogancy and lacke of discretiō, wherwith I must yet foolishlye affirme, that I haue with great paine brydeled my tongue from disclosing the same vnto you. Suche is then the good will that I beare towardes you, the which if you rather iudge to be impudencie, then a friendely meaning, I may then curse the hower that I first concluded thus

thus to deale with you: herewithall beeing nowe redde for chaste bashefulnesse, shee abased hir eies, and staied hir taulke: to whome Fardinando thus aunswered. Mystresse Fraunces, if I shoulde with so exceeding villanye requight suche and so exceeding great courtesye, I might not onelye seeme to digenerate from all gentrye, but also to differre in behauiour from all the reste of my lyfe spent: wherfore to be playne with you in fewe wordes I thinke my selfe so muche bounde vnto you for diuers respects, as if abilitie doe not fayle me, you shall finde mee mindefull in requitall of the same, and for disclosing your mind to me, you may if so if please you aduenture it without aduenture, for by this Sunne quod he, I will not deceyue such trust as you shall laye vppon mee, and furthermore, so farre forth as I may, I will be yours in any respect: wherfore I beseech you accept me for your faithfull friend, and so shall you surely finde me. Not so, quod shee, but you shalbe my Trust, if you vouchsafe the name, and I wilbe to you as you shall please to tearme me: my Hope (quod hee) if you be so pleased: and thus agreed, they two walked a parte from the other Gentlewoman, and fell into sad talke, wherein Mistresse Fraunces dyd verye curteousely declare vnto him, that in deede, one cause of hir sorrow sustained in his behalfe, was that he had sayde so openly ouer night, that hee coulde not loue, for she perceyued verye well the affection betweene him and Madame Elynor, and shee was also aduertised that Dame Elynor stoode in the portall of hir chamber, harkening to the talke that they hadde at supper that night, wherefore she seemed to be sorry that such a worde (rashely escaped) might become great hinderaunce vnto his desire: but a greater cause of hir griefe was (as shee declared) that his happe was to bestow his liking so vnworthylye, for shee seemed to accuse Dame Elinor, for the most vnconstant woman liuing: In full proofe whereof, she bewrayed vnto him, how she the same Dame Elynor, had long time

bene yelded to the Minion Secretary, whom I haue before described: in whome though there be (quod she) no one poynt of worthinesse, yet shameth she not to vse him as hir dearest friend, or rather hir holiest Idoll and that this not withstanding Dame Elynor had bene also sundry tymes woone to choyce of chaunge, as she named vnto Ferdinando two Gentlemen wherof the one was named Hercule Donaty. and the other Haniball de Cosmis. by whom she was during sundrie times of their seuerall aboad in those countries, entreated to like courtisie, for these causes the Dame Fraunces seemed to mislike his choyce, and to lament that she doubted in processe of time to see him abused.

The experiment she ment was this, for that she thought Ferdenando (I vse Bartelloes wordes) a man in euery respect very worthy to haue the seuerall vse of a more commodious common, she hopped now to see if his inclosure there of might be defensible against hir sayd Secretary, and such like. These thinges and diuers other of great importaunce, this courteouse Lady Fraunces dyd friendly disclose vnto hym, and further more, did both instruct and aduise him to procede in his enterprise. Nowe to make my talke good, and least the Reader might bee drawen in a ielose suppose of this Lady Fraunces, I must let you vnderstand ẏ she was a virgin of rare chastity, singuler capacitie, notable modestie, & excelent beauty: and though Ferdenando Ieronimij had cast his affection on the other (being a mery woman) yet was there in their beauties no great difference: but in all other good giftes a wonderfull diuersitie, as much as might betwene constancie & flattring fantasie, betwene womanly countenaunce and girlish garishnes, betwene hot dissimulation & temperat fidelity. Now if any man wil curiously aske the question why he should chuse the one and leaue ẏ other, ouer & besides ẏ cõmon prouerbe (*So many men so manie mindes*) thus may

may be answered we see by common experience, that the highest flying faucon, doth more cõmonly praye vpon the corn fed crow & the simple shiftles doue, then on ẏ mounting kyte: & why? because the one is ouercome with lesse difficultye then that other. Thus much in defence of this Lady Fraunces, & to excuse the choyce of Ferdenando who thought himself now no lesse beholding to good fortune, to haue found such a trusty friend, then bounden to Dame Venus, to haue wonne such a Mistres. And to returne vnto my pretence, vnderstand you, that he (being now with these two fair Ladies come very nere the castle) grew in some ielouse doubt (as on his own behalf) whether he wer best to break cõpany or not. Whẽ his assured *Hope*, perceiuing the same, gan thus recõfort him: good sir (quod she) if you trusted your trusty friẽds, you should not nede thus cowardly to stãd in dread of your friendly enimies. Well said in faith (quod Ferdinãdo) & I must confesse, you were in my bosome before I wist: but yet I haue heard said often, that in *Trust* is treason. Wel spokẽ for your self quod his *Hope*. Ferdinando now remẽbring that he had but erewhile taken vpon him the name of hir *Trust*, came home *per misericordiam*, when his *Hope* entring the Castle gate, caught hold of his lap, & half by force led him by the gallery vnto his Mistres chamber: wheras after a litle dissembling disdain, he was at last by the good helpe of his *Hope*, right thãkfully receiued: & for his Mistresse was now ready to dine, he was therfore for ẏ time arested there, & a *suis persedias* sent into the great chamber vnto the Lord of the house, who expected his coming out of the parke. The dinner ended, & be throughly contented both with welfare & welcome, they fell into sundry deuices of pastime: at last Ferdinando taking into his hãd a Lute that lay on his Mistresse bed, did vnto the note of the *Venetian* galliard apply the *Italian* dittie written by the worthy *Bradamant* vnto ẏ noble *Rugier*, as *Arioste* hath it, *Rugier qual semper fui, &c.*

but his Miſtres could not be quiet vntill ſhe heard hym repeat the *Tinternell* which he vſed ouer night, the whiche he refuſed not at that ende, wherof his Miſtres thinking how ſhe had ſhewed hir ſelfe to vſe any further diſſimulation, eſpecially percepuyng the toward enclination of hir ſeruants *Hope*, fel to flat and playne dealing & walked to the window, called hir ſeruaunt apart vnto hir, of whom ſhe demaunded ſecretly and in ſad earneſt, who deuiſed this *Tinternell*? My Fathers Siſters brothers ſonne (quod he) His miſtres laughing right hartely, demaunded yet a gain, by whome the ſame was figured: by a niece to an Aunt of yours, Miſtres (quod he). Well then ſeruaunt quoth ſhee, I ſweare vnto you by my Fathers Soule, ỹ my mothers youngeſt daughter, doth loue your fathers eldeſt ſone aboue any ceature liuing. Fardenando hereby recomforted gan thus replie. Miſtres, though my fathers eldeſt ſon be far vnworthy of ſo noble a match, yet ſince it pleaſeth hir ſo wel to except him, I would thus much ſay behind his back, ỹ your mothers daughter hath done him ſome wrong: and wherein ſeruaunt (quod ſhe) by my troth Miſtres (quod he) it is not yet yr. houres, ſince without touch of breſt, ſhe gaue him ſuch a nip by the harte, as did altogether bereaue him his nightes reſt with the bruſe therof. Well ſeruaunt (quod ſhe) content your ſelfe, for your ſake, I will ſpeake to hyr to prouyde hym a playſter, the which I my ſelfe will applye to hys hurt: And to the ende it maye worke the better wyth hym, I will puruay a lodging for hym, wher hereafter he maye ſleepe at more quiet.

This ſayd: the roſie hewe diſdained hir likely chekes, and ſhe returned to the cõpany, leauing Ferdinando raviſhed betwene hope and dread, as on that could neither coniecture the meaning of hir miſticall wordes, nor aſſuredly truſt vnto the knot of hyr ſliding affectiones. When the Lady Fraunces, cõming to him, demaunded, what dreame you

you ſir? Yea mary doe I fayre Lady (quod he). And what was your dreame, ſir (quod ſhe?) I dreamt (quod he) that walking in a pleaſaunt garden garniſhed with ſundrye delights, my hap was to eſpie hanging in the ayre, a hope wherin I might well beholde the aſpectes and face of the heauens, and calling to remembrance the day and hower of my natiuety. I did therby (accordyng to my ſmall skil in Aſtronomy) trie the concluſion of mine aduentures. And what found you therin (quod Dame Fraunces?) you awaked me out of my dreame (quod he) or ells peraduenture you ſhould not haue knowen. I beleeue you well (quod the lady Fraunces) and laughing at his quicke aunſwere brought him by the hande vnto the reſt of his company: where he tarryed not long before his gracious Myſtreſſe badde him to farewel, and to keepe his houre there againe when he ſhould by hir be ſommoned. Hereby hee paſſed the reſt of that daye in hope awayting the happie tyme when his Myſtreſſe ſhoulde ſende for him. Supper time came, and paſſed ouer, and not long after came the handemayde of the Lady Flynor into the great chamber beſeeching him to repayre vnto their Miſtreſſe, the which he willingly acomplished: and being nowe entred into hyr chamber, he might perceyue his Myſtreſſe in hir nightes attyre, preparing hir ſelfe towards bed, to whome Fardinando ſayde: Why how now myſtreſſe? I hadde thought this night to haue ſeene you daunce (at leaſt or at laſt) amongſt vs? By my troth good Seruaunt (quoth ſhee) I aduentured ſo ſoone vnto the great Chamber yeaſternyght, that I finde my ſelfe ſomewhat ſickelye diſpoſed, and therefore doe ſtraine courteſye (as you ſee) to goe the ſooner to my bedde this night: but before I ſleepe (quoth ſhe) I am to charge you with a matter of waryght, and taking him a parte from the reſt, declared that (as that preſent night) ſhee would talke with him more at large in the gallery neere adioyning to hir chamber

ber. Herevpon Ferdinando discrætely dissimuling his ioy, toke his leaue & returned into the great chamber, where he had not long continued before the Lord of the Castell commaunded a torch to light him vnto his lodging, whereas he prepared himselfe and went to bed, commaunding his seruaunt also to go to his rest. And when he thought aswell his seruaunt, as the rest of the household to be safe, he arose againe, & taking his night gowne, did vnder the same conuey his naked sword, and so walked to the galleries, where he founde his good Mistresse walkyng in hir night gowne and attending his comming. The Mone was nowe at the full, the skies cleare, and the weather temperate, by reason whereof he might the more playnely had with the greater contentation behold his long desired ioyes: and spreading his armes abrode to embrace his louing Mistresse, hée sayde: oh my deare Lady when shall I be able with any deserte to counteruayle the least parte of this your bountifull goodnesse? The Dame (whether it were of feare in dæde, or that the wylinesse of womanhode had taught hir to couer hir conceites with some fine dissimulation) sterte backe from the knight, and shrieching (but softly) sayd vnto him. Alas seruaunt what haue I deserued, that you come againste mée with naked sword as against an open enimie. Ferdinando perceyuing hir intent excused himselfe, declaryng that he brought the same for their defence, and not to offende hir in any wise. The Ladie beyng therewith somewhat apeased they began with more comfortable gesture to expell the dread of the sayd late affright, and sithence to become bolder of behauiour, more familiar in spéeche, and moste kinde in accomplishing of common comfort. But why holde I so long discourse in describyng the ioyes whiche (for lacke of like experience) I cannot set out to the full? Well, remedie was there none, but dame Elynor muste returne vnto hir chamber, and he muste also conuey himselfe (as closely as

ly as might be) into his chamber, the which was hard to do, the day being so farre sprong, and he hauing a large base court to passe ouer before he could recouer his staire foote doze. And though he were not much perceiued, yet the Lady Fraunces being no lesse desirous to sée an issue of these interprises, then he was willing to couer them in secrecy, laid watch, & euen at the entring of his chamber dooze, perceiued the poynt of his naked swordz glistring vnder the skyrt of his nyght gowne: whereat she smiled & sayd to hir selfe, this geare goeth well aboute. Well Ferdenando hauing now recouered his chamber he went to bede, there let him slæpe, as his mistrisse did on the otherside. Although the Lady Fraunces being throughly tickled now in al the paynes, could not enioye such quiet rest, but arising toke another gentle woman of the house with hir, and walked into the parke to take the fresh ayre of the morning. They had not long walked there, but they returned, and thought Ferdenando Ieronimij had not yet slept sufficiently, for one which had so farre trauayled in the night past, yet they went in to his chamber to rayse him, and comming to his beds side, found him fast on slep. Allas quod that other gentle woman, it were pitye to awake him: euen so it were quod dame Fraunces, but wée will take away som what of his, wherby he may perceiue that we were here, and loking about the chamber, hys naked sword presented it selfe to the handes of dame Fraunces, who twäe it with her, and softly shutting hys chamber doze agayne, went downe the stayres and recouered hir owne lodging, in good order and vnperceyued of any body, sauing only that other gentle woman which accompanied with hir. At the last Ferdenando awaked, and apparrelling hym selfe, walked out also to take the ayre, and being throughly recomforted aswell with remembraunce of his ioyes forepassed, as with the pleasaunt hermony which the Brides made on euery

sloe,

side, and the fragrant smel of the redolent flowers and blossomes whiche budded on euery braunche: hee did in these delightes compyle these verses following called a moonshyne banquete.

DAme Cinthia her selfe (that shines so bright,
And dayneth not to leaue hir loftie place:
But onely then, when Phœbus shewes his face.
Which is her brother borne and lendes hir light.)
Disdaind not yet to do my Lady right:
To proue that in such heauenly wightes as she,
It sitteth best that right and reason be.
For when she spied my Ladies golden raies,
Into the cloudes,
Hir head she shroudes,
And shamed to shine where she hir beames dissplaies.

Good reason yet, that to my simple skill,
I should the name of Cynthia adore:
By whose high helpe, I might beholde the more,
My Ladies louely lookes at mine owne will.
With deepe content, to gare, and gaze my fill:
Of courtesie and not of darcke disdaine,
Dame Cythia disclosde my Lady plaine.
Shee did but lende hir light (as for a lite)
With friendely grace,
To shew hir face,
That else would shew and shine in hir dispight.

Dan Phœbus hee with many a lowring looke,
Had hir beholde in yore in angrie wise:
And when he coulde none other meane deuise
To staine hir name, this deepe deceit he tooke,
To be the baite that best might hide his hooke:
Into hir eies his parching beames he cast,

To skorche their skinnes, that gazd on hir full fast:
Whereby when many a man was sunne burnt so
They thought my Queene,
The sonne had beene.
With skalding flames, which wrought them all that wo,

And that when many a looke had lookt so long,
As that their eyes were dimme and dazaled both:
Some fainting heartes that were both leude and loth
To looke agayne from whence that error sprong,
Gan close their eye for feare of farther wrong:
And some againe once drawen into the maze,
Gan leudly blame the beames of beauties blaze:
But I with deepe foresight did soone espie,
How phœbus ment,
By false intent,
To slaunder so her name with crueltie.

Wherefore at better leasure thought I best,
To trie the treason of his trecherie:
And to exalt my Ladies dignitie
When Phœbus fled and drewe him downe to rest.
Amid the waues that walter in the west,
I gan behold this louely Ladies face.
Whereon dame nature spent hir giftes of grace:
And found therein no parching heat at all,
But such bright hew,
As might renew,
An Aungels ioyes in raigne celestiall.

The courteouse Moone that wisht to do me good,
Did shine to shew my dame more perfectly,
But when she sawe hir passing iollitie,
The Moone for shame, did blush as red as bloud,
And shrounke a side and kept hir hornes in hoode:

So that now when Dame Cynthia was gone,
I might enioye my Ladies lokes alone,
Yet honoured ſtill the Moone with true intent:
VVho taught vs ſkill,
To worke our will,
And gaue vs place, till all the night was ſpent.

F. I.

AND now to returne to my tale, by that time, that hee returned out of the parke, it was dinner time, and at dynner they all met. I meane both dame Elynor, dame Fraunces & Ferdenando. I leaue to diſcribe that the Lady Fraunces was gorgiouſly attyered, and ſet forth with very braue apparell, and Madame Elynor onely in hir night gowne gyt to hir, with a coyfe trymmed *Alla Piedmonteze*, on the whiche ſhe ware a little cape croſſed ouer the crowe with two bandes of yellowe Sarcenet or Cipreſſe, in the middeſt whereof ſhe had placed (of hir owne hand writing) in paper this worde, *Contented*. This attyre pleaſed hir then to vſe, and could not haue diſpleaſed Miſtreſſe Fraunces, had ſhe not ben more priuy to the cauſe, then to the thing it ſelfe: at leaſt the Lorde of the Caſtle, of ignorance, and dame Fraunces, of great temporance, let it paſſe with out offence. At dinner, bicauſe the on was pleaſed with al former reconinges, and the other partye priuie to the accõpt, there paſſed no word of taunt or grudged, but *omnia bene*. After dynner dame Elinor being no leſſe deſirous to haue Ferdinandos compani, then dame Frances was to take him in ſome prety trippe, they began to queſtion how they might beſt paſſe the day, the Lady Elinor ſæmed deſirous to kepe her chamber, but Miſtreſſe Fraunces (for another purpoſe) ſæmed deſirous to ride abroade, therby to take the open ayre, they græd to ride a mile or twayne for ſolace, and requeſted Ferdinando

nando to accompany them, the which willingly graunted. Eche one parted from other, to prepare them ſelues & nowe began the ſport, for when he was boted, his horſes ſadled, and he ready to ride, he gan miſſe his Rapier, wherat al aſtonied he began to blame his man, but blame whom he would, found it could not be. At laſt the Ladies going towardes the horſebarke called for him in the baſe Court, and demaunded if he were readie: to whome hæ annſwered. Madame, I am more than readie, and yet not ſo ready as I would be, and immediatly taking him ſelfe in trip, he thought beſt to vtter no more of his conceipt, but in haſt more than good ſpede mounted his horſe, & comming toward ỹ dames preſented himſelfe, turning, bounding, & taking vp his courſer to the vttermoſt of his power in brauery: after ſuffering his horſe to breath him ſelfe, he gan alſo allay his owne choller, & to the dames he ſayd. Fayre Ladyes I am ready when it pleaſeth you to ride where ſo you commaund. How ready ſo euer you be ſeruaunt, quod dame Elynor, it ſæmeth your horſe is readier at your commaunde then at oures. If he bæ at my commaund Miſtreſſe (quod he) he ſhall be at yours. Gramercye good ſeruaunte (quod ſhæ) but my meanyng is, that I feare he be to ſtirring for our cõpany. If he proue ſo miſtres (quod he) I haue here a ſoberer palfray to ſerue you on. The Dames being mounted they rode forthwardes by the ſpace of a mile or very neare, & Ferdinando (whether it were of his horſes corage or his owne choller came not ſo neare them as they wiſhed) at laſt the Lady Fraunces ſayde vnto him, mayſter Ieronomy you ſayde that you had a ſober horſe, which if it be ſo, we would bæ glad of your company but I beleue by your countenaunce your horſe and you are agræd. Ferdinando alighting called his ſeruaunt, chaunged horſes with him, and ouer taking the Dames, ſayd to Miſtres Fraunces: And why doe you think fayre Lady that my horſe and I are agræd?

Because by your countenaunce (quod she) it seemeth your patience is stirred. In good faith, quod he, you haue gessed aright, but not with any of you. The we care the lesse seruaunt, quod Dame Elynor. By my troth Mistresse, quod he (loking wel about him that none might heare but they two) it is with my seruaunt, who hath lost my sword out of my chamber. Dame Elinor little remembring the occasion, replied it is no matter seruaunt, quod she, you shall heare of it againe, I warrant you, and presently wee ryde in Gods peace, and I trust shall haue no nede of it: yet Mistres quod he, a weapō serueth both vses, aswell to defēd, as to offend. Now my by troth, quod Dame Frances, I haue now my dreame, for I dreamt this night that I was in a pleasaunt medow alone, where I met with a tall Gentleman, apparrelled in a night gowne of silke, all embroadered about with a garde of naked swordes, and when he came towards me I seemed to be afrayd of him, but he recomforted me saying, be not afrayd fayre Lady, for I vse this garment onely for mine owne defence: and in this sort went that warrelike God Mars, what time hee taught Dame Venus to make Vulcan a hammer of the new fashion. Notwithstanding these comfortable words, the fright of the dreame awaked me, and sithens vnto this bower I haue not slept at al. And what time of the night dreamt you this quod Fardinando? In the grey morning about dawning of the day, but why aske you quod Dame Frances? Ferdenando with a great sigh answered, because that dreames are to bee marked more at some bower of the night, then at some other: why are you so cunning at the interpretation of dreames seruaunt (quod the Ladye Elinor?) not very conning Mistres quod he, but gesse like a young scholler. The Dames continued in these and like pleasaunt talkes: but Ieronomij coulde not be mery, as on that esteemed the preseruation of his mistres honor, nolesse then the obteyning of his owne delightes, and yet to auoyde

uoyd further suspicion, he repressed his passions, asmuch as hee could. The Lady Elynor (more careless then considerative of hir owne case) pricking forwardes sayd softly to him, I had thought you had receiued small cause seruaunt to be thus dumpish, when I would be mery. Alas deere mistresse quod he, it is altogether for your sake, that I am pensife: Dame Fraunces of courtesie with drewe hir selfe and gaue them leaue, when as Ferdinādo declared vnto his Mistres, that his sworde was taken out of his chamber, and that he dreaded much by the wordes of the Lady Fraunces, that she had some vnderstanding of the mater. Dame Elynor now calling to remembrance what had passed the same night, at the first was abashed, but immediatly (for these women be redily witted) cbered hir seruaunt, and willed him to commit vnto hir the saluing of that sore. Thus they passed the rest of the way in pleasaunt talke with dame Fraunces, and so returned towards the Castle where Ieronimy suffered the two dames to go together, and he alone vnto his chamber to bewayle hys own misgouernment. But dame Elynor (whether it were according to olde custome, or by wilye pollycye) sounde meane that nyght, that the sworde was conueyed out of Mistres Fraunces chamber, and brought vnto hirs: and after redeliuerye of it vnto hir seruaunt, she warned hym to be more wary from that time forthwardes: afterward when he grew more bold and better aquaynted with his Mistris disposition, hee aduentured one Frydaye in the morning to go vnto hir Chamber, and thereupon wrote as followeth; which he termed a Frydayes Breakefast.

THat selfe same day, and of that day that hower,
When she doth raigne, that mockt Vulcan the smith,
And thought it meete to harbor in hir bower,
Some gallant gest for hir to dally with,

That bleſſed houre, that bliſt and happie daye,
I thought it meete, with haſtie ſteppes to go:
Vnto the lodge, wherin my Lady laye,
To laugh for ioye, or elſe to weepe for woe.
And lo, my Lady of hir wonted grace,
Firſt lent hir lippes to me (as for a kiſſe)
And after that hir bodye to imbrace,
VVherein dame nature wrought nothing amiſſe.
VVhat followed next, geſſe you that know the trade,
For in this ſort, myr Fydaes feaſt I made.

F. I.

MAny dayes paſſed theſe two louers with great delight, their affayres being no leſſe politiquely gouerned, then happilye atchiued. And ſurelye it ſhould ſeeme in ſadde earneſt, that hee did not onely loue hir, but was furthermore ſo raviſhed in extaſies with continuall remembraunce of his delights, that he made an Idoll of hir in his inwarde conceyte. So ſeemeth it by this challenge to beautie, which he wrote in hir prayſe and vppon hir name.

BEautie ſhut vp thy ſhop, and truſſe vp all thy trash,
My Nell hath ſtolne thy fineſt ſtuffe, & left thee in the lash
Thy market now is marde, thy gaines are gone god wot, (got)
Thou haſt no ware, that maie compare, with this that I haue
As for thy painted pale, and wrinckles ſurfled vp:
Are deare ynough for ſuch as luſt to drinke of euery cup:
Thy bodies bolſtred out, with bumbaſt and with bagges,
Thy rowles, thy ruffes, thy, caules, thy coifes, thy Ierkins & thy Jagges.
Thy curling, and thy coſt, thy frieſling and thy fare,
To court to court with al thoſe tois, & there ſetforth ſuch ware
Before their hungrie eies, that gaze on euery geſt,
And chooſe the cheapeſt chaffaire ſtill, to pleaſe their fancy beſt.
But I whoſe ſtedfaſt eies, coulde neuer caſt a glaunce,
VVith wādring loke, amid the preſe, to take my choiſe by chaūce
Haue

Haue wonne by due deſert, a peece that hath no peere,
And left the reſt as refuſe all, to ſerue the market there:
There let him chuſe that liſt, there catche the beſt who can:
A painted blazing baite may ſerue, to choke a gazing man.
But I haue ſlipt thy flower, that freſheſt is of hewe:
I haue thy corne, goe ſell thy chaffe, I liſt to ſeeke no new,
The windowes of mine eies, are glaz'd with ſuch delight,
As eche new face ſeemes full of faultes, that blaſeth in my ſight:
And not without iuſt cauſe, I can compare her ſo,
Loe here my gloue I challenge him, that can, or dare ſay no.
Let Theſeus come with clubbe, or Paris bragge with brand,
To proue how faire their Hellen was, that ſkourg'd the Greciā land:
Let mighty Mars himſelfe, come armed to the field:
And vaunt dame Venus to defēd, with helmet, ſpeare, & ſhield.
This hand that had good hap, my Hellen to embrace,
Shal haue like lucke to ſtil hir foes, & daūt them with diſgrace.
And cauſe them to confeſſe by verdict and by othe,
How farre hir louelie lookes do ſteine, the beauties of them both.
And that my Hellen is more faire then Paris wife,
And doth deſerue more famous praiſe, then Venus for hir life.
VVhich if I not perfourme, my life then let me leeſe,
Or elſe be bound in chaines of change, to begge for beauties feeſe.

F. I.

BY this challenge I geſſe, that eyther he was than in an extaſie, or elſe, ſure I am nowe in a lunacie, for it is a prowde challenge made to *Beautie* hir ſelfe, and all hir companions: and imagining that *Beautie* hauing a ſhoppe where ſhe vttered hir wares of all ſundry ſortes, his Ladie had ſtollen the fyneſt away, leauing none behind hir, but paynting, bolſtring, forcing and ſuch like, the whiche in his rage he iudgeth good inough to ſerue the Courte: and thereupon grewe a great quarrell. When theſe verſes were by the negligence of his Miſtreſſe diſperſed into ſundry handes, and ſo at laſt to the reading of a Courtier.

Well Ferdinando had his desire, yf his Mistresse lyked them, but as Bartello writeth, shee grewe in ielousie, that the same were not written by hir, because hir name was Elynor and not Hellen. And about this point haue bēn diuers and sundry opinions among the Venetians, for this & diuers other of his most notable Poems, haue come to view of the world. And some haue attributed this praise vnto a Hellen, who deserued not so well as this dame Elynor shoulde seme to deserue, and yet neuer a barrell of good herring betweene them both: But that other Hellen, because she was sayeth Bartello, of so base conditions, as may deserue no maner cōmendation in any honest iudgement, therefore he thinketh that he would neuer bestow verse of so meane a subiect. And yet some of his acquaintaunce knowing also that he was sometimes acquainted with Hellen, haue stoode in argument, that it was written by Hellen, & not by Elynor. Well mine author affirmeth that it was written by this Dame Elynor, and that vnto hir he thus alledged, that he toke it all for one name, or at least he neuer read of any Elynor suche matter as might sound worthy like commendation, for beautie. And in deede considering all circumstaunces of histories, and comparing also the time that suche reportes do speade of his acquaintaunce with Hellen, it cannot be written lesse then fyre or seuen yeares before he knewe Hellen: marrye peraduenture if there were any acquaintaunce betweene him and that Hellen afterwardes, he might adapt it to hir name, and so make it serue boath their turnes, as elder louers haue done before, and still doe, and wyll doe world without ende. Well by whome he wrote it I know not, and to returne to the purpose, he sought more certainelye to please his Mistresse Elynor with this Sonet written in hir praise as followeth.

The

THe stately Dames of Rome, their Pearles did weare,
About their neckes to beautifie their name:
But she (whome I doe serue) hir pearles doth beare,
Close in hir mouth, and smiling shewe, the same.
No wonder then, though eu'ry word she speakes,
A Iewell seeme in iudgement of the wise,
Since that hir sugred tongue the passage breakes,
Betweene two rockes, bedeckt with pearles of price.
Hir haire of golde, hir front of Iuory,
(A bloody heart within so white a breast)
Hir teeth of Pearle lippes Rubie, christall eye,
Needes must I honour hir aboue the rest:
Since she is fourmed of none other moulde,
But Rubie, Christall, Iuory, Pearle, and Golde.

Ferdinando Ieronimy.

OF this Sonet, were it not a lyttle to muche praise (as the Italians do most commonly offend in the superlative) I could no more commend it: but I hope the party to whome it was dedicated: had rather it were much more, than any thing lesse. Wel, thus these two Louers passed many daies in exceeding contentation, & more than speakable pleasures, in which time Ferdinando did compile very many verses according to sundrye occasions proffred, and they were for the most parte sauced with a taste of glory, as you know that in such cases a louer being charged with inexprimable ioyes, and therewith enioyned both by duety and discrecion to keepe the same couert, can by no meanes deuise a greater consolation, than to commit it into some cyphred wordes, and figured speaches, in verse, whereby he feeleth his heart halfe (or more than halfe) eased of swelling. For as sighes are some present ease to the pensiue minde, euen so we find by experience, that such secreete entercomoning of ioyes doeth encrease delight. I would not haue you conster my wordes to this

effect, that I thinke a man cannot ſufficiently reioyce in the luckie lottes of loue, vnleſſe he impart the ſame to others: God forbid that euer I ſhould enter into ſuch an hereſie, for I haue alwayes bene of this opinion, that as to be fortunate in loue, is one of the moſt inward contentations to mans mind of all earthly ioyes: euen ſo if hée bo but once bewray ẏ ſame to any liuing creature, immediatly either dread of diſcouering doth bruſe his breſt with an intollerable burden, or els he leeſeth the principall vertue which gaue effect to his gladnes, not vnlyke to a Poticares pot, which being filled with ſwéete ointmentes or perfumes, doth retayne in it ſelfe ſome ſent of the ſame, and being powred out doeth returne to the former ſtate, hard, harſh, and of ſmall ſauour: So the mind being fraught with delightes, as long as it can kepe them ſecretly encloſed, may continually féede vpon the pleaſaunt record thereof, as the wel wylling and readie horſe byteth on the bridle, but hauing once diſcloſed them to any other, ſtraight waye we loſe the hidden treaſure of the ſame, and are oppreſſed with ſundry doubtfull opinions and dreadfull conceiptes. And yet for aman to record vnto him ſelfe in the inward contemplation of his mind, the often remembrance of his late receiued ioyes, doth as it were eaſe the hearte of burden, and ad vnto the mind a freſh ſupplie of delight, yea, and in wearſe principally (as I conceyue) a man may beſt coutriue his waye of comfort in him ſelfe. Therfore as I haue ſayde Ferdinando ſwimming nowe in delightes did nothing but writ ſuch verſe as might acumilat his ioyes, to the extremitie of pleaſure, the which for that purpoſe he kept from ſight of ẏ world, as one more deſirous to ſeme obſcure ⁊ defectiue, than ouermuch to glory in his aduentures, eſpecially for ẏ in the end his hap was as heauie, as hitherto he had ben fortunate. And here I wyll surceaſe to rehearſe any more of his verſes vntil I haue expreſſed how ẏ his ioyes being

being exalted to the higheſt degrée began to bend towards declinatiõ. For now the vnhappy Secretary whom I haue before remembred, was returned from Florence, on whom Fardinando had no ſoner caſt his eies, but immediatly he fell into a great paſſion of minde, which might be cõpared vnto a feauer. This fruit grew of the good inſtructions ẏ his *Hope* had planted in his mind, whereby I might take iuſt occaſion to forwarn euery louer, how they ſuffer this venemous ſerpent ielouſie to créepe into their conceipts: for ſurely, of al other diſeaſes in loue, I ſuppoſe that to be vncurable, and would hold longer diſcourſe therin, were it not ẏ both this tale ⁊ the verſes of Ferdinando him ſelfe hereafter to be recited, ſhalbe ſufficiẽt to ſpeake for me in this behalf. The louer (as I ſay vpon the ſodain) was drawen into ſuch a malladie, as no meate might nouriſhe his body, no delightes pleaſe his minde, no remembrance of ioyes forepaſſed content him, nor any hope of the lyke to come might recomfort him: hereat (ſome vnto whome I haue imparted this tale) haue takẽ occaſion to diſcõmend his fainting heart, yet ſurely the cauſe inwardly ⁊ déeply conſidered, I cannot ſo lightly condempne him: for an old ſaying is, that euerye man can giue councell better than followe it: and nédes muſt the conflicts of his thoughts be, ſtraunge: betwéene the remembraunce of his forepaſſed pleaſure, and the preſent ſight of this monſter, whom before (for lacke of like inſtruction) he had not ſo throughlye marked and beheld. Well, ſuch was the griefe vnto him, that he became ſickly and kept his chamber. The Ladies hauing receiued the newes thereof, gan al at once lament his misfortune, ⁊ of common conſent agréed to viſit him: they marched thither in good equipage, I warant you, and foũd Ferdinando lying vpon his bed languiſhing, whõ they all ſaluted generally, and ſought to recomfort: but eſpecially his Miſtreſſe, hauing in hir hand a braunce of wyllow, wherewith ſhée defended hir from the whot aire, gan

thus

thus say vnto him: Seruaunt (quod she) for that I suppose your mallady to proceede of none other cause but only slouthfulnesse, I haue brought this preaty rod to beate you a little: nothing doubting, but when you fele the smart of a twig or twayne, you will like a tractable yong scholler, pluck vp your quickned spirits, & cast this drowsinesse apart. Ferdinando with a great sigh answered: Alas good Mistres (quod he) if any like chastisement might quicke me, how much more might the presence of all you louely Dames recomfort my dulled mind? whome to behold, were sufficient to reuiue an eye now dazled with the dread of death: & that not onely for the heauenly aspects whiche you represent, but also much the more for your exceding curtesie, in that you haue deigned to visit mee so vnworthie a seruaunt. But good Mistresse (quod he) as it were shame for me to confesse that euer my hart coulde yelde for feare, so I assure you that my minde cannot be content to induce infirmitie by sluggishe conceyt: But in trueth Mistresse I am sicke (quod he.) and therewithall the trembling of his hart had sent vp suche throbbing into his throte, as that his voyce (now depriued of breath) commaunded the tong to be still. When Dame Elynor for compassion distilled into teares, and drew towardes the window, leauing the other Gentlewomen about his bed, who being no lesse sorye for his griefe, yet for that they were none of them so touched in their secrete thoughtes, they had bolder spirits and freer speach to recomfort him, amongest the rest the Lady Fraunces, (who in deede loued him deerely, and could best coniecture the cause of his conceipts) sayd vnto him: Good *Trust* (quod shee) if any helpe of Phisick may cure your maladie, I would not haue you hurt your selfe with these doubts whiche you seeme to retayne: If choice of Diet may helpe, beholde vs here (your cookes) ready to minister all things needefull: if company may driue away your anoye, wee meane not to leaue you

you solitary, if griefe of mind be cause of your infirmitie, wee all here will offer our deuoyre to turne it into ioye: if mishap haue giuen you cause to feare or dreade any thing, remember *Hope*, which neuer fayleth to recomfort an afflicted minde. And good *Trust* (quod she) (discrening his hand right hartely) let this simple proffe of our poore good willes bee so excepted of you, as that it maye worke therby the effect of our desires. Ferdinando (as on in a traunce) had marked very litle of hir curteouse talke, & yet gaue hir thankes, and so held his peace whereat the Ladyes (being all amazed) there became a silence in the chamber on all sides. Dame Elynor fearing thereby that she might the more easely be espyed, and hauing nowe dryed vp hir teares, returned to hir seruaunt, recomforting him by all possible meanes of common curtesie, promising that since in hir sickness he had not only staunched hir bleding, but also by his gentle company and sundry deuices of honest pastime, had driuen away the pensiuenes of hir mind, she thought hir selfe bound with like willingnes to do hir best in any thing that might restore his health, & taking him by the hand said further. Good seruaunte, if thou beare in deed any true affection to thy poore Mistres, start vpon thy fete again, and let hir enioye thine accustomed seruice to hir cōfort, for sure (quod she) I will neuer leaue to visite this chamber once in a daye, vntill I may haue thee downe with mee, Ferdinando hearyng the harty wordes of his Mistris, and perceiuyng the earnest maner of hir pronunciation, began to receyue vnspeakeable comfort in the same, and sayd: Mistris, your excedyng courtesie were able to reuiue a man half dead, and to me it is both the great comfort, and it doeth also glad my remembrance, with a continual smart of myne owne vnworthinesse: but as I woulde desire no longer life, than til I might be able to deserue some part of your bounty, so I will endeuor my self to liue, were it but only vnto ỹ ende, ỹ I might

might merite some parte of your fauour with acceptable seruice, and requight some deale the courtesie of all these other fayre Ladies, who haue so farre (aboue my deserts) deigned to doe me good. Thus sayd, the Ladies taried not long before they were called to Euensong, when his Mistres taking his hand, kissed it saying: Farewel good seruaunt, and I praye thée suffer not the mallice of thy sickenesse to ouercome the gentleneſſe of thy good hart. Ferdinando rauished with ioy, suffered them all to departe, and was not able to pronounce one word. After their departure, he gan cast in his mind the exceeding curtesie vsed towardes him by them all, but aboue all other the bounty of his Mystresse: and therwithall tooke a sound & firme opinion, that it was not possible for hir to coũterfeite so deepely (as in deede I beleeue that shee then did not) wherby he sodenly felt his hert greatly eased, and began in himselfe thus to reason. Was euer man of so wretched a heart? I am the most bounden to loue (quod he) of all them that euer possessed his seruice, I enioy one the fayrest that euer was found, and I finde hir the kindest that euer was heard of: yet in mine owne wicked heart, I coulde vilanously conceyue that of hir, which being compared with the rest of hir vertues, is not possible to harbour in so noble a mind. Herby I haue brought my self without cause into this feeblenesse: and good reason that for so bigh an offence, I should be punished with great infirmitie: what shall I then doe? yelde to the same? no, but according to my late protestation, I will recomfort this languishing minde of mine, to the ende I may liue but onely to do penaunce for this so notable a cryme so rashly committed: and thus saying, he start from his bed, and gan to walke towardes the window: but the venimous serpent which (as before I rehearsed) had stong him, coulde not be content that these medicines applyed by the mouth of his gentle Mistresse, should so sone restore him to guerison.

And

And although in dede they were such *Mythrydate* to him as that they had nowe expelled the rancour of the poyson yet that ougly hellishe monster had left behind hir in the most secret of his bosome, (euen betwene the minde and the man) one of hir familiers named *suspect*, whiche gan worke in the weake spirites of Ferdinando effectes of no lese perill than before he had receiued. his head swelling with these troublsome toyes, and his hart swimming in the tempests of tossing fantasie: he felt his legges so feeble, that he was cõstrayned to lie down on his bed again, and repeating in his own remembraunce euery woorde that his mistres had spoken vnto him. he gan to dread, that she had brought the willow braunche to beate hym with, in token that he was of hir forsaken: for so louers do most commonly expound the willow garlande, and this to thinke, did cut his hart in twayne. A wonderfull chaunge: and here a little to staye you, I will discribe as I finde it in Bartello the beginning, the fall, the retourne, and the being of this hellish bryde, who in deede maye well bée counted a very lymbe of the Diuill. Many yeares since, one of the moste dreadfull dastardes in the world, and one of them that first deuised to weare his beard at length, lest the Barbor might doe him a good turne soner then he looked for it, and yet not so soone as he deserued, had builded for his security a pile on the highest and most inaccessible mount of all his Territores: the which being fortyfied with strong walles, and enuyroned with deepe ditches, had no place of entrie, but one onely doore so straight and narrow, as might by any possibility receiue the body of one liuing man: from which he ascended vp a ladder, and so crẽping through a meruelous strait hole, attayned to his lodging, ỹ which was so dark & obscure, as scarcely either sunne or ayre could enter into it: thus hee deuised to lodge in safetie, and for the more suertye gaue traste none other letting downe this ladder

but

but only his wife: and at the gate therof kept alwaies by daye light, a fierce maſtife cloſe enkeneled which neuer ſawe nor heard the face or voice of any other creature but onelye of them two: him by night he truſted with the ſcout of this prety paſſage, hauing neuertheleſſe betwéen him & this dogge, a double doze with treble lockes, quadrible barres, and before all a port couleys of Iron: neither yet could he bée ſo hardye as to ſléepe, vntyll he had cauſed a garde of ſeruauntes (whome he kept abroade for that purpoſe) to ſearch all the corners adioyning to all his fortreſſe, and that betwéene fearefull ſweate and chyuering cold, with one eye opened & the other cloſed, he ſtole ſometimes a broken ſléepe, deuided with many terrible dreames. In this ſort the wretch lyued all to long, vntyll at laſt his Wife being not able any longer to ſuppo?te this helliſhe life, grewe ſo hardye, as with his owne knife to diſpatche his carkas out of this earthlye purgatorye: the which being done, his ſoule (and good reaſon) was quickly conueyed by *Caron* vnto hell: there *Radamanthus* Iudge of that benche, commaunded him quicklye to be thruſt into a boyling pole: and being therein plonged very often, hée neuer ſhryked or cryed. I ſkalde, as his other companions there cryed, but ſéemed ſo lightlye to eſtéeme it, that the Iudge thought méete to condempne him vnto the moſt terrible place, where are ſuch tormentes, as neyther penne can wryte, tongue expreſſe, or thought conceyue: but the myſer (euen there) ſéemed to ſmyle and to make ſmall accompt of his puniſhment. *Radamanthus* hereof enformed, ſent for him, and demaunded the cauſe why he made ſo light of his duraunce? he aunſwered that whyles he lyued on earth, he was ſo continually afflicted and oppreſſed with ſuſpicion, as that now (only to thinke that he was out of thoſe meditations) was ſufficient armour to defend him from all other tormentes. *Radamanthus* aſtonied hereat, gan call togeather the Senators of that

that kingdome, and propounded this queſtion, howe & by what punniſhment they might deuiſe to touche him according to his deſerts? & hereupon fell great diſputation: at laſt being cõſidered, that he had already him plonged in the moſt vnſpeakable tormentes, & therat litle or nothing had changed coũtenance, therewithal ỹ no ſoule was ſent vnto thẽ to be relieued of his ſmart, but rather to be puniſhed for his former delights: it was cõcluded by ỹ generall coũſel, ỹ he ſhould be eftſones ſent into ỹ world & reſtored to the ſame body wherein he firſt had his reſtance, ſo to remain for perpetuity, and neuer to depart nor to periſh. Thus this body and ſoule being once againe vnited, and nowe eftſones with the ſame peſtilence infected, he became of a ſuſpicious man, *Suſpicion* it ſelfe: and now the wretch remembring the treaſon of his wife, who had ſo willingly diſpatched him once before, gan vtterly abhorre hir, and fled hir company, ſearching in all countries ſome place of better aſſurance, and when he had in vaine trodde ouer ỹ moſt part of the earth, he embarked himſelf to find ſome vnknowen Ilande, wherein he might frame ſome newe habitation: and finding none ſo commodious as hée deſired, he fortuned (ſayling aloane by the ſhoare) to eſpy a rock, more than fyre hundreth Cubits high, which hong ſo ſuſpiciouſly ouer the ſeas, as though it would threaten to fall at euerye litle blaſt: this dyd *Suſpition* I magine to be a fit foundation whereon he might build his ſecond Bower: hée forſoke his boate, and trauailed by lande to eſpie what entrye or acceſſe might bée made vnto ỹ ſame, and founde from lande no maner of entrie or acceſſe, vnleſſe it were that ſome curteouſe Byrd of the ayre would be Ambaſſadour, or conuey ſome Engins, as whilom the Eagle did carrie *Ganymedes* into heauen. Ye then returned to Seas, and approching nære to this rocke, founde a ſmall ſtreame of freſh water iſſuing out of the ſame into the Seas: the whiche, although it were ſo lytle and ſo

ſtraight

ſtraight, as might vnethes receyue a boat of bygneſſe to carry one liuing creature at once, yet in his conceypt hée thought it moze large and ſpatious than that bzoad waye called of our fozefathers *Via appia*, oz than that other named Flaminia, he abandoned his barke, and putting of his clothes aduentured (foz he was now aſured not to dzown) to wade and ſwim againſt the ſtreame of this vnknown bzoke, the which (a wondzous thing to tell, and ſkarcelye to be beléeued) came downe from the very top and height of this rock: and by the waye he found ſix ſtrayghts & dangerous places, wher the water ſéemed to ſtaye his courſe, paſſing vnder ſix ſtrayght and lowe bzidges, and harde by euery of thoſe places, a pyle rayſed vp in manner of a Bulwozke, the which were hollow, in ſuch ſozte as lodginges and other places neceſſary might in them commodiouſly be deuiſed, by ſuche one as coulde endure the helliſhnes of the place. Paſſing by theſe hée attayned wyth much payne vnto the toppe of the Rocke, the which hée found hollowed as the reſt, and farre moze fite foz hys ſecurity, than otherwiſe apt foz any commodity. Ther gan Suſpition, determine to neſtle hym ſelfe, and hauing now placed ſixe choſen pozters, to wit, (*Dread, Miſtruſt, Wrath, Deſperation, Frenſie, and, Fury*:) at theſe ſixe ſtraung Bulwozkes, he lodged himſelfe in that vii. al alone, foz he truſted no company, but euer miſtrukking that his wife ſhould eſſonnes finde him out therein, hée ſhzicketh contynuallyke to a ſhzich owle to keepe the watch wakyng, neuer content to ſleep by day noz by night. But to be ſure that he ſhould not ouer ſleepe him ſelfe, gane ſtuffe hys couch with Pozpentines quilles, to the ende that when heauy ſleep ouercame him, and he thereby ſhould be conſtrayned to charge his pallad with moze heauye burden, thoſe plumes might then pzicke thzough and ſo awake him. His garments were ſtéele vpon yzon, and that yzon vpon Iron, and Iron agayne, and the moze he was armed

med, the leſſe he truſted to be out of daunger. He chopped and changed continually now this, now that, now keyes, now lockes, ditches newe ſkowzed, and walles newlye foztified, and thus alwaies vncontented liueth this wzetched helhound *Suſpition*, in this helliſh dungion of habitation: from whence he neuer remoueth his foote, but onely in the dead & ſilent nightes, when he maye be aſſured that all creatures (but him ſelfe) are whelmed in ſound ſléepe. And then with ſtealing ſteps he ſtalketh about the earth, enfecting, tozmenting, & bering all kindes of people with ſome part of his afflictions: but eſpecially ſuch as eyther doe ſit in chayze of greateſt dignity and eſtimation, oz els ſuch as haue atchiued ſome déere and rare empziſe. Thoſe aboue al others he continually gaueth with freſh woũds of dzead, leaſt they might loſe and fozgo the romes wherevnto with ſuch long trauaile and good happes they had attained, and by this meanes percaſe he had crept into the boſom of Ferdinando, who (as is befoze declared) did earſt ſwimme in the déepeſt ſeas of earthly delightes. Nowe then I muſt thinke it high time to retozne vnto him, who (being now thzough fébleneſſe eftſones caſt downe vpon his bed) gan caſt in his inwarde meditations all thinges paſſed, and as one thzoughly puffed vp and filled with one péeuiſhe conceipte, coulde thinke vppon nothing elſe, and yet accuſing his own guiltie conſcience to be infected with ieloſie, dyd compile this as followeth.

What ſtate to man, ſo ſweete and pleaſaunt weare,
As to be tyed, in linkes of worthy loue?
What life ſo bliſt and happie might appeare,
As for to ſerue Cupid that God aboue?
If that our mindes were not ſometimes infect,
With dread, with feare, with care, with cold ſuſpect:
With deepe diſpaire, with furious freneſie,
Handmaides to her, whome we call ieloſie.

For eu'ry other ſop of ſower chaunce,
VVhich louers taſt amid their ſweete delight:
Encreaſeth ioye, and doth their loue aduaunce,
In pleaſures place, to haue more perfect plight.
The thirſtie mouth thinkes water hath good taſte,
The hungrie iawes, are pleas'd, with eche repaſte:
VVho hath not prou'd what dearth by warres doth growe,
Cannot of peace the pleaſaunt plenties knowe.

And though with eye, we ſee not eu'ry ioye,
Yet maie the minde, full well ſupport the ſame,
And abſent life long led in great annoye.
(VVhen preſence comes) doth turne from griefe to game,
To ſerue without reward is thought great paine,
But if diſpaire do not therewith remaine,
It may be borne for right rewardes at laſt,
Followe true ſeruice, though they come not faſt.

Diſdaines, repulſes, finallie eche ill,
Eche ſmart, eche paine, of loue eche bitter taſt,
To thinke on them gan frame the louers will,
To like eche ioye, the more that comes at laſt:
But this infernall plague if once it tutch,
Or venome once the louers mind with grutch,
All feſtes and ioyes that afterwardes befall,
The louer comptes them light or nought at all.

This is that ſore, this is that poiſoned wound,
The which to heale, nor ſalue, nor ointmentes ſerue,
Nor charme of wordes, nor Image can be founde,
Nor obſeruaunce of ſtarres can it preſerue,
Nor all the art of Magicke can prevaile,
VVhich Zoroaſtes found for our auaile,
Oh cruell plague, aboue all ſorrowes ſmart,
VVith deſperate death thou fleaſt the louers heart.

And

And me euen now, thy gall hath ſo enfect,
As all the ioyes which euer louer found,
And all good haps, that euer Troylus ſect,
Atchieued yet aboue the luckles ground:
Can neuer ſweeten once my mouth with mell,
Nor bring my thoughtes, againe in reſt to dwell.
Of thy mad moodes, and of naught elſe I thinke,
In ſuch like ſeas, faire Bradamant did ſincke

Ferdinando. Ieronimy.

THus Ferdinando continued on his bedde, vntyll hys bountifull Miſtreſſe with the companye of the other courteous dames retorned after ſupper to his chamber. At their firſt entrie: Why how nowe ſeruaunt (quod dame Elinor) wee hoped to haue founde you one mete: Miſtreſſe quod he, I haue aſſayed my fæte ſince your departure, but I finde them yet vnable to ſupport my heauy body, and therefore am conſtrayned as you ſee, to acquaint my ſelfe with theſe pillowes. Seruaunt ſayde ſhe I am right ſorry therof, but ſince it is of neceſſitie to beare ſickneſſe, I will employ my endeuoyre to allay ſome parte of your paynes, and to refreſhe your weary limbes with ſome comfortable matter: and therewithall calling hir hande mayde, deliuered vnto hir a bounch of pretie littell keyes, and whiſpering in hir eare, diſpatched hir towards hir chamber: The mayde taryed not long, but returned with a little Caſket, the which hir miſtreſſe toke, opened and drewe out of the ſame much fine linnen, amongſt the which ſhe toke a pillowebere very fine and ſweete, which although it were of it ſelfe as ſweete as might be (being of long time kept in that odoriferous cheſt) yet did ſhe with damaſke water and that of the beſt that might be (I warrant you) al to ſprinkle it with hir owne handes, which in my conceipt might much amende the matter. Then calling for a freſh pillowe, ſent hir mayde to ayre the ſame and at hir returne put on this, thus perfumed

pillowebére. In meane time alſo thée had with hir owne handes attyred hir ſeruaunts head in a fayre wrought kerchiſe taken out of the ſame Caſket: then layde him downe vppon this freſhe and pleaſaunt place, and prételye as it were in ſporte, bedewed his temples with ſwéete water which ſhe had readye in a calking bottle of Golde, kiſſing his cheéke and ſaying: God ſeruaunt be whoale, for I might not long indure thus to attend thée, and yet the loue that I beare towardes thée, cannot be content to ſée thée languiſhe. Miſtreſſe ſayde Ferdinando (and that with a trembling voice) aſſure your ſelfe, that if there remain in me any ſparke of life or poſſibillity of recouery, then may this excellent bounty of yours be ſufficient to reuiue me without any further trauaile or paine vnto your perſon: for whome I am highlye to blame, in that I do not ſpare to put you vnto this trouble, & better it were that ſuche a wretch as I had died vnknown, than ý by your excéeding curteſie, you ſhould fall into any malladye, eyther by reſorting vnto me, or by theſe your paines taken about me. Seruaunt (quod ſhee) all pleaſures ſéeme painefull to to them that take no delight therin, and lykewiſe all toile ſéemeth pleaſaunt to ſuch as ſet their felicitie in the ſame: but for me bee you ſure, I doe it with ſo good a wyll that I can take no hurt thereby, vnleſſe I ſhall perceyue that it be reiected or neglected, as vnprofitable or vncomfortable vnto you. To me Miſtreſſe quod Fardinando, it is ſuche pleaſure, as neyther my féeble tongue can expreſſe, nor my troubled mind conceyue. Why? are you troubled in mind, thē ſeruant quod dame Elynor? Ferdinando now blushing anſwered, but euen as al ſick men be Miſtreſſe. Herewith they ſtaied their talke a while, and the firſt that brake ſilence was the Ladye Fraunces: who ſayde, and to driue away ý troubles of your mind good *Truſt*, I would be glad if we coulde deuiſe ſome paſtime amongſt vs to kéepe you company: for I remember that with ſuch deuiſes

niſes you did greatly recomforte this fayre Lady when ſhe languiſhed in like ſort. She languiſhed in deede gentle *Hope* quod hée, but God forbide that ſhe had languiſhed in like ſort. Euery body thinketh their own greif greateſt qō dame Elynor, but in deede whether my greife were the more or the leſſe, I am right ſorye that yours is ſuch as it is: And to aſſay whither our paſſions proceded of lyke cauſe or not, I would we could (according to this Ladyes ſaying) deuiſe ſome like paſtimes to trie if your maladie would be cured with like medicines. A gentle woman of the company whom I haue not hetherto named, gan thus propound. We haue accuſtomed (quod ſhe) heretofore in moſt of our games to chuſe a King or Quene, and he or ſhe during their gouernment, haue charged euery of vs, eyther with commaundementes or queſtions, as beſt ſéemed to their maieſtie. Wherin (to ſpeake mine opinion) we haue giuen ouer larg a ſkope, neither ſemeth it reaſonable ý on ſhould haue ý power to diſcouer ý thoughts, or at leaſt to bridle the affects of al ý reſt. And though in déed in queſtioning (which doth of ý twaine more nerely touch the mind) euery on is at frée liberty to anſwere what they liſt: yet oft haue I hearde a queſtion demaunded in ſuch ſorte, and vpon ſuch ſodayne, ý it hath bene hardly anſwered without mouing matter of contencion. And in commaundes alſo, ſome times it happeneth one to bée commaunded vnto ſuch ſeruice, as eyther they are vnfit to accompliſh (and then the parties weaknes is therby detected) or els to doe ſomething that they would not, wherof enſueth more grutch than game. Wherefore in mine opinion, we ſhall do well to chuſe by lot amongſt vs a gouernour, who (for that it ſhalbe ſufficient preheminence to vſe the chayre of maieſtie,) ſhalbe boūd to giue ſentēce vppon al ſuche arguments and queſtions as we ſhall orderly propound vnto them: and from him or her (as from

an oracle(wee will receiue aunſwere, and decyding of our lytigious cauſes. This dame had ſtuffe in her,an old courtier,& a wylie wenche,named Pergo. Wel this propoſitiõ of Pergo pleaſed them well,and by lot it hapned that Ferdinando muſt be moderator of theſe matters,and collector of theſe cauſes. The which being ſo conſtituted,the Lady Elynor ſayd vnto this dame Pergo .You haue deuiſed this paſtime (quod ſhe) & becauſe we thinke you to be moſt expert in the handling therof. do you propound the firſt queſtion,& we ſhalbe both the more ready and able to follow youre example ỹ Lady Pergo refuſed not,but began on this wiſe. Noble gouernor(quod ſhe) amongſt the aduentures that haue befallen mee ,I remember eſpecially this one, that in youth it was my chaunce to bee beloued of a verye courtlike yong Gentleman , who abode neare the place wherin my parents had their reſtaunce. This gentleman (whether it were for beauty, or for any other reſpect that he ſawe in me,I knowe not)but he was enamored of me, & that with an exceeding vehement paſſion, & of ſuch force were his effectes , that notwithſtanding many repulſes which he had receiued at my handes , he ſeemed daylye to grow in the renewing of his deſires . I on the other ſide, although I could by no meanes miſlike of him by any good reaſon (conſidering that he was of byrth no waye inferiour vnto mee)of poſſeſſions not to bee diſdained, of perſon right comelye,of behauiour Courtly ,of manners modeſt, of mynde lyberall, and of vertuous diſpoſition) yet ſuche was the gaitye of my minde , as that I could not bee content to lende him ouer large thonges of my loue : but alwayes daungerouſlye behaued my ſelfe towardes him, and in ſuche ſorte , as hee coulde neyther take comfort of myne aunſweres , nor yet once finde him ſelfe requited with one good loke for all his trauaile . This notwithſtanding , the worthy Knight continewed his ſute with no leſſe vehement affection than earſt hee had begonne it,

it, euen by the ſpace of ſeuen yeares , At the laſt , whether diſcomfited by my dealynges, or tyred by long trauayle , or that he hade parcaſe light vpon the lake that is in the forreſt of *Ardena* , and ſo in haſte and all thriftie , had dronke ſome droppes of diſdayne, whereby his hot flames were quenched, or that he had vndertaken to ſerue no longer, but his iuſt tearme of apprenticehode, or that the teeth of tyme had gnawen and tyred his duiled ſpirites in ſuch ſort, as that all benummed hee was conſtrayned to vſe ſome other artificyal balme for the quickning of his ſences,or by what cauſe moued I knowe not he did not onely leaue his long continued ſute , but (as I haue ſince perceiued) grew to hate me more deadly than before I had diſdained him . At the firſt beginnyng of his refuſe I perceiued not his hatred , but imagened that being ouer wearied, he had withdrawen himſelf for a time. And conſidering his worthines, ther withall his conſtancie of long time proued , I thoughe that I could not in the whole world find out a fitter match to beſtowe my ſelfe, than one ſo worthy a perſon. Wherfore I doe by al poſſible meanes procure that he might eftſones vſe his accuſtomed repaye vnto my parentes: And further,in al places where I hapened to meete him , I vſed al the curteſies towardes him that might be contayned wythin the bondes of modeſtie, But al was in vaine,for he was now become more daungerous to be wone, than the haggard Faulcon . Our lottes being thus vnluckely chaunged , I grewe to burne in deſire,and the more daungerous that he ſhewed him ſelfe vnto me, the more earneſt I was by all meanes to procure his conſent of loue . At the laſt I might perceiue that not only he diſdayned me , but(as me thought)boyled in hatred againſt me. And the time that I thus continued tormented with theſe thoughts, was alſo iuſt the ſpace of ſeuen yeares. Finally when I perceiued no remedye for my perplexityes , I aſſayed by abſence to

were

were away this malady, and therefore vtterly refused to come in his presence, yea or almost in any other company. Wherby I haue consumed in lost time the flower of my youth, & am become as you see (what with yeares, and what with the tormenting passions of loue) pale, wane, and full of wrinkles. Neuertheleſſe, I haue therby gayned thus much, that at last I haue wond my self cléere out of Cupids chaynes, and remayne careleſſe at libertie. Now marke to what end I tell you this: first vii. yeares passed in the which I could neuer be content to yeld vnto his iust desires: next other vii. yeares I spent in séeking to recouer his lost loue: and sithens both those vii. yeares, there are euen now on saint Valentines day last, other vii. yeares passed, in the which (neither I haue desired to see him) nor he hath coueted to here of me. My parents now perceyuing how the crowes foot is crept vnder mine eye, and remembring the long suite that this gentelemã had in youth spent on me, considering therewith all that grene youth is well mellowed in vs both, haue of late sought to perswade a marriage betweene vs, the which the Knighte hath not refused to here of, and I haue not disdayned to thinke on. By their mediation we haue bene eftsones brought to *Parlee*, wherein ouer and beſides the ripping vp of many olde griefes, this hath bene cheifly rehearsed & obiected betweene vs, what wrong and iniury eche of vs hath done to other. And here aboutes wée haue fallen to sharpe contencion. He alleadged, that much greater is the wrong which I haue done vnto him, than that repulse which hée hath sithenes vsed to me: and I haue affirmed the contrary. The matter yet hangeth in baryence. Now, of you worthy Gouernour I would be most glad to heare this question decided, remembring that there was no difference in the times betweene vs. And surely, vnles your iudgment helpe me, I am afrayde my marryage will bée marred, and I may go lead Apes in hell. Ferdenando answered,

swered, good Pergo, I am sory to heare so lamentable a discourse of your luckles loue, and much the soryer, in y I muste néedes giue sentence agaynst you. For surely great was the wrong that eyther of you haue done to other, and greater was the nédeleſſe greife which causeleſſe eche of you hath conceyued in this long time, but greatest in my iudgment hath bene both the wrong and the greife of the Knight. In that notwithstanding his desertes (which your selfe confesse) he neuer enioyed any guerdone of loue at your handes. And you (as you alledge) did enioy his loue of long time to gether. So that by the reckoning, it wil fall out (although being builded in your owne conceipt, you sée it not) that of the one & twenty yeares you enioyed his loue vii. at the least, but that euer he enioyed yours wee cannot perceiue. And much greater is the wrong that rewardeth euill for good, than that which requireth tit for tat. Further, it semeth that where as you went about in time to trie him, you did altogither lose time which can neuer be recouered. And not only lost your owne time, whereof you would seeme nowe to lament, but also compelled him to lease his time, which he might (be it spoken with out offence to you) haue bestowed in some other worthy place, and therefore, as that greife is much greater which hath no kind of cõfort to allay it, so much more is that wrong which altogether without cause is offered. And I (sayd Pergo) muſt needes think, that much easier is it for them to endure grief which neuer tasted of loye, and much leſſe is that wrong which is so willingly proffered to be by recompence restored. For if this Knight wil confesse that he neuer had cause to reioyce in all the time of his seruice, then with better contentacion might he abyde greife than I, who hauing tasted of the delight which I did secretly cõceiue of his desertes, do think eche griefe apresent death by the remembrance of those for passed thoughts: & leſſe wrong séemeth it to be destitut of y thing which were

neuer

neuer obtained, then to be depriued of a Iewel wherof we haue bẽ already poſſeſſed, ſo that vnder your correction I might conclude, that greater hath bẽne my griefe and iniury ſuſteined, than that of the Knight. To whome Ieronimy replied, as touching delight, it maye not be denied but that euery louer doth take delight in the inward contemplation of his mind, to think of the worthines of his beloued: & therefore you maie not alledge that the Knight had neuer cauſe to reioyce, vnleſſe you will altogeather condemne your ſelfe of worthines. Mary if you will ſay that he taſted not the delightes that louers ſeke, then marke, who was the cauſe but your ſelfe? And if you would accuſe him of like ingratitude, for ỳ he diſdained you in the later ỳ. yeres (when as he might by accepting your loue, haue recõpenced him ſelfe of all former wronges) you muſt remember therewithall, that the crueltie by you ſhewed towards him was ſuch, that he could by no meanes perceiue that your change proceded of good will, but rather eſtſons to hold him enchained in vnknown linkes of ſubtile dealings, & therefore not without cauſe he doubted you: & yet without cauſe you reiected him. He had often ſought occaſion, but by your refuſals he could neuer find him, you hauing occaſion taſt by ỳ foretop, did dally with him ſo long, tyl at the laſt he ſliped his head from you, & then catching at the bald noddle, you fõd your ſelfe the cauſe, & yet you would accuſe another. To conclude, greater is the griefe that is ſuſteined without deſert, & much more is the wrõg that is offered without cauſe. Thus Ferdinando Ieronimy decided the queſtion propounded by *Pergo*, and expected that ſome other Dame ſhould propound another: but his Miſtreſſe (hauing hir hand on another halfpeny) gan thus ſay vnto him. Seruant this paſtime is good, and ſuch as I muſt nedes like of, to driue away your penſiue thoughtes: but ſleping time approcheth, & I feare we diſquiete you: wherefore the reſt of this time we will (if ſo like you) beſtow

ſtowe in trimming vp your bed, and to morrow we ſhal mæte here and renewe this newe begon game with Madame Pargo. Miſtreſſe (quod he) I muſt obeye your wil, and moſt humbly thanke you of your great godneſſe, and all theſe Ladies for their curteſie. Euen ſo requiring you that you wyll no further trouble your ſelues about mæ, but let my Seruaunt aloane with conducting mæ to bed. Yes ſeruaunt (quod ſhe) I wil ſæ if you can ſleepe any better in my ſheetes: and therewith commaunded hir handmayde to fetche a payre of cleane ſheetes, the which being brought (maruaylous fine and ſweete) the Ladies Fraunces and Elinor dyd curteouſly vnfold them, and layd them on the bed, which done, they alſo entreated him to vncloath him and go to bed, being layd, his Miſtreſſe dreſſed and couched the cloathes about him, ſithens moiſtened his temples with Roſewater, gaue him handkerchewes and other freſhe linnen about him, in doing wherof, ſhe whiſpered in his eare, ſaying: Seruaunt, this night I will bẽ with thee, and after with the reſt of the Dames gaue him good night and departed, leauing him in a traunce betwæn hope and diſpayre, truſt and miſtruſt. Thus he laye raviſhed, commaunding his ſeruaunt to goe to bed, and fayning that him ſelfe would aſſaye if he could ſleepe. About ten or eleuen of the clocke came his miſtreſſe in hir night gowne: who knowing all priuye wayes in that houſe verie perfectlye, had conueied her ſelfe into his chamber, vnſæne and vnperceiued: and being nowe come vnto his beds ſide knæled downe, and layeng hir arme ouer him ſayde theſe or lyke wordes: My good Seruaunt, if thou kneweſt what perplexities I ſuffer in beholding of thine infirmities, it might then ſuffice, eyther vtterlye to driue away the mallady, or much more to augment thy griefes: for I know thou loueſt me: and I think alſo that thou haſt had ſufficient proofe of myne vnfayned good wyll: in remembrance whereof, I fall into ſundry paſſions: Firſt, I

compt the happy lotes of our firſt acquaintance, and therin I call to minde the equalitie of our affections, for I thinke that there were neuer two louers conioyned with freer concent on both partyes: and (if my ouer haſty deliuery of yeelding wordes be not wreſted hereafter to my condempnation) I can then aſſure my ſelf to eſcape for euer without deſert of any reproſe. Herewithall I cannot forget the ſundry aduentures hapned ſince wee became one hart deuided in two bodyes, all which haue ben both happily atchiued, and delectable enioyed. What reſteth then to conſider but this thy preſent ſtate? The firſt corroſiue that I haue felt, and the laſt cordiall that I looke for the end of my ioyes, and the beginning of my torments. And here hir ſalt teares gan bath the dying lippes of hir ſeruaunt: who (hearing theſe wordes, and well conſidering hir demeanor) began now to accuſe him ſelfe of ſuch and ſo haynous treaſon, as that his gilty hart was conſtrayned to yeelde vnto a iuſt ſcourge for the ſame. He ſwooned vnder hir arme: the which when ſhe perceiued, it were harde to tel what feares did moſt affright hir.

And it were hard nowe to rehearſe how he was reuyued, ſince there were none preſente but hee dying, (who could not declare) and ſhe liuing, who would not diſcloſe ſo much as I meane to bewraye. For mine author dreameth ỳ Ferdenando returning to life, the firſt thing which he felt, was ỳ his good miſtres lay preſſing his breſt with the whole weight of hir bodye, & byting his lips with hir friendly teth. And peraduenture ſhe refrayned (either of curteſie towards him, or for womaniſh feare, to hurt her tender hande) to ſtrike him on the cheekes in ſuch ſort, as they doe that ſtriue to call againe a dying creature: and therefore thought this the apteſt meane to reduce him vnto remembrance. Ferdinando now awaked, could no leſſe doe, than of his curteous nature receiue his Miſtreſſe into his bed: Who (as one that knewe that waye better, than how

how to help his ſwoning,) gan gently ſtrip of hir clothes, and louingly embracing him, gan demaund of him in this ſorte. Alas good Seruaunt (quod ſhe) what kinde of maladie is this that ſo extreamly doth torment thee? Ieronimij with fainting ſpeach anſwered: Miſtreſſe as for my maladie, it hath beene eaſelye cured by your bountifull medicines applied. But I muſt confeſſe, that in receiuing that guerdon at your handes, I haue bene conſtrained to fall into an Extaſie, through the gauling remembraunce of mine owne vnworthineſſe: Neuertheleſſe good Miſtres, ſince I perceiue ſuch fidelitye remayning betweene vs, as that fewe woordes will perſwade ſuche truſt as louers ought to imbrace, let theſe fewe wordes ſuffice to craue your pardon: and do eſtſones powre vppon me (your vnworthy ſeruaunt) the aboundaunt waues of your accuſtomed clemencie, for I muſt confeſſe, that I haue ſo highlye offended you, as (but your goodneſſe ſurpaſſe the malice of my conceiptes) I muſt remayne (and that right woorthely) to the ſeuere puniſhment of my deſertes: and ſo ſhould you but loſe him who hath caſt away him ſelf, and neither can accuſe you, nor darre to excuſe him ſelfe of the crime. Dame Elinor (who had rather haue founde hir ſeruaunt perfectly reuiued, than thus with ſtraunge conceyptes encombred: and muſing much at his darke ſpech, became importunat to know ỳ certaynty of his thoughts. And Ferdenando as on not maiſter of him ſelfe, gan at the laſt playnly confeſſe how he had miſtruſted the chaung of hir vowed affections: Yea and (that more was) he playnely expreſſed with whom, of whom, by whom, and for whom ſhe bent hir better liking.

Nowe, here I would demaunde of ſuch as are experte: Is there any greater impedymente to the fruition of a Louers delights, than to be miſtruſted? or rather, is it not the ready way to race all loue and former good will out of remembrance, to tell a guilty mind

that

that you do miſtruſt it? It ſhould ſeeme yes, by Dame Elynor, who began now to take the matter whotlye: and of ſuch vehemencie were hir fancies, that ſhe nowe fell into flat defiance with Ferdinando, who although he ſought by many faire wordes to temper hir chollorike paſſions and by yelding him ſelfe to get the conqueſt of an other, yet could he by no meanes determine the quarrell. The ſoft pillowes being preſent at al theſe whot ſpeches, put forth themſelues as mediators for a truce betwene theſe enemies, and deſired that (if they would needes fight) it might be in their preſence but one only blowe, & ſo from thence forth to become friendes againe for euer. But the Dame denied flatlye, alledging that ſhe found no cauſe at all to vſe ſuch curteſie vnto ſuch a recreant: adding further many words of great reproche: the which dyd ſo enrage Ferdinando, as that hauing forgotten all former curteſies, he aſſayleth his enemies by force. At laſt ſhe roſe ſodainlye and determined to ſaue hir ſelfe by flight, leauing him in bedde, with many deſpiteſull wordes, and ſwearing that he ſhoulde neuer (eftſones) take her at the lyke aduauntage: the whiche oathe ſhe kepte better than hir fourmer profeſſed good wyll: and hauing nowe recouered her Chamber (becauſe ſhee founde her hurt to be nothing daungerous) I doubte not, but ſhe ſlept quietlye the reſt of the night. As Ferdinando alſo (perſwading himſelfe that he ſhoulde with conuenient leaſure recouer her from this haggard conceipt) tooke ſome better reſt towardes the morning, than hee had done in many nightes forepaſt. So let them both ſleepe whiles I turne my penne vnto the before named *Secretarie*, who being (as I ſaye) come lately from Florence, had made many proffers to renewe his accuſtomed conſultations: but the ſorrowe whiche his Miſtreſſe had conceyued in Ieronimy his ſickneſſe togeather with hir continuall repayre to him during the ſame, had bene ſuch lettes vnto his attempts, as

as it was long time before he could obtayne audience. At the laſt theſe newe accidentes fell ſo fauourably for the furtherance of his cauſe, that he came to his Miſtreſſe preſence and there pleaded for himſelfe. Nowe, if I ſhould at large write his alligations, togither with hir ſubtile aunſweres, I ſhoulde but comber your eares with vnpleaſaunt rehearſall of feminine frayltye. To be ſhort, the late diſdayneful mode which ſhe had conceiued againſt Ferdinando togither with a ſcrupule which lay in hir conſcience, touching the xj. article of hir beleefe, moued hir preſently with better will to conſult with this *Secretary*, aſwel vpon the ſpeedy reuenge of hir late receiued wrongs as alſo vpon the reformation of hir religion. And in verye deede, it fel out that the *Secretary* (hauing bene of long time abſent, & there his quiles and pens not worne ſo neere as they were wont to be,) did now pricke faire large notes, that his miſtres liked better to ſing faburden vnder him, than to deſcant any longer vpon Ferdinandoes playne ſong, and thus they continued in good accord, vntill it fortuned that Dame Fraunces came into her chamber vpon ſuch ſodaine as ſhe had like to haue marred all the muſicke, well they conueyed their cliſes as cloſely as they could, but yet not altogither without ſome ſuſpicion giuen to the ſayd dame Fraunces, who although ſhe could haue bene cõtent to take any paine in Ieronimies behalfe, yet otherwiſe ſhe could neuer haue beſtowed the watching about ſo worthleſſe a pryſe. After womanly ſalutations they fell into ſundrye diſcourſes, the Secretary ſtil abiding in the chamber with them. At laſt two or three other gentlewomen of the Caſtle came into Madam Elinores chamber, who after their *Bon iour* did all (*vna voce*) ſeeme to lament the ſikenes of Ferdinando and called vppon the Dames Elynor and Fraunces, to goe viſite him againe.

The Lady Fraunces curteouſly conſented, but Madame Elynor firſt alledged that ſhe her ſelfe was alſo ſickly, the

which

which she attributed to hir late paynes taken about him and sayd, that onely for that cause she was constrayned to kepe hir bed longer than hir accustomed bower. The Dames (but specially the Lady Fraunces) gan streight wayes conjecture some great cause of sodaine chaūge, and so leauing dame Elinor, walked altogether into the parke to take the ayre in the morning: And as they thus walked it chaūced that Dame Pergo heard a Cuckoe chaunt, who (because the pryde of the spring was now past) cried Cuck cuck, Cuckoe in hir stamering voyce. A ha (quod Pergo) this foule byrd begines to flye the countrye, and yet before hir departure, see how spitfully she can deuyse to salute vs. Not so (quod Dame Fraunces) but some other whom she hath espyed, wherewith Dame Pergo looking round about hir, and espying none other companie sayde. Why here is no body but we few women, qd she. Thanks be to God the house is not farre from vs (quod Dame Fraunces.) Here at the wylie Pergo partly perceyuing Dame Fraunces meaning, replyed on this sort: I vnderstand you not (quod she) but to leap out of this matter, shall wee goe visit Maister Ieronimy and see how he doth this morning. Why quod dame Fraunces, do you suppose that the Cuckoe called vnto him? May mary quod Pergo, for (as fare as I knowe) he is not maried. As who should say (quod Dame Fraunces,) that the Cuckoe enuieth none but maryed folkes. I take it so, sayd Pergo, the Lady Frances answered. Yes sure I haue noated as euill lucke in loue (after the Cuckoes call) to haue hapned vnto diuers vnmaried folkes, as euer I did vnto the maryed, but I can be well content that we go vnto him, for I promised on ỹ behalfe of vs al, that we would vse our best deuoyre to recomfort him vntill he had recouered helth: and I do much meruayle that ỹ Lady Elinor is now become so vnwilling to take any trauayle in his behalfe, especially remembring that but yesternight she was so diligent to

bring him to bed. But I perceiue that all earthly thinges are subiect vnto change. Euen so they be quod Pergo, for you maye behold the trées which but euen this other daye were clad in gladsome grēne, and nowe their leaues begin to faye and change colour. Thus they passed talking and walking vntill they returned vnto the Castle, whereas they went strayght vnto Ferdinandoes chamber, and found him in bed. Why how now *Trust* (quod Dame Fraunces,) will it be no better? Yes shortly I hope quod he. The Ladyes all saluted him: and he gaue them the gramercy: at the last Pergo popped this question vnto him: And how we haue you slept in your Mistres chetes Maister Ieronemy quod she? reasonably well quod he, but I pray you where is my mistresse this morning? Mary sayd Pergo, we left hir in bed scarce well at ease. I am the more sorye quod he. Why *Trust* (sayd Mistresse Fraunces be of good comfort, & assure your selfe that here are others who would be as glad of your wel doing, as your mistres in any respect, I ought not to doubt there of (quod Ferdinādo) hauing the prose that I haue had of your great courtesies, but I thought it my dutye to aske for my mistresse being absent. Thus they passed some time with him vntill they were called awaye vnto prayers, and that being finished they went to dinner, where they met Dame Elynor attired in an night kerchiefe after the solenell (the solemnell fashion I should haue said,) who loked very drowsely vpon all folkes, vnlesse it were hir secretary, vnto whom she deigned somtime to lend a frendly glaunce. The Lord of the Castle demaunded of hir how maister Ieronemy did this morning. She answered that she knew not for she had not sene him that day. You may do wel then daughter quod the Lord) to go now vnto him, and to assay if he will eate any thing, and if here be no meates that like him, I praye you commaunde (for him) anye thing that is in my house, You must pardon me sir (quod she,) I am sickely

diſpoſed, and would be loth to take the ayre, why then go you miſtres Faunces (quod he) and take ſome body with you: and I charge you ſee that he lacke nothing. Miſtres Faunces was glad of the amballege, and aryſing from the table with one other gentleman, tooke with hir a diſh of chikins boiled in white broth, ſaying to hir father: I think this meat meteſt for mayſter Ieronimy. Of any that is here. It is ſo (quod he) daughter, and if he like not that, cauſe ſome what els to be dreſſed for him according to his apetite. Thus ſhe departed and came to Ferdinando, who being plonged in ſundry woes and thrilled with reſtleſſe thoughtes, was nowe beginning to riſe. But ſeing the Dames, couched down agayne, and ſayd vnto them. Alas fayre Ladyes you put your ſelues to more paynes than eyther I do deſire, or can deſerue. Good *Truſt* quod Dame Faunces, our paynes are no greater than duty requireth. nor yet ſo great as we could vouchſafee in your behalfe. And preſently my father hath ſent vs vnto you (quod ſhe) with this pittaunce, and if your apetite deſire any on thing more than other, we are to deſire likewiſe that you will not refrayne to call for it. Oh my good *Hope* (quod he) I perceiue that I ſhall not dye as long as you maye make me liue. And being nowe ſome deale re-comforted with the remembraunce of his miſtres words which ſhe hadde vſed ouer night at hir firſt comming, and alſo thinkinge that although ſhee parted in choller, it was but inſtlye prouoked by him ſelfe, and that at leaſure hee ſhoulde finde ſome ſalue for that ſore alſo) hee determined to take the comforte of his aſſured *Hope*, and ſo to expell all venomnes of miſtruſt before re-ceiued. Wherfor raiſing him ſelfe in his bed, hee caſt a night gowne about his ſhoulders ſaying: It ſhall neuer be ſayd that my fainting hart can reiect the comfortable Cordialles of ſo freendly phiſitions. Nowe by me troth well ſayed gentle *Truſt* quod Dame Faunces, and in ſo doe

doing, aſſure your ſelfe gueryſon with ſpeed. This thus ſayed, the curteous Dame become his keroer, & he wyth a bold ſpirite gan taſt of hir cokerey. But the late conflicts of his conceipts had ſo diſaquainted his ſtomack from re-paſtes, that he could not wel a way with meate: and yet neuertheleſſe by lyttle & little receyued ſome nouryture. When his *Hope* had crammed him as longe as ſhe coulde make him fede, they delyuered the reſt to the other gen-tlewoman who hauing not dyned, fell to hir prouender. In which meane while the Lady Faunces had much com-fortable ſpeech with ſignor Ieronemy and declared ꝑ ſhee perceiued very well the maladie, but my *Truſt* (quod ſhe) be all whole, and remember what I foretould you in the beginning: neuertheleſſe you muſt thinke that there are remedies for all miſchifes, and if you will be ruled by myne aduiſe, we will ſone finde the meane to caſe you of this miſhap. Ferdinando tooke comforte in hir diſcrecion, & freendly kiſſed hir hand, gaue hir a cartlode of thankes for hir greate good will, promiſing to put to his vttermoſt force, and euermore to be ruled by hyr aduice. Thus they paſſed the dinner while, the Lady Faunces alwayes re-fuſing to declare hir conceipt of the late chaung which ſhe perceiued in his Miſtreſſe, for ſhe thought beſt firſt to wynne his wyll vnto conformitie, by little and little, and then in the ende to perſwade him with neceſſitye. When the other gentlewoman had vntayled hir, they departed, requiring him to riſe and boldly to reſiſt the fayntenеſſe of his feuer. The which he promiſed and ſo bad them a *Dio*. The Ladyes at their retourne found the courte in Dame Elynores chamber, who had there aſſembled hir ſe-cretary, Dame Pergo & the reſt: ther they paſſed an hower or twayne in ſundry diſcourſes, wherein Dame Pergo did alwaies caſt out ſome bone for miſtreſſe Faunces to gnaw vppon, for that in deede ſhe perceyued hir harty af-fection towardes Ferdinando whereat Miſtreſſe Faunees

chaunged no countenaunce, but reſerued hir reuenge vntill a better opportunitie. At laſt (quod Dame Fraunces vnto Miſtreſſe Elinor) and when will you goe vnto your ſeruaunt fayre Lady? When he is ſicke and I am whole, quod Dame Elinor. That is euen nowe quod the other, for howe ſicke he is your ſelfe can witneſſe: and howe well you are we muſt beare recorde. You maye as well be deceiued in my diſpoſition (quod Dame Elinor, as I was ouerſéne in his ſodaine alteration: and if he be ſicke, you are méete to be his phiſition: for you ſawe yeſterday that my paines dyd lyttle profite towardes his recomfort. Yes ſurelye ſayde the other, not onelye I but all the reſt had occaſion to iudge that your curteſie was his chiefe comfort. Well, quod Dame Elinor, you knowe not what I knowe. Nay you what I thinke quod Dame Fraunces. Thinke what you lyſt quod Elinor. In déede quod Fraunces, I may not thinke that you care, neither wyll I dye for your diſpleaſure: & ſo halfe angrie ſhe departed. At ſupper they met againe, and the maiſter of the houſe demanded of his daughter Fraunces howe Fardinando did? Dy (quod ſhe) he dyd eate ſomewhat at dyner, and ſithens I ſawe him not. The more to blame quod he, and now I would haue al you gentlewomen take of the beſt meates and goe ſuppe with him, for company driueth away carefulneſſe, and leaue you me here with your leauinges alone. Nay ſyr quod Miſtreſſe Elinor, I pray you giue me leaue to beare you company, for I dare not aduenture thither. The Lorde of the Caſtle was contented & diſpatched awaye the reſt: who taking with them ſuch viandes as they thought méeteſt, went vnto Ieronimies chamber, fynding him vp, and walking about to recouer ſtrength: whereat Dame Fraunces reioyſed, and declared how her Father had ſente that company to attend him at ſupper. Ferdinando gaue great thankes, & miſſing now nothing but his Miſtreſſe, thought not good yet to aſke for hir, but becauſe

becauſe he partly geſſed the cauſe of hir abſence, he contented himſelfe, hoping that when his lure was newe garniſhed, he ſhoulde eaſely recleame hyr from thoſe coy conceyptes. They paſſed ouer their ſupper all in quyete, and ſone after Miſtreſſe Fraunces, being deſirous to requite Dame Pargoes quibbes, requeſted that they might continue the paſtime which Dame *Pergo* had begonne ouer night: wherunto they all conſented, and the lot fell vnto Dame Fraunces to propounde the ſecond queſtion who addreſſing hir ſpeche vnto Ferdinãdo ſaid in this wiſe, Noble gouernor, I will reherſe vnto you a ſtrange hiſtorie, not fayned, neyther borowed out of any oulde authoritie, but a thing done in deed of late dayes, and not farre diſtant from this place where wée nowe remayne. It chaunced that a gentleman our neyghbour being maryed to a very fayre gentlewoman, liued with hir by the ſpace of fower or fiue yeares in greate contentacion, truſting hir no leſſe than he loued hir, and yet louing hir as much as any man could loue a woman. On that other ſide the gentlewoman had woonne (vnto hir beautie) a ſingular commendation for hir chaſt and modeſt behauiour. Yet it happened in time that a luſtie young gentleman (who very often reſorted to them) obtayned that at hir handes, which neuer any man coulde before him attaine: and to be plaine, he wonne ſo much in hir affections, that forgetting both hir owne duty, and hir huſbandes kindnes, ſhée yelded hir body at the commaundement of this louer, in which paſtime they paſſed long tyme by theyr pollitycke gouernment. At laſt the frendes of this Lady (and eſpecially thoſe ſiſters which ſhe had) eſpied ouermuch familiarity betwene the two louers, and dreading leaſt it might breake out to their cõmon reproch toke their ſiſter apart, and declared that the world did iudge ſcarce well of the repayre of that Gentleman vnto hyr houſe: and that if ſhe did not foreſée it in time, ſhée ſhould not onely

leſe the good credite which ſhe hir ſelfe had hitherto poſ-
ſeſſed, but furthermore ſhould diſtaine theyr whole race
with common obloquy & reproche. Theſe and ſundry o-
ther Godly admonitions of theſe ſiſters, could not ſink in
the mind of this gentlewoman, for ſhe dyd not only ſtand
in deffaunce what any man could thinke of hir, but alſo
ſeemed to accuſe them, that (becauſe they ſaw hir eſtima-
tion (being their yonger) to grow aboue their owne) they
had therefore deuiſed this meane to ſet variance betwene
hir huſbande and hir. The ſiſters ſeing their holeſome
counſell ſo reiected, and hir continue ſtyll in hir obſtinate
opinion, addreſſed theyr ſpeache vnto hir huſbande, decla-
ring that the worlde iudged not the beſt, neyther they
themſelues did very wel like of the familiaritie betwene
their ſiſter and that gentleman, and therfore aduiſed him
to forecaſt all perils, and in time to forbid him his houſe.
The huſband (on the other ſide) had alſo conceiued ſuche
a good opinion of his geſt, & had growen into ſuch a ſtricte
familliaritie with him, ỹ you might with more eaſe haue
remoued a ſtone wal, than once to make him think amis,
eyther of his wyfe, or of hir louer. Yea, and immediate-
lie after this conference, he woulde not ſticke thus to ſay
vnto his wife. Lamia (for ſo in déede was hir name) thou
haſt thrée ſuch buſie brained ſiſters, as I thinke ſhortlye
their heads wyll breake: they woulde haue me to bée ie-
lous of thée, no no Lamia, &c. ſo that he was not onely far
from any ſuch beléefe, but furthermore dyd euerye daye
increaſe his curteſies towards the louer. The ſiſters be-
ing thus on all ſides reiected, and yet perceyuing more &
more an vnſeemelye behauiour betwéene their ſiſter and
hir minion, began to melt in their owne greaſe: and ſuch
was theyr enraged pretence of reuenge, that they ſubor-
ned diuers ſeruauntes in the houſe to watch ſo dilligent-
lye, as that this treaſon might be diſcouered. Amongſt
the reſt, one mayde of ſubtile ſpirite had ſo long watched
them,

them, that at laſt ſhe ſpied them go into the chamber toge-
ther, and lockte the doore to them: whereupon ſhe ranne
with all haſt poſſible to hir Maiſter, and told him that if
he would come with hir, ſhe would ſhewe him a very
ſtraunge ſighte. The gentleman (ſuſpecting nothing)
went with hir, vntill he came into a chamber nére vnto
that wherein they had ſhut them ſelues. And ſhe pointing
hir maiſter to the keyhole, bad him loke through, where
he ſawe the thing which moſte might miſlike him to be-
hold. Where at he ſodaynely drewe his Dagger, and tur-
ned towardes the mayde, who fled from him for feare of
miſchiefe. But when he could not ouertake hir in the heat
of his coller, he commaunded that ſhe ſhould forth wyth
truſſe vp that little which ſhe had, and to departe his ſer-
uice. And before hir departure, he found meanes to talke
with hir, threatening that if euer ſhe ſpake any worde of
this miſchiefe in any place where ſhe ſhould come, it ſhould
coſt hir life. The mayde for feare departed in ſilence, and
the Maiſter neuer changed countenance to either his wife
or to hir paramour, but fayned vnto his wife that he had
turned a waye the mayde vpon that ſodayne, for that ſhée
had throwen a kitchin knife at him, whiles he went a-
bout to correct a fault in hir. &c. Thus the good gentleman
dranke vp his owne ſwette vnſeene euery day, encrea-
ſing curteſie to the louer, and neuer chaunging counte-
naunce to his wife in any thing, but onely that he refray-
ned to haue ſuch knowledge of hir carnally, as he in times
paſt had, and other men haue of their wiues. In this ſort
he continued by the ſpace all moſt of halfe a yeare, neuer-
theleſſe lamenting his miſhap in ſolytary places. At laſt
(what moued him I know not) he fell a gayn to company
with his wife as other men do, and (as I haue heard it
ſayed) he vſed this pollicy. Euery time that he had know-
ledge of hir, he would leaue either in the bed, or in hir cuſ-
ſhencloth, or by hir loking glaſſe, or in ſome place where

ſhe muſt néedes finde it, a piece of money which then was in Italie called a Caroline. Thus he dealt with her continuallye by the ſpace of fowre or fiue monethes, vſing hir neuertheleſſe very kindly in all other reſpects, and prouiding for hir all things neceſſary at the firſt call. But vnto his geaſt he ſtill augmented his curteſie, in ſuch ſort, that you would haue thought them to be ſworne brothers. All this notwithſtanding his wife moch muſing at theſe ſmal peeces which ſhe founde in this ſort, and furthermore, hauing ſundrye times found hir husband in ſolitarye places making great lamentation, ſhée grewe inquiſitiue, what ſhould be ỹ ſecrete cauſe of theſe alterations, vnto whom he would none otherwiſe anſwere, but ỹ any man ſhould finde occatiõ to be more penſiue at one time than at another. The wife notwithſtanding increaſing hir ſuſpect, imparted the ſame vnto hir louer, alledging therewithal that ſhe doubted verye much leaſt hir husband had some vehemẽt ſuſpicion of their affaires. The louer encouraged hir, & likewiſe declared, that if ſhe would be importunate to enquire the cauſe, hir husband would not be able to kepe it from hir: and hauing now throughly inſtructed hir, ſhée dealt with her husband in this ſort. One day when ſhée knew him to be in his ſtudy alone, ſhe came into him, and hauing faſt locked the doore after hir, & conueyed the keye into hir pocket, ſhe began firſt with earneſt entreaty, and then with teares to craue that he woulde no longer kepe from hir the cauſe of his ſodaine alteration. The husband diſſimuled the matter ſtill: at laſt ſhe was ſo earneſt to know for what cauſe he left money in ſuch ſort at ſundry times: That he anſwered on this wiſe: Wyfe (quod hée) thou knoweſt howe long wée haue béene married togeather, and howe long I made ſo deare accompt of thée as euer man made of his Wife: ſince which dayes, thou knoweſt alſo howe long I refrained thy company, and howe long againe I haue vſed thy company, leauing the money

money in this ſort, and the cauſe is this. So long as thou dyddeſt behaue thy ſelfe faithfullye towardes mée. I neuer lothed thy company: but ſithens I haue perceiued thée to bée a harlotte, and therefore dyd I for a tyme refraine and forbeare to lye with thée, and nowe I can no longer forbeare it, I giue thée euery time that I lye with thée, a Caroline, which is to make thée vnderſtande thine owne whordome: and this reward is ſufficient for a whore. The wife beganne ſtoutlye to ſtand at defiaunce, but the husband cut of hir ſpeach, and declared when, where, and how he had ſene it: hereat the woman being abaſhed, and finding hir conſcience guilty of aſmuch as he had alledged, fell downe on hir knées, & with moſt bitter teares craued pardon, confeſſing hir offence: whereat hir husband (moued with pitie) & melting likewiſe in flods of lamentation, recomforted hir, promiſing that if from that day forwardes ſhe would be true vnto him, he would not onely forgiue al that was paſt, but become more tender and louing vnto hir then euer he was. What doe I tarrye so long? they became of accord: and in full accompliſhment thereof, the gentlewoman dyd altogeather eſchewe the company, the ſpeach, and (as much as in hir laye) the ſight of hir louer: although hir husband dyd continue his curteſie towards him, and often charged his wife to make him fayre reſemblaunt. The Louer was nowe onelye left in perpleritie, who knewe nothing what might be the cauſe of all theſe chaunges, and that moſt grieued him, he could by no meanes optaine againe the ſpeach of his deſired: he watched all opportunities, hée ſuborned meſſengers, hée wrote letters, but all in vaine. In the ende ſhe cauſed to bée declared vnto him a time and place where ſhe woulde mæte him and ſpeake with him. Being met, ſhe put him in remembraunce of all that had paſſed betwéene them: ſhée layde alſo before him howe truſty ſhe had bene vnto him in all profeſſions: ſhe confeſſed alſo howe faithfullye

hée

he had discharged the duety of a friend in al respectes, and therwithall she declared that her late alteration and pensiuenesse of minde was not without great cause, for that she had of late such a mishap, as might chaunge the disposition of any lyuing creature: Yea, and that the case was such, as vnlesse she found present remedy, hir death must nedes ensue, and that spedely, for the preuenting whereof, she alledged that she had beaten hir braines with al deuises possible, and that in the ende she could thinke of no redresse but one, the which lay only in him to accomplish. Wherfore she besought him for all the loue and good will which had euer passed betweene them, nowe to shewe the fruites of true friendship, and to gratifie hir with a free graunt to this request. The louer who had alwayes bene desirous to pleasure hir in any thing, but now especially to recouer hir wonted kindnesse, gan frankly promise to accomplishe any thing that might be to him possible, yea, though it were to his great detriment, and therewithall, dyd deepely blame hir in that shee would so long torment hir selfe with any griefe, considering that it lay in him to helpe it. The Ladye aunswered, that she had so long kept it from his knowledge, bicause she doubted whether hee would be content to performe it or not, although it was such a thing as he might easely graunt without any manner of hurt to himself, & yet now in the ende she was forced to aduenture vppon his curtesie, being no longer able to beare ŷ burdē of hir griefe: the louer solicited her most earnestly to disclose it: and she (as fast) seemed to mistrust that he would not accomplish it. In the ende she toke out a booke (which she had brought for the nonce) & bound him by othe to accomplishe it. The louer mistrusting nothing lesse thā that ensued, toke the othe willingly, which done, she declared al that had passed betwene hir & hir husband: his griefe, hir repentance, his pardon, hir bowe, and in the ende of hir tale enioyned the louer, that from thencefoorth-

wardes,

wardes, he should neuer attempt to breake her constant determinatiō, the louer replied that this was vnpossible. But she plainlye assured him, that if he graunted hir that request, she would be his friend in al honest & godly wise: if not, she put him out of doubt that she would eschew his company and flee from his sight as from a scorpion. The louer considering that hir request was but iust, accusing his owne guiltye conscience, remembring the great curtesies alwayes vsed by hir husband, and therewithall seeing the case now brought to such an issue, as that by no other meanes than by this it could be concelled from the knowledge of the worlde: but most of all, being urged by his othe, dyd at last giue an vnwilling consent, and yet a faithful promise to yelde vnto hir wyl in al thinges, and thus being become of one assent, he remaineth the dearest friend & most welcome gest that may be, both to the Ladye and hir husband: and the man and the wife so kind (each to other) as if there neuer had bene such a breche betwen them. Now, of you noble Gouernor I would faine learne, whether the perplexity of the husband when he loked in at the keye hole, or of the wife when she knewe the cause why the Carolines were so scattered, or of the louer when he knew what was his mistres charge, was greater of ŷ three: I might haue put in also ŷ troubled thoughts of the sisters & the mayd, when they saw their good will reiected, but let these three suffice. Gentle *Hope* (quod Ferdinando) you haue rehearsed (& that right eloquētly) a notable tale, or rather a notable history, because you seeme to affirme, that is was done in dede of late & not far hence. Wherein I note fiue especial pointes: that is a marualous patience in the husband, no lesse repentaunce in the wife, no smal boldnesse of the mayde, but muche more rashnesse in the sisters, & last of al, a rare tractabilitie in the louer. Nevertheless to returne vnto your question, I thinke the husbands perplexity greatest, because his losses abounded a-

boue

boue the rest, & his iniuries were vncōparable. The Lady Fraunces did not seme to contrary him but rather smiled in hir slœue at Dame Pergo, who had no lesse patience to here the tale recited, then the Lady Fraunces had pleasure in telling of it. By this time the slœping houre aproched, & the Ladyes prepared their departure, when as mistres Fraūces sayd vnto ẏ Venetiane: Although percase I shall not do it so hādsomly as your mistres, yet good *Trust* (quod she) if you vouchsafe it, I can becontent to trim vp your bed in the best maner that I may, as on who would be as glad as she to procure your quiet rest. Ferdinando gaue hir great thāks desiring hir not to trouble hirself, but to let his man alone with ẏ charge. Thus they departed, & how al partyes toke rest that night I knowe not: but in ẏ morning Ferdinando began to consider with himselfe that he might lye long ynough in his bed before his mistres would be apeased in hir peuishe conceipts: wherfore he arose, & being aparelled in his night gowne, tooke occation to walke in the gallery nœre adioyning vnto his mistres chamber: but there might he walke long inough ere his Mistresse would come to walke with him. When dinner time came he went into the great chamber whereas the Lord of the Castle saluted him, being ioyful of his recouerye: Ieronimy giuing due thanks, declared that his friēdly entertainement togeather with the great curtesie of the gentlewomen was such, as might reuiue a man although he were halfe dead. I would bee loath (quod the hoast) that any Gentleman comming to mee for good wyll, shoulde want any curtesie of intertainement that lyeth in my power. When the meate was serued to the table, the Gentlewomen came in all but Dame Elynor and Mistresse Pergo, the which Ferdinando marked very well, and it dyd somewhat abate his apetite. After diner, his *Hope* came vnto him and demaunded of him howe hee would passe the daye for his recreation? to whome he answered euen as it best pleased hir. She deuised to walke into

into the parke, and so by litle and litle to acquaint himself with the ayre: he agrœd, and they walked togeather being accompanied with one or two other gentlewomen. And although there were nowe more cause that hee shoulde mistrust his Mistresse than euer he had before receyued, yet the vehement passions which he sawe in her when she first came to visite him, and moreouer the earnest words which she pronounced in his extremitie, were such a refreshing to his minde, as that he determined no more to trouble him selfe with like conceiptes: concluding further, that if his mistresse were not faultie, then had he cōmitted a foule offence in nœdeles ielousie, and that if she were faultie (especiallye with the *Secretarie*) then no perswation could amend hir, nor any passion helpe him? and this was the cause that enabled him after suche passing panges to abide the doubtfull conclusion: And thus manfully and valiantly to represse faintnesse of his mind: nothing doubting but that he should haue won his mistresse to pardon his presumption, & louingly to imbrace his seruice in wonted maner: but he was farre deceiued, for shee was nowe in a nother tewne, the which Mistresse Fraunces began partly to discouer vnto him as they walked togeather: for she burdened him that his mallady proceded onely of a disquiet minde. And if it dyd so my gentle *Hope* (quod he) what remedy? My good *Trust* (quod she) none other but to plant quiet where disquiet began to grow. I haue determined (quod he) but I must craue the helpe of your assured friendship. Therof you may make accompt (quod she) but wherein? Ferdinando walking apart with hir, began to declare that there was some contention hapened betwœne his mistres and him: the Lady tolde him that she was not ignoraunt thereof. Then he desired hir to treate so much in the cause, as they might eftsons come to *Parlee*: thereof I dare assure you (quod Mistresse Fraunces,) and at their returne she led him into his Mistresse Chamber,

Chamber, whome they founde lying on hir bed, whether gauled with any griefe, or weary of the thing (which you wote of) I know not, but there she lay: vnto whome Ferdinando gaue two or three salutations before she seemed to marke him. At last sayd the Lady Fraunces vnto hir, your seruaunt hearing of your sickneſſe, hath aduentured thus far into the ayre to see you. I thank him (quod dame Elinor) & so lay still, refusing to giue him any countenãce. Whereat he perceiuing all the other Gentlewomen fall to whispering, thought good, boldlye to pleade his owne cause: and approching the bed began to enforce his vnwylling Mistresse vnto curtesie, wherein he vsed such vehemence as she could not wel by any meanes refuse to talke with him: but what their talke was, I may not take vpon me to tel you. Sufficeth this to be knowen, that in the end she pretended to passe ouer all olde grudges, and thencefoorth to pleasure him as occation might serue, the which occation was so long in happening, that in the ende he being nowe eftsoones troubled with vnquiet fantasies, and forced to vse his penne againe as an Ambassadour betweene them: one daye amongst the rest found opportunitye to thrust a letter into her bosome, wherein hée had earnestly requested another Moneshine banquet or frydayes breakfast to recomfort his dulled spirites, wherevnto the Dame yelded this aunswere in writing, but of whose endyting iudge you.

I can but smyle at your simplicitye, who burden your frends with an impossibility. The case so stode as I could not though I would. Wherefore from hencefoorth either learne to frame your request more reasonablye, or else stand content with a flat repulse. *SHE.*

Ferdinando liked this letter but a litle: & being thereby driuen into his accustomed vaine, he compiled in verse this aunswere following, vpon these woordes conteined in her letter, *I could not though I would.*

I could not though I would: good Ladie saie not so,
Since one good word of your good wil might sone redresse my wo,
Where would is free before, there could can neuer faile:
For prose, you see how gallies passe where ships cã bere no saile,
The wearie marriner where skies are ouercast,
By readie will doth guide his skil and wins the hauen at last,
The pretie bird that singes with pricke against her brest,
Doth make a vertue of hir nede, to watche when others rest,
And true the prouerbe is, which you haue laide apart,
There is no hap can seeme to hard vnto a willing heart.
Then louelie Ladie mine, you saie not as you should,
In doutful tearms to answere thus: I could not though I would.
Yes yes, full well you know, your can is quicke and good:
And wilfull will is eke too swift, to shed my guiltlesse blood.
But if good will were bent as prest as power is,
Such will would quicklie find the skil to mende that is a misse.
Where fore if you desire to see my true loue spilt,
Commaund and I will slea my selfe, that yours maie be the gilt,
But if you haue no power to saie your seruaunt naie,
Where rite thus: I maie not as I would, yet must I as I maie.

Ferdinando. Ieronimy.

THus Ieronimy replied vpon his Mistres answere, hoping thereby to recouer some fauour at hir hands, but it would not be: so that nowe he had bene as likelye (as at the first) to haue fretted in fantasies, had not the Ladye Fraunces cõtinually comforted him: and by litle & litle she droue suche reason into his minde, that now he began to subdue his honors with discretion, and to determine that if he might espie euident proofe of his Mistres fraieltie, he would then stand content with patience perforce, & geue his Mistres the *Bezo la, mano.* And it happened one daye amongst others, that he resorted to his mistresse chamber and founde her (*allo solito*) lying vppon her bed, and

the *Secretarie* with Dame Pergo and her bandmaide kéeping of her company. Whereat Ferdinando somewhat repyning, came to her and fell to dalliaunce, as one that had nowe rather aduenture to be thought presumptious than yelde to be accompted bashfull, he cast his harme ouer his Mistresse, and began to accuse hir of sluggishnes, vsing some other bolde partes, as well to prouoke hir, as also to grieue the other. The Ladye seemed litle to delight in his dallying, but cast a glance at hir *Secretarie*, & therewith smiled, when as the *Secretarie* and Dame Pergo burst out into open laughter. The which Ferdinando perceiuing, and disdaining her ingratitude, was forced to depart, and in that fantasie compiled this Sonet.

With hir in armes that had my hart in holde,
I stoode of late to pleade for pitie so:
And as I did hir louelie lookes beholde,
Shee cast a glaunce vpon my riuall foe.
His fleering face prouoked hir to smile,
When my salt teares were drowned in disdaine:
He glad, I sad, he laught, (alas the while)
I wept for woe: I pin'd for deadlie paine.
And when I sawe none other boote preuaile,
But reason rule must guide my skilfull minde:
Why then (quod I) olde prouerbes neuer faile,
For yet was neuer good Cat out of kinde.
Nor woman true, but euen as stories tell,
Wonne with an egge, and lost againe with shell.

Ferdinando. Ieronimy.

This Sonet declareth that he began now to accompt of hir as she deserued, for it hath a sharpe conclusion, and it is somewhat too general. Well, as it is he lost it, where his Mistresse found it, and she immediatly imparted the same

same vnto Dame Pergo, and Dame Pergo vnto others: so that it quickely became common in the house. Amongst others Mistres Fraunces hauing recouered a copie of it, did seme to pardon the generallity, and to bée wel pleased with the particularity thereof, the whiche shée bewraied one daye vnto Ferdinando in this wise. Of all the ioyes that euer I had (my good *Trust* quod shee) there is none where in I take more comforte than in your conformity. And although your present rage is such that you can bée content to condemne a number vnknowen, for the transgression of one to well knowne: yet I doe rather reioyce that you should iudge your pleasure ouer many, than to be abused by any. My good *Hope* (quod he) it were not reason that after such manyfold proofes of your exceding curtesies, I should vse straung or contencious speech with so deare a friend. And in déed I must confesse that the opinion which I haue conceiued of my Mistresse, hath stirred my penne to write very hardly againste all the feminine gender. But I praye you pardon me (quod he) & if it please you I will recant it, as also (parcase) I was but cloyd with *surcuydrye*, and presumed to think more than may be proued. Yea but how if it were proued quod Dame Fraunces? If it were so (which God forbid quod he) then coulde you not blame me to conceiue that opinion. Howsoeuer I might blame you (quod she) I meane not to blame you, but I demaund further, if it be as I thinke & you suspect, what will you then do? Surely (quod he) I haue determined to drinke vp mine owne sorow secretly, and to bid them both a *Dieu*. I like your farewell better than your fantasie (quod she) and whensoeuer you can be content to take somuch paynes, as the Knight (which had a night gowne garded with naked swordes) dyd take, I thinke you maye put your selfe out of doubt of all these thynges. By these wordes and other speech which she vttered vnto him, Ferdinando smelt how the world went about, and

therefore dyd one day in the grey morning aduenture to passe through the gallery towardes his Mistresse Chamber, hoping to haue found the doore open, but he founde the contrarye, and there attending in good deuotion, hearde the parting of his Mistresse and hir *Secretarie*, with many kinde woordes: whereby it appeared that the one was very loth to depart from the other. Poore Ieronimy was enforced to beare this burden, and after hée had attended there as long as the light woulde giue him leaue, he departed also to his Chamber, and apparelling himselfe, could not be quiet vntyll he had spoken with his mistresse, whome he burdened flatly with this despitefull treacherye: and she as fast denyed it, vntyl at last being styll urged with such euident tokens as he alleadged, shée gaue him this bone to gnawe vppon. And if I dyd so (quod shée) what than? Whereunto Ferdinando made none answere, but departed with this farewel. *My losse is mine owne, and your gaine is none of yours, and sooner can I recouer my losse, than you enioye the gaine which you gape after.* And when hée was in place solitary, he compiled these following for a finall ende of the matter.

And if I did what than?
Are you agreeued therefore?
The Sea hath fishe for euerie man,
And what would you haue more?

Thus did my Mistresse once,
Amaze my minde withdoubt:
And popt a question for the nonce,
To beate my braines about.

Whereto I thus replied,
Eache Fisherman can wishe,
That

That all the Seas at euerie tide,
Were his aloane to fishe.

And so did I (in vaine,)
But since it maie not be:
Let such fishe there as finde the gaine,
And leaue the losse for me.

And with such lucke and losse,
I will content my selfe:
Till tydes of turning time maye tosse,
Suche fishers on the shelfe.

And when they sticke on sandes,
That euerie man maie see:
Then will I laugh and clappe my handes,
As they doe nowe at mee.

Ferdinando Ieronimy.

Thus Ferdinando being no longer able to beare these extréme despites, resolued to absent him selfe, swell for his owne further quiete, as also to auoide the occasion of greater mischiefes that might ensewe: And although the exceeding curtesies and approued fidelitie of Dame Fraunces had béene sufficient to allure the fast lyking of any man, especially considering that shé was reasonably fayre, and descended of a worthy father, who nowe fell flatlye to moue and solicite the same, yet such sinistre conceyptes had he taken by the frailtye of Dame Eliner, as that reiecting all proffers, and contempning all curte-

ſies, he toke his leaue, & (without pretence of returne) departed to his houſe in Venice: ſpending there ỳ reſt of his dayes in a diſſolute kind of lyfe: & abandoning the wothy Lady Fraunces Chima, who (dayly being gauled with the griefe of his great ingratitude) dyd thortlye bring hir ſelfe into a myſerable conſumption: whereof (after three yeares languiſhing) ſhe dyed: Notwithſtanding al which occurements the Lady Elinor liued long in ỳ continuance of hir acuſtomed change: & thus we ſee that where wicked luſt doeth beare the name of loue, it doth not onelye infecte the lyght minded, but it maye alſo become confuſion to others which are vowed to conſtancie. And to that ende I haue recyted this Fable which maye ſerue as enſample to warne the youthfull reader from attempting the lyke wothles enterpriſe. I knowe not howe my rude tranſlation thereof wyll delight the fineſt iudgementes: But ſure as Bartello writteth it in Italian, it is both pleaſaunt and profitable: the which hath made mée aduenture thus to publiſhe the ſame in ſuch ſimple ſtyle as I am able to endite: Deſiring the gentle reader, rather to take example of reformation therein, then to finde faulte at the homelye handling of the ſame.

Fuer or neuer.

¶ In praiſe of a gentlewoman who though she were not verye fayre, yet was she as harde fauoured as might be.

IF men may credite giue, ſo true reported fames,
Who doubtes but ſtately Rome had ſtore of luſtye louing Dames?
Whoſe eares haue bene ſo deafe, as neuer yet heard tell,
Howe far the freſhe Pompeia, for beautie dyd excel.
And golden Marcus he, that ſwaide the Romaine ſword,
Bare witneſſe of *Boemia*, by credite of his word.
What nede I mo rehearſe: ſince all the world dyd know,
Yolw high the flods of beauties blaze, within thoſe walles dyd flowe.
And yet in all that choyſe a worthy Romaine knight,
Antonius who conquered prowde Egipt by his might.
Not al to pleaſe his eye, but moſt to eaſe his minde,
Choſe *Cleopatra* for his loue, and left the reſt behind.
A wondrous thing to reade, in all his victorye,
He ſnapt but hir for his owne ſhare, to pleaſe his fantaſie. She vvas an Egiptian.
She was not fayre God wot, the countreye breades none bright,
Well maye we iudge hir ſkinne the foyle, becauſe hyr teeth were white.
Percaſe hyr louelye lookes, ſome prayſes dyd deſerue,
But browne I dare be bolde ſhee was, for ſo the foyle dyd ſerue.
And could *Antonius* forſake the fayre in Rome?
To loue his nutbrowne Ladye beſt, was this an equall dome?
I dare well ſay dames there, did beare him deadly grudge,
His ſentence had beene thortly payde, if *Euanſtine* had beene iudge.
For this I dare auow, (without vaunt be it ſpoke)
So braue a knight as *Anthony*, held al their necks in yoke:

I leaue not *Lucrece* out, beléeue in hir who lyſt,
I thinke ſhe would haue lik'd his lure, & ſtoped to his fiſt.
What mou'd the chieftain then, to lincke his liking thus?
I would ſome Romaine dame were here, the queſtion to diſcuſſe.
But that I read her life, do finde therein by fame,
Howe cleare hir curteſie dyd ſhine, in honour of hir name.
Hir bountie did excell, hir trueth had neuer pere,
Hir louely lokes, hir pleaſant ſpéech, hir luſty louing chere.
And all the worthy giftes, that euer yet were found,
Within this good Egiptian Quéene, dyd ſéeme for to abound.
Wherefore he worthy was, to win the golden fléece,
Which ſcorn'd the blaſing ſtarres in Rome, to conquere ſuch a péere.
And ſhée to quite his loue, in ſpite of dreadfull death,
Enfolinde with Snakes within his Tombe, did yéeld hir parting breath.

Allegoria.

IF fortune fauord him, then may that man reioyce,
And thinke himſelf a happy man by hap of happy choice.
Who loues and is belou'd of one as good, as true,
As kind as *Cleopatra* was, and yet more bright of hewe.
Hir eyes as greye as glaſſe, hir téeth as white as mylke,
A ruddy lippe, a dimpled chyn, a ſkyn as ſmoth as ſilke.
A wight what could you more, that may contentmannes minde,
And hath ſupplies for eu'ry want, that any man can finde.
And may him ſelfe aſſure, when hence his life ſhall paſſe,
She wil be ſtong to death with ſnakes, as *Cleopatra* was.

Si fortunatus infœlix.

The

¶ *The praiſe of Phillip Sparrowe.*

OF all the byrdes that I doe know,
Phillip my Sparow hath no peare:
For fit ſhe high or lye ſhe lowe,
Be ſhée farre off, or be ſhée neare,
There is no byrde ſo fayre, ſo fine,
Nor yet ſo freſhe as this of myne.

Come in a morning merely,
When Phillip hath bene lately fed.
Or in an euening ſoberlye,
When Phillip lyſt to goe to bed:
It is a heauen to heare my Phippe,
Howe ſhe can chirpe with chery lippe.

She neuer wanders farre abroade,
But is at hand when I doe call:
If I commaund ſhée layes on loade.
With lips, with téeth, with tongue and all.
She chants, ſhe chirpes, ſhe makes ſuch chéere,
That I beléeue ſhe hath no péere.

And yet beſides all this good ſport,
My Phillip can both ſing and daunce:
With new found toyes of ſundry ſort,
My Phillip can both pricke and praunce:
As if you ſaye but fend cut phippe,
Lord how the peat will turne and ſkippe.

Hir fethers are ſo freſhe of hewe,
And ſo well proyned euerye daye:
She lackes none oyle, I warrant you:
To trimme hir tayle both tricke and gaye.

And though hir mouth be somewhat wide,
Hir tonge is swæt and short beside.

And for the rest I dare compare,
She is both tender, swæt and soft:
She neuer lacketh dainty fare,
But is well fed and fædeth oft:
For if my phip haue lust to eate,
I warrant you phip lacks no meate.

And then if that hir meat be good,
And such as like do loue alway:
She will lay lips theron by the rood,
And sæ that none be cast away:
For when she once hath felt a fitte,
Phillip will crie still, yit, yit, yit.

And to tell trueth he were to blame,
Which had so fine a Byrde as she,
To make him all this goodly game,
Without suspect or iellousie:
He were a churle and knewe no good,
Would sæ hir faynt for lacke of food.

Wherfore I sing and euer shall,
To prayse as I haue often prou'd
There is no byrd amongst them all,
So worthy for to be belou'd.
Let other prayse what byrd they will,
Sweet Phillip shalbe my byrd still.

Si fortunatus infælix.

Fare-

¶Farewell with a mischeife, written by a louer being disdaynefullye abiected by a dame of highe calling, VVho had chosen (in his place) a playe fellovv of baser condition: & therfore he determined to step a side, and before his departure giueth hir this farvvell in verse.

THy byrth, thy beautie, nor thy braue attyre,
(Disdaynfull Dame, which doest me double wrong)
Thy brgh estate, which sets thy harte on fire,
Or newe found choyse, which cannot serue thee long
Shall make me dread, with pen for to reherse,
Thy skittish dædes, in this my parting verse.

For why thou knowest, and I my selfe can tell,
By many bowes, how thou to me wert bound:
And how for loye, thy hart did sæme to swell,
And in delight, how thy desires were drowned.
When of thy will, the walles I did assayle,
Wherin fond fancie, fought for mine auayle.

And though my mind, haue small delight to daunt,
Yet must I bowe, my hart to thee was true:
My hand was alwayes able for to daunt,
Thy slaunderous foes, and kepe theyr tongues in mew.
My head (though dull) was yet of such deuise,
As might haue kept thy name alwayes in price.

And for the rest my body was not braue,
But able yet, of substaunce to allaye,
The raging lust, wherein thy limbes did raue,
And quench the coales, which kindled thæ to playe.
Such one I was, and such alwayes wyl be,
For worthy Dames, but then I meane not thæ.

For thou hast caught a proper paragon,
A theefe, a cowarde, and a Peacocke foole:

An

An Aſe, a miſkeſop, and a minion,
Which hath no oyle, thy furyous flames to coole,
Such on he is, a pheare foꝛ thée moſt fit,
A wandꝛing geſt, to pleaſe thy wauering wit.

A theefe I counte him foꝛ he robbes vs both,
Thée of thy name, and me of my delight:
A coward is he noted where he goeth,
Since euery child is match to him in might.
And foꝛ his pꝛide no moꝛe, but marke his plumes,
The which to pꝛincke, he dayes and nights conſumes.

The reſt thy ſelfe, in ſecret ſoꝛte can iudge,
He rides not me, thou knoweſt his ſadell beſt:
And though theſe tricks of thine, mought make me grudg,
And kindle wꝛath, in my reuenging bꝛeſt
Yet of my ſelfe, and not to pleaſe thy mind,
I ſtand content, my rage in rule to binde.

And farre from thée now muſt I take my flight,
Where tongues maye tell, (and I not ſée) thy fall:
Where I maye dꝛinke theſe dꝛuggs of thy diſpite,
To purge my Melancholike mind with all.
In ſecrete ſo, my ſtomacke will I ſterue,
Wiſhing thee better than thou doeſt deſerue.

Sprata tamen vivunt.

The doale of diſdaine written by a louer diſdainfully reiected contrary to former promiſe.

THe deadly dꝛopes of darke diſdayne,
Which dayly fall on my deſerte.
The lingring ſute long ſpent in vayne,
Wherof I fœle no fꝛute but ſmart:
Enfoꝛce me now this woꝛdes to wꝛite:
Not all foꝛ loue but moꝛe foꝛ ſpite.

The

The which to the I muſt rehearſe,
Whom I dyd honour, ſerue and truſt.
And though the muſicke of my verſe,
Be plainſong tune both true and iuſt:
Content thée yet to here my ſong,
Foꝛ els thou doeſt me dwbble wꝛong.

I muſt alledge, and thou canſt tell
How faithfully I vowed to ſerue,
And howe thou ſœmeſt to like me well:
And how thou ſaydeſt I did deſerue,
To be thy Lord, thy knight, thy king.
And how much moꝛe I liſt not ſing.

And canſt thou now (thou cruell one)
Condemne deſert to dœpe diſpayꝛe?
Is all thy pꝛomiſſe paſt and gone?
Is fayth ſo fled into the ayꝛe?
If that be ſo, what reſts foꝛ me?
But thus in ſong to ſaye to thée.

If *Creſſydes* name were not ſo knowen,
And wꝛitten wide on euery wall:
If bꝛute of pꝛyde were not ſo blowen,
Upon *Angelica* withall:
Foꝛ hault diſdayne thou mightſt be ſhe,
Oꝛ *Creſſide* foꝛ inconſtancie.

And in reward of thy deſart,
I hope at laſt to ſée thée payd:
With dœpe repentaunce foꝛ thy part,
Which thou haſt now ſo lewedly playd.
Medoro hée muſt bée thy make,
Since thou *Orlando* doeſt foꝛ ſake,

Angelica refuſing the moſt famous knights in the vvhole vvorlde, choſe at laſt Medoro a poore ſeruing

Such man.

Such is the fruite that groweth alwaies,
Upon the roote of ripe disdaine:
Such kindly wages *Cupide* payes,
Where constant hearts cannot remaine,
I hope to see thee in such bandes,
When I may laugh and clappe my handes.

But yet for thee I must protest,
But sure the faulte is none of thine,
Thou art as true as is the best,
That euer came of *Cressedes* lyne:
For constant yet was neuer none,
But in vnconstancie alone.

Meritum petere, graue.

¶ *Mars in despite of Vulcane vvritten for an absent louer* (parted from his Lady by Sea.)

BOth deepe and dreadfull were the Seas,
Which held *Leander* from his loue,
Yet could no doubtes his mind appease,
Nor saue his life for hir behoue:
But guiltlesse bloud it selfe would spill,
To please the waues and worke his wyll.

O greedye gulfe, O wretched waues,
O cruell floods, O sinke of shames,
You holde true louers bound like slaues,
And keepe them from their worthy Dames:
Your open mouth gapes euermore,
Tyll one or both be drowned therefore.

For proofe whereof my selfe maye sing,
And shrich to pearce the loftye skies,
Whose Lady left me languishing,
Uppon the shoare in woofull wise.

And

And crost the Seas out of my sight,
Wherby I lost my chiefe delight.

She sayd that no such trustlesse flood,
Should keepe our loues (long time) in twayne:
She sweare no bread should doe hyr good,
Till she mighe see my selfe agayne.
She sayd, and swore these wordes and mo,
But now I finde them nothing so.

What resteth then for me to doo,
Thou salte sea foome come saye thy mind?
Should I come drowne within thée to,
That am of true *Leanders* kind?
And headlong cast this corpes of mine,
Into this greedy guttes of thine.

No cruel, but in spite of thée,
I will make Seas where earst were none,
My teares shall flowe in full degree,
Tyll all my myrth may ebbe to mone.
Into such droppes I meane to melt,
And in such Seas my selfe to swelt.

Lenuoie.

¶ Yet you déere Dame for whome I fade,
Thus staruing still in wretched state:
Remember once your promise made,
Performe it now though all to late.
Come home to *Mars* who may you please,
Let *Vulcane* bide beyond the Seas.

Meritum petere, graue.

¶ *Patience*

¶ *Patience perforce, wherein an abſent louer doth* thus encourage his Lady to continew conſtant.

COntent thy ſelfe with patience perforce:
And quenche no loue with droppes of darcke miſtruſt:
Let abſence haue no power to diuorce,
Thy faithfull friend which meaneth to be iuſt.
Beare but a while thy conſtance to declare,
For when I come one ynche ſhall breake no ſquare.

I muſt confeſſe that promiſe dyd me binde,
For to haue ſene thy ſæmely ſelfe ere now:
And if thou knewest what griefes did gaule my minde,
Bicauſe I coulde not kéepe that faithfull vowe.
My iuſt excuſe, I can my ſelfe aſſure,
With lytle paine thy pardon might procure.

But call to minde how long *Vliſſes* was,
In lingring abſence, from his louing make:
And howe ſhe deigned then hir dayes to paſſe,
In ſolitary ſilence for his ſake.
Be thou a true *Penelope* to me,
And thou ſhalt ſone thine owne *Vliſſes* ſée.

What ſayd I: ſone? yea ſone I ſaye againe,
I wyll come ſone and ſoner if I maye:
Beléeue me nowe it is a pinching payne,
To thinke of loue, when louers are awaye.
Such thoughts I haue, and whe n I thinke on thée.
My thoughtes are there, whereas my bones would bée.

The longing luſt which *Priames* ſonne of Troye,
Had for to ſee his *Creſſide* come againe:
Could not exceede the depth of mine anoye.

Nor ſæme to paſſe the patterne of my payne.
I fryſe in hope, I thaw in hote deſire,
Farre from the flame, and yet I burne like fire.

Wherfore deare friend, thinke on the pleaſures paſt.
And let my teares, for both our paines ſuffiſe:
The lingring ioyes, when as they come at laſt,
Are bet then thoſe, which paſſe in poſting wiſe.
And I my ſelfe, to proue this tale is true,
In haſt, poſt haſt, thy comfort will renew.
Meritum petere, graue.

¶ A letter deuiſed for a yong louer.

REceiue you worthy Dame, this rude & ragged verſe,
Lend wylling eare vnto the tale, which I ſhall nowe rehearſe.
And though my witleſſe wordes might moue you for to ſmile,
Yet truſt to that which I ſhal tel, & neuer marke my ſtile.
Amongſt fiue hundreth Dames, preſented to my view,
I find moſt cauſe by due deſert, to like the beſt of you.
I ſée your beautie ſuch, as ſæmeth to ſuffice,
To binde my heart in linckes of loue, by iudgement of myne eyes.
And but your bounty quench, the coales of quicke deſire,
I feare that face of yours wyll ſet, ten thouſand hearts on fire.
But bounty ſo aboundes, aboue al my deſart,
As that I quake and ſhrinke for feare, to ſhewe you of my ſmart.
Yet ſince mine eye made choice, my hart ſhal not repent.
But yéeld it ſelf vnto your wyl, & therwith ſtand content.
God knowth I am not great, my power it is not much,
The greater glorye ſhall you gaine, to ſhew your fauour ſuche.

And what I am or haue, all that I yéld to you,
My hande and ſworde ſhall ſerue alwayes, to proue my
tongue is true.
Then take me for your owne, and ſo I wyl be ſtill,
Beléeue me nowe. I make this vowe, in hope of your good
wyll.
Which if I may obtaine, God leaue me when I change,
This is the tale I meant to tell, good Lady be not ſtrange.
Meritum petere, graue.

*¶ Dauids ſalutacions to Berzabe vvherein are three ſo-*nets in ſequence, vvritten vppon this occation. The deuiſer hereof amongſt other friendes had named a gentlevvoman his Berzabe, and she vvas content to call him hir Dauid. The man preſented his Lady vvith a booke of the Golden Aſſe, vvritten by Lucius Apuleius, and in the beginning of the booke vvrote this ſequence. You muſt conferre it vvith the Hiſtorye of Apuleius, for elſe it vvyll haue ſmall grace.

THis *Apuleius* was in Affricke borne,
And tooke delight to trauaile *Theſſaly*,
As one that helde his native ſoyle in ſcorne,
In ſtrange coaſtes to fæde his fantaſie.
And ſuch againe as wandring wits find out,
This yonker wonne by wyll and weary toyle,
A youth miſpent, a doting age in doubt,
A body brusd with many a beaſtly broyle,
A pleſaunt pleaſure paſſing on a pace,
And paynting plaine the path of penitence,
A frollicke fauour foyld with fowle diſgrace,
When hoary heares ſhould claime their reuerence.
Such is the fruite that growes on gadding træs,
Such kynd of mell moſt moueth buſie Bées.
For Lucius he,
Eſteeming more one ounce of preſent ſport,
Than elders doe a pound of perfect wit:
Firſt

Firſt to the bowre of beautie doth reſorte,
And there in pleaſure paſſed many a ſitte,
His worthie race he (reckleſſe) doth forget,
With ſmall regarde in great affaires he rœles,
No counſell graue, nor good aduiſe can ſet
His braynes in brake that whirled ſtill on wheéles.
For if Byrhena couldе haue helde him backe,
From Venus court where he nowe nuſled was,
His luſtie limmes had neuer founde the lacke
Of manlie ſhape: the figure of an Aſſe,
Had not bene blazed on his bloud and bones,
To wound his will with torments all attones.
But Fotis ſhe,
Who ſawe this Lording whitled with the cup
Of vaine delight, wherof he gan to taſt:
Pourde out apace, and fillde the Bazor vp,
With drunken dole: yea after that in haſt,
She greazde this gueſt with ſauſe of Sorcerie,
And ſedde his minde with knacks both queint and ſtrange:
Lo here the treazon and the trechetie
Of gadding girles, when they delight to range.
For *Lucius* thinking to become a foule,
Became a fole, yea more than that, an Aſſe,
A bobbing blocke, a beating ſtocke, an owle,
Well wondred at in place where he did paſſe:
And ſpent his time, his trauaile and his coſt,
To purchaſe payne and all his labor loſt.
Yet I pore I,
Who make of thée my *Fotys* and my frende,
In like delight my youthfull yeares to ſpend:
Do hope thou wilt from ſuch ſoure ſauſe defend,
Dauid thy King.

Meritum petere graue.

Soone acquainted, ſoone forgotten,
As appeareth here by an vncourteous farewell to an inconſtant Dame.

IF what you want, you (wanton) had at will,
A ſtedfaſt minde, a faythfull louing heart:
If what you ſpeake you woulde performe it ſtill,
If from your worde your déede did not reuerte:
If youthfull yeares your thoughtes did not ſo rule,
As elder dayes may ſcorne your friendſhip fraile,
Your doubled fanſie would not thus recule,
For péeuiſh pryde which nowe I muſt bewaile.
For Creſſide faire did Troilus neuer loue,
More deare than I eſtéemde your freamed cheare,
Whoſe wauering wayes (ſince nowe I do them proue)
By true reporte this witneſſe with me beare:
That if your friendſhip be not to deare bought,
The price is great that nothing giues for nought.

Meritum petere graue.

FINIS.

¶ Certayne notes of Inſtruction *concerning the making of verſe or* ryme in Engliſh, vvritten at the requeſt of Maſter *Edouardo Donati.*

SIgnor *Edouardo*, ſince promiſe is debt, and you (by the lawe of friendſhip) do burden me with a promiſe that I ſhoulde lende you inſtructions towards the making of Engliſh verſe or ryme, I will aſſaye to diſcharge the ſame, though not ſo perfectly as I would, yet as readily as I may: and therwithall I pray you conſider that *Quot homines, tot Sententiæ*, eſpecially in Poetrie, wherein (neuertheleſſe) I dare not challenge any degree, and yet will I at your requeſt aduenture to ſet downe my ſimple skill in ſuch ſimple manner as I haue vſed, referring the ſame hereafter to the correction of the *Laureate*. And you ſhall haue it in theſe few poynts followyng.

THe firſt and moſt neceſſarie poynt that euer I founde méete to be cõſidered in making of a delectable poeme is this, to grounde it vpon ſome fine inuention. For it is not inough to roll in pleaſant wordes, nor yet to thunder in Rym, Ram, Ruff, by letter (quoth my maſter Chaucer) nor yet to abounde in apt vocables, or epythetes, vnleſſe the Inuention haue in it alſo *aliquid ſalis*. By this *aliquid ſalis*, I meane ſome good and fine deuiſe, ſhewing the quicke capacitie of a writer: and where I ſay ſome good and fine inuention, I meane that I would haue it both fine and good. For many inuentions are ſo ſuperfine, that they are *Vix* good. And againe many Inuentions are good, and yet not finely handled. And for a general forwarning: what Theame ſoeuer you do take in hande, if you do handle it but *tanquam in oratione perpetua*, and neuer ſtudie for ſome depth of deuiſe in ỳ Inuention, & ſome figures alſo in the handlyng thereof: it will appeare to the ſkilfull Reader but

a tale of a tubbe. To deliuer vnto you generall examples it were almoſte vnpoſſible, ſithence the occaſions of Inuentions are (as it were) infinite: neuertheleſſe take in worth mine opinion, and perceyue my further meanyng in theſe few poynts. If I ſhould vndertake to wryte in prayſe of a gentlewoman, I would neither praiſe hir chriſtal eye, nor hir cherrie lippe, &c. For theſe things are *trita & obuia*. But I would either finde ſome ſupernaturall cauſe whereby my penne might walke in the ſuperlatiue degree, or elſe I would vndertake to aunſwere for any imperfection that ſhee hath, and therevpon rayſe the prayſe of hir commendacion. Likewiſe if I ſhould diſcloſe my pretence in loue, I would eyther make a ſtraunge diſcourſe of ſome intollerable paſſion, or finde occaſion to pleade by the example of ſome hiſtorie, or diſcouer my diſquiet in ſhadowes *per Allegoriam*, or vſe the couerteſt meane that I could to auoyde the vncomely cuſtomes of commõ writers. Thus much I aduenture to deliuer vnto you (my frend) vpon the rule of Inuention, which of all other rules is moſt to be marked, and hardeſt to be preſcribed in certayne and infallible rules, neuertheleſſe to conclude therein, I would haue you ſtand moſt vpon the excellencie of your Inuention, & ſticke not to ſtudie deepely for ſome fine deuiſe. For that beyng founde, pleaſant wordes will follow well inough and eaſt inough.

2 Your Inuention being once deuiſed, take heede that neither pleaſure of rime, nor varietie of deuiſe, do carie you from it: for as to vſe obſcure & darke phraſes in a pleaſant Sonet, is nothing delectable, ſo to entermingle merie ieũs in a ſerious matter is an *Indecorum*.

3 I will next aduiſe you that you hold the iuſt meaſure wherwith you begin your verſe, I will not denie but this may ſeeme a prepoſterous order: but bycauſe I couet rather to ſatiſfie you particularly, than to vndertake a generall tradition, I wil not ſomuch ſtand vpon the manner as the matter of my precepts. I ſay then, remember to holde the

the ſame meaſure wherwith you begin, whether it be in a verſe of fiue ſyllables, eight, ten, twelue, &c. and though this precept might ſeeme ridiculous vnto you, ſince euery yong ſcholler can conceiue that he ought to continue in the ſame meaſure wherwith he beginneth, yet do I ſee and read many mens Poems now adayes, whiche beginning with the meaſure of .v. in the firſt line, & .viij. in the ſecond (which is the common kinde of verſe) they will yet (by that time they haue paſſed ouer a few verſes) fal into .viij. & fourtene, & *ſic de ſimilibus*, the which is either forgetfulnes or carelesnes.

4 And in your verſes remembre to place euery worde in his natural *Emphaſis* or ſound, that is to ſay in ſuch wiſe, and with ſuch length or ſhortneſſe, elenation or depreſſion of ſillables, as it is cõmonly pronounced or vſed: to expreſſe the ſame we haue three maner of accents, *grauis, lenis, & circumflexa*, the whiche I would engliſh thus, the long accent, the ſhort accent, & that whiche is indifferent: the graue accent is marked by this caracte, / the light accent is noted thus, \ & the circũflexe or indifferent is thus ſignified ~ : the graue accent is drawẽ out or eleuate, and maketh that ſillable long wherevpõ it is placed: the light accẽt is depreſſed or ſnatched vp, and maketh that ſillable ſhort vpon the which it lighteth: the circumflexe accent is indifferẽt, ſometimes ſhort, ſometimes long, ſometimes depreſſed & ſometimes elenate. For exãple of th'emphaſis or natural ſound of words, this word Treaſure, hath the graue accent vpõ the firſt ſillable, whereas if it ſhoulde be written in this ſorte, Treaſure, nowe were the ſecond ſillable long, & that were cleane contrarie to the cõmon vſe wherwith it is pronounced. For further explanation hereof, note you that cõmonly now a dayes in engliſh rimes (for I dare not cal them Engliſh verſes) we vſe none other order but a foote of two ſillables, wherof the firſt is depreſſed or made ſhort, & the ſecond is eleuate or made lõg: and that ſound or ſcãning continueth throughout the verſe. We haue vſed in times paſt other kindes of feeters: as for example this following:

No wight in this world, that wealth can attayne,

Vnleſſe he beleue, that all is but vayne.

Alſo our father Chaucer hath vſed the ſame libertie in fœte and meaſures that the Latiniſts do vſe: and who ſo euer do peruſe and well conſider his worke, he ſhall finde that although his lines are not alwayes of one ſelfe ſame number of Syllables, yet beyng redde by one that hath vnderſtanding, the longeſt verſe and that which hath moſt Syllables in it, will fall (to the eare) correſpondent vnto that whiche hath feweſt ſillables in it: and like wiſe, that whiche hath in it feweſt ſyllables, ſhalbe founde yet to conſiſt of wordes that haue ſuche naturall ſounde, as may ſeeme equall in length to a verſe which hath many moe ſillables of lighter accentes. And ſurely I can lament that we are fallen into ſuche a playne and ſimple manner of wryting, that there is none other fote vſed but one: wherby our Poemes may iuſtly be called Rithmes, and cannot by any right challenge the name of a Verſe. But ſince it is ſo, let vs take the forde as we finde it, and lette me ſet downe vnto you ſuche rules or precepts that euen in this playne fote of two ſyllables you wreſte no worde from his natural and vſuall ſounde, I do not meane hereby that you may vſe none other wordes but of two ſillables, for therein you may vſe diſcretion according to occaſion of matter: but my meaning is, that all the wordes in your verſe be ſo placed as the firſt ſillable may ſound ſhort or be depreſſed, the ſecond long or eleuate, the third ſhorte, the fourth long, the fifth ſhorte, &c. For example of my meaning in this point marke theſe two verſes:

I vnderſtand your meanyng by your eye.

Your meaning I vnderſtand by your eye.

In

In theſe two verſes there ſeemeth no difference at all ſince the one hath the very ſelfe ſame wordes that the other hath, and yet the latter verſe is neyther true nor pleaſant, & the firſt verſe may paſſe the muſters. The fault of the latter verſe is that this worde vnderſtand is therein ſo placed as the graue accent falleth vpō der, and therby maketh der, in this worde vnderſtand to be eleuated: which is contrarie to the naturall or vſual pronūciation: for we ſay vnderſtand, and not vnderſtand.

5 Here by the way I thinke it not amiſſe to forewarne you that you thruſt as few wordes of many ſillables into your verſe as may be: and herevnto I might alledge many reaſons: firſt the moſt auncient Engliſh wordes are of one ſillable, ſo that the more monaſyllables that you vſe, the truer Engliſhman you ſhall ſeeme, and the leſſe you ſhall ſmell of the Inkehorne. Alſo wordes of many ſyllables do cloye a verſe and make it vnpleaſant, whereas wordes of one ſyllable will more eaſily fall to be ſhorte or long as occaſion requireth, or wilbe adapted to become circumflexe or of an indifferent ſounde.

6 I would exhorte you alſo to beware of rime without reaſon: my meaning is hereby that your rime leade you not from your firſte Inuention, for many wryters when they haue layed the platforme of their inuention, are yet drawen ſometimes (by ryme) to forget it or at leaſt to alter it, as when they cannot readily finde out a worde whiche maye rime to the firſt (and yet continue their determinate Inuention) they do then eyther bothe it vp with a worde that will ryme (howe ſmall reaſon ſoeuer it carie with it) or els they alter their firſt worde and ſo perceaſe decline or trouble their former Inuention: But do you alwayes hold your firſt determined Inuention, and do rather ſearche the bottome of your braynes for apte wordes, than chaunge good reaſon for rumbling rime.

7 To help you a little with ryme (which is alſo a plaine

yong

yong ſchollers leſſon) worke thus, whē you haue ſet downe your firſt verſe, take the laſt worde thereof and compt ouer all the wordes of the ſelfe ſame ſounde by order of the Alphabete: As for example, the laſte worde of your firſte line is care, to ryme therwith you haue bare, clare, dare, fare, gare, hare, and ſhare, mare, ſnare, rare, ſtare, & ware, &c. Of all theſe take that which beſt may ſerue your purpoſe, carying reaſon with rime: and if none of them will ſerue ſo, then alter the laſte worde of your former verſe, but yet do not willingly alter the meanyng of your Inuention.

8 You may vſe the ſame Figures or Tropes in verſe which are vſed in proſe, and in my iudgement they ſerue more aptly, and haue greater grace in verſe than they haue in proſe: but yet therein remembre this old adage, *Ne quid nimis*, as many writers which do not know the vſe of any other figure than that whiche is expreſſed in repetition of ſundrie wordes beginning all with one letter, the whiche (beyng modeſtly vſed) lendeth good grace to a verſe: but they do ſo hunte a letter to death, that they make it Crambé, and *Crambe bis poſitum mors eſt*: therefore *Ne quid nimis*.

9 Alſo aſmuche as may be, eſchew ſtraunge wordes, or *obſoleta & inuſitata*, vnleſſe the Theame do giue iuſt occaſiō: marie in ſome places a ſtraunge worde doth drawe attentiue reading, but yet I woulde haue you therein to vſe diſcretion.

10 And aſmuch as you may, frame your ſtile to perſpicuity and to be ſenſible: for the haughty obſcure verſe doth not much delight, and the verſe that is to eaſie is like a tale of a roſted horſe: but let your Poeme be ſuch as may both delight and drawe attentiue readyng, and therewithal may deliuer ſuch matter as be worth the marking.

11 You ſhall do very well to vſe your verſe after the engliſhe phraſe, and not after the maner of other languages: The Latiniſts do commōly ſet the adiective after the Subſtantiue: As for example *Femina pulchra, ædes altæ, &c.* but if we ſhould ſay in Engliſh a woman fayre, a houſe high, &c. it

it would haue but ſmall grace: for we ſay a good man, and not a man good, &c. And yet I will not altogether forbidde it you, for in ſome places, it may be borne, but not ſo hardly as ſome vſe it which write thus:

Now let vs go to Temple ours,
I will go viſit mother myne &c.

Surely I ſmile at the ſimplicitie of ſuch deuiſers which might aſwell haue ſayde it in playne Engliſhe phraſe, and yet haue better pleaſed all eares, than they ſatiſfie their owne fancies by ſuche ſuperfineſſe. Therefore euen as I haue aduiſed you to place all wordes in their naturall or moſt common and vſuall pronunciation, ſo would I wiſhe you to frame all ſentences in their mother phraſe and proper Idióma, and yet ſometimes (as I haue ſayd before) the contrarie may be borne, but that is rather where rime enforceth, or *per licentiam Poëticam*, than it is otherwiſe lawfull or commendable.

12 This poeticall licence is a ſhrewde fellow, and couereth many faults in a verſe, it maketh wordes longer, ſhorter, of mo ſillables, of fewer, newer, older, truer, falſer, and to conclude it turneth all things at pleaſure, for example, ydone for done, adowne for downe, orecome for ouercome, tane for taken, power for powre, heauen for heavn, thewes for good partes or good qualities, and a numbre of other whiche were but tedious and nedeleſſe to rehearſe, ſince your owne iudgement and readyng will ſome make you eſpie ſuch aduauntages.

13 There are alſo certayne pauſes or reſtes in a verſe whiche may be called Ceaſures, whereof I woulde be lothe to ſtande long, ſince it is at diſcretion of the writer, and they haue bene firſt deuiſed (as ſhould ſeeme) by the Muſicians: but yet thus much I will aduenture to write, that in mine opinion in a verſe of eight ſillables, the pauſe will ſtand beſt in the middeſt, in a verſe of tenne it will beſt be placed at the ende of the firſt foure ſillables: in a verſe of twelue, in the midſt, in verſes of twelue, in the firſte and

fourefene in the seconde, wée place the pause commonly in the midst of the first, and at the ende of the first eight sillables in the second. In Rithme royall, it is at the wryters discretion, and forceth not where the pause be vntill the ende of the line.

14 And here bycause I haue named Rithme royall, I will tell you also mine opinion aswell of that as of the names which other rymes haue commonly borne heretofore. Rythme royall is a verse of tenne sillables, and seuen such verses make a staffe, whereof the first and thirde lines do aunswer (acrosse) in like terminations and rime, the second, fourth, and fifth, do likewise answere eche other in terminations, and the two last do combine and shut vp the Sentence: this hath bene called Rithme royall, & surely it is a royall kinde of verse, seruing best for graue discourses. There is also another kinde called Ballade, and thereof are sundrie sortes: for a man may write ballade in a staffe of sixe lines, euery line conteyning eighte or sixe sillables, whereof the firste and third, second and fourth do rime acrosse, and the fifth and sixth do rime togither in conclusion. You may write also your ballad of tenne sillables rimyng as before is declared, but these two were wont to be most cōmonly vsed in ballade, which propre name was (I thinke) deriued of this worde in Italian *Pallare*, whiche signifieth to daunce. And in deed those kinds of rimes serue beste for daunces or light matters. Then haue you also a rondlette, the which doth alwayes end with one self same foote or repeticion, and was thereof (in my iudgement) called a rondelet. This may consist of such measure as best liketh the wryter, then haue you Sonnets, some thinke that all Poemes (being short) may be called Sonets, as in deede it is a diminutiue worde deriued of Sonare, but yet I can beste allowe to call those Sonets whiche are of fourctene lynes, euery line conteyning tenne syllables. The firste twelue do ryme in staues of foure lines by crosse mætre, and the last two ryming togither do conclude the whole

There

There are Dyzaynes, & Syxaines which are of ten lines, and of sixe lines, cōmonly vsed by the French, which some English writers do also terme by the name of Sonettes. Then is there an old kinde of Rithme called Verlayes, deriued (as I haue redde) of this worde Verd whiche betokeneth Gréene, and Laye which betokeneth a Song, as if you would say gréene Songes: but I muste tell you by the way, that I neuer redde any verse which I saw by auctoritie called Verlay, but one, and that was a long discourse in verses of tenne sillables, whereof the foure first did ryme acrosse, and the fifth did aunswere to the firste and thirde, breaking off there, and so going on to another termination, Of this I could shewe example of imitation in mine own verses written to ẏ right honorable ẏ Lord Grey of VVilton vpon my iourney into Holland, &c. There are also certaine Poemes deuised of tenne syllables, whereof the first aunswereth in termination with the fourth, and the second and thirde answere eche other: these are more vsed by other nations than by vs, neyther can I tell readily what name to giue them. And the cōmonest sort of verse which we vse now adayes (viz. the long verse of twelue and fourtene sillables) I know not certainly howe to name it, vnlesse I should say that it doth consist of Poulters measure, which giueth .xij. for one dozē and xiiij. for another. But let this suffise (if it be not to much) for the sundrie sortes of verses which we vse now adayes.

15 In all these sortes of verses whe[illegible] soeuer you vndertake to write, auoyde prolixitie and [illegible]ousnesse, & euer as neare as you can, do finish the se[illegible]e and meaning at the end of euery staffe where you [illegible]ight staues, & at the end of euery two lines where you write by cooples or poulters measure: for I see many writers which draw their sentēces in length, & make an ende at latter Lammas: for cōmonly before they end, the Reader hath forgottē where he begon. But do you (if you wil follow my aduise) eschue prolixitie and knit vp your sentences as compendiously as you may,

since

ſince breuitie (ſo that it be not drowned in obſcuritie) is moſt commendable.

16 I had forgotten a notable kinde of ryme, called ryding rime, and that is ſuche as our Mayſter and Father Chaucer vſed in his Canterburie tales, and in diuers other delectable and light enterprises: but though it come to my remembrance somewhat out of order, it ſhall not yet come altogether out of time, for I will nowe tell you a conceipt whiche I had before forgotten to wryte: you may ſee (by the way) that I holde a prepoſterous order in my traditions, but as I ſayde before I wryte moued by good will, and not to ſhewe my ſkill. Then to returne to my matter, as this riding rime ſerueth moſt aptly to wryte a merie tale, ſo Rythme royall is fitteſt for a graue diſcourſe. Ballades are beſte of matters of loue, and rondlettes moſte apt for the beating or handlyng of an adage or common prouerbe: Sonets ſerue aſwell in matters of loue as of diſcourſe: Diſaymes and Siraines for ſhorte Fantazies: Verlayes for an effectuall propoſition, although by the name you might otherwiſe iudge of Verlayes, and the long verſe of twelue and fourteene ſillables, although it be now adayes vſed in all Theames, yet in my iudgement it would ſerue beſt for Pſalmes and Himpnes.

I ſhoulde ſtande longer in theſe traditions, were it not that I doubt mine owne ignorance, but as I ſayde before, I know that I write to my freende, and affying my ſelfe therevpon, I make an ende.

FINIS.